© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

December 4, 1937

5¢ A COPY

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

LAWSON WOOD

## HOW TO PICK THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

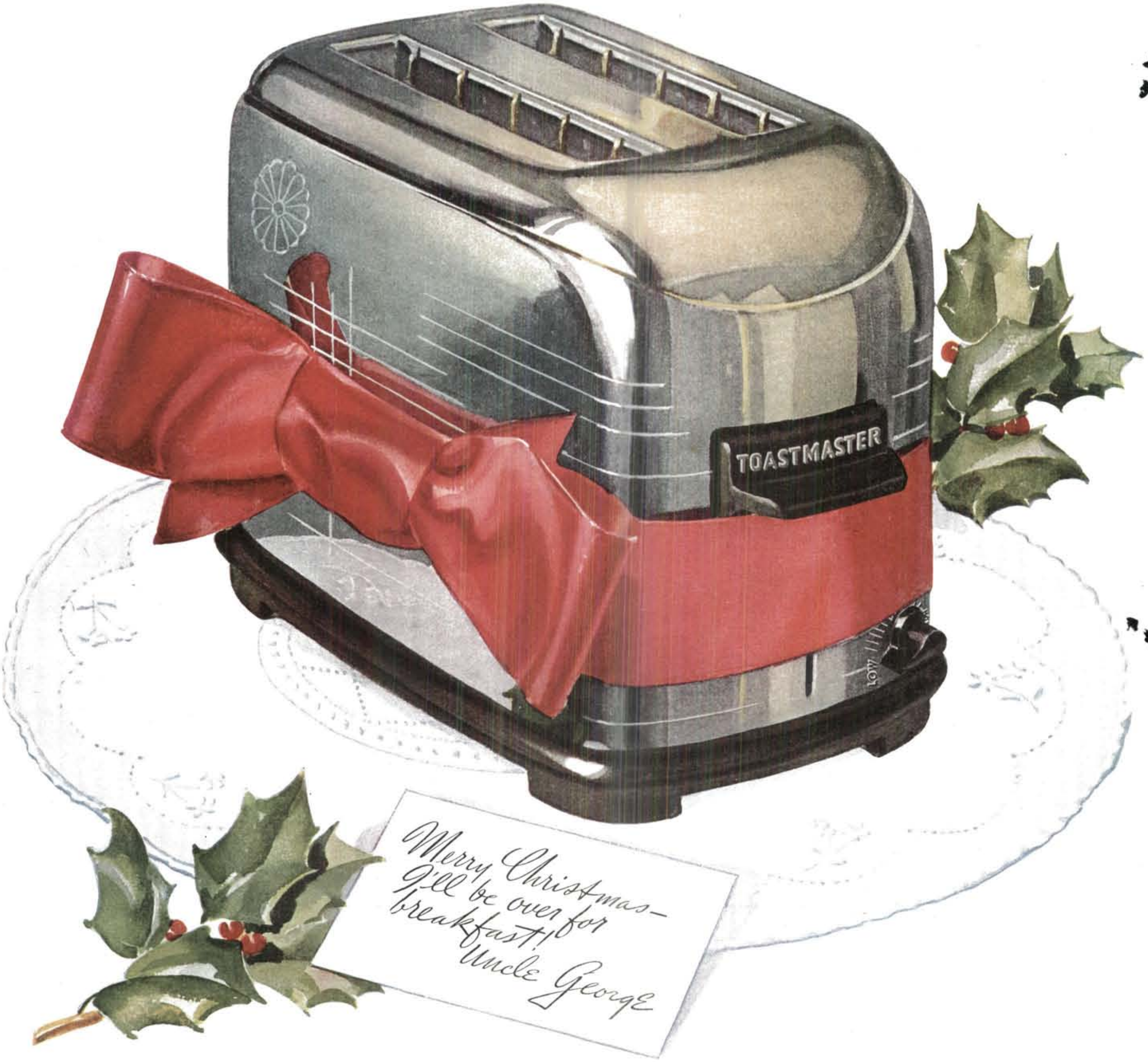
By Grantland Rice

**A Queen's Ransom** A Gay Mystery Story By Jo

MRS JOAN ...HARGROVE 12B 21969
417 E MADISON
IOLA
KANS 22JY39 K HH

Dec. 4, 1937

# THE GIFT THAT SOLVES THE BURNING QUESTION



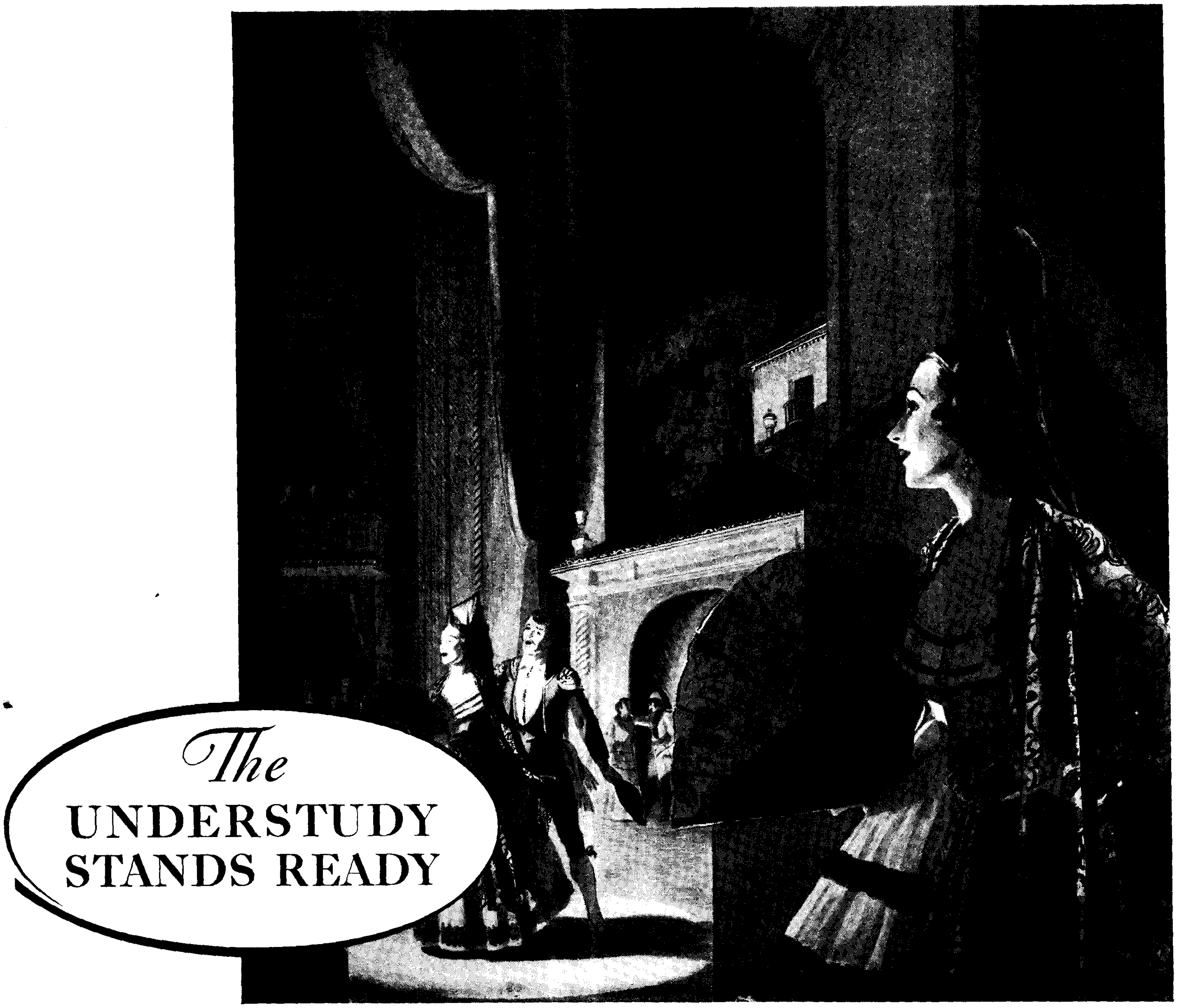
THERE need be no doubt in your mind as to what to give any lady who is going through life without a Toastmaster Toaster. For this is the last word in toasters. Its styling is so brilliant that it comes to the dining room table with perfect aplomb. And once there, its performance is as capable and dependable as a good timepiece, which indeed it is in a sense, since its Flexible Timer makes every slice of toast pop up to the king's taste—toasted as each member of the family likes it best. Give at least one Toastmaster Toaster this Christmas and be assured of a heartfelt shower of thanks. On sale, with other fine Toastmaster Products, wherever quality appliances are sold.

**FREE!** "The Party's On"—A new and interesting booklet on entertainment ideas and games for young and old. Ask for your copy wherever Toastmaster Products are sold, or write direct to: McGraw Electric Company, Toastmaster Products Division, Dept. 113, Minneapolis, Minn.

*European Sales Office:* Frank V. Magrini, Ltd., Phoenix House, 19-23 Oxford St., London, W. 1, Eng.

## TOASTMASTER *Toaster*

*TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS—2-slice fully automatic toaster, $16.00; with choice of Hospitality Trays, $19.95 or $23.50; 1-slice fully automatic toaster, $10.50; Junior toaster, $7.50; automatic Waffle-Baker, $12.50*



# *The* UNDERSTUDY STANDS READY

"THE show must go on" is one of the finest traditions of the stage. If anything should happen to a player, an understudy goes on. In opera particularly, when there is doubt about the condition of a singer's voice, the understudy stands in the wings ready, at any moment, to carry through the performance.

Whatever happens, life must go on for your family. You can make Life insurance your understudy, ready and able to step in and carry through your family obligations. Then you can be sure that your financial responsibilities to your wife and loved ones will be fulfilled.

Life insurance will provide money to pay for food, clothing and shelter; to assure your children an adequate education; and, if need be, to pay off the mortgage and make your family's home really theirs. As you carry out your own Life Insurance Program you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have a dependable understudy.

Before the curtain rises on the new year, why don't you sit down with a Metropolitan Field-Man and work out with him a Program that takes into account your needs, your means, your prospects. Telephone the nearest Metropolitan office today—or mail the coupon.

*The Metropolitan issues Life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies . . . The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.*

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Without obligation on my part, I would like to have information regarding a Life Insurance Program to meet my needs.

NAME__________ ADDRESS__________

CITY__________ STATE__________ 127 C

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

Copyright, 1937, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

**WILLIAM L. CHENERY** Editor
**CHARLES COLEBAUGH**
Managing Editor
**THOMAS H. BECK**
Editorial Director

# Collier's

December 4, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
WALTER DURANTY Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

## Next Week

YOU would not have expected to see anything as lovely as Colette in the group of stern-faced men that sat around Baron von Genthner's dinner table in Berlin. Only the most observing would have caught the hint of panic beneath her gaiety, the reluctant severity in the baron's eyes, the hidden threat of impending judgment.

But that's really the end of a story that began in 1600 with an alchemist named Alexander Seton, "The Man Who Could Make Gold." Quentin Reynolds tells how a secret that had been buried for three centuries emerged to furnish melodrama for the modern world.

THE way to see the Chinese war was from a hotel window in Shanghai. Never before had a modern battlefield been spread out so conveniently for the observer. Stop-watch in hand, the military experts of other nations could stand and examine the technique and strategy of the contending armies. One subject of criticism was the poor marksmanship shown by both sides. Observers resented that, especially when bombs fell in their rooms. "Last Days of Shanghai" is by Jim Marshall.

BEN HEDDON didn't even know the name of the girl who kissed him the night before his last football game. It didn't matter much, he thought. His career was ending flatly, as boss of B-team in a game that meant punishment but no glory. He couldn't have foreseen how it would be or what part the girl would play in it. "Passing Brave" is by Harry Sylvester.

WHEN you read about some hero of the West making a lightning draw, do you ever wonder how fast he really got his gun out? There weren't any split-second watches to hold on Bat Masterson or Wild Bill Hickok, but the modern quick-draw artists can be and have been timed. Rud Rennie introduces you to the "Gunplay" of one of the best of the lot—Mr. Milton Hicks.

THE modest money-making device thought out by Harmony Childs, while not strictly legal, might have worked indefinitely except for a slight error in arithmetic on the part of Omar Gill. But the real hitch was "Trouble with Ladies." No wonder our heroes wound up with the eight-ball looking them in the eye. Frank Condon explains.

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN, Louis I. Dublin, Ernest Haycox, Maxine Davis, George F. Worts, Jonathan Latimer, Freling Foster and others complete the list.

●

## This Week

**SHORT STORIES**

**JEROME BEATTY**
**The Man for Carolyn.** A magnificent flop. Page 15

**COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN**
**Second Try.** The long pass. Page 17

**SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL**
**Guiding Star.** Yankee in the Golden West. Page 20

**MAX BRAND**
**The Hill of Gasquet.** Hero made to order. Page 34

**THE SHORT SHORT STORY**
**No Cause for Action,** by Karl Detzer. Page 28

**SERIAL STORIES**

**JONATHAN LATIMER**
**A Queen's Ransom, Part I.** Mystery in Miami—the new serial. Page 9

**GEORGE F. WORTS**
**Smart Girl, Part VI.** No refuge for Sally. Page 18

**ARTICLES**

**W. B. COURTNEY**
**Riding Alaska's Storms.** Romance at the crossroads of the air. Page 12

**GRANTLAND RICE**
**How to Pick the All-America Football Team.** Sweeping the country. Page 14

**KYLE CRICHTON**
**Peel That Apple!** Fun on the dance floor. Page 22

**JIM MARSHALL**
**Try This on Your Chopsticks.** Dainties out of the East. Page 38

●

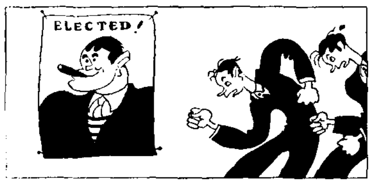
**FRELING FOSTER**
**Keep Up with the World.** New curiosity shop. Page 6

**EDITORIAL**
**Loose Liquor.** Page 70

**COVER** LAWSON WOOD

## Any Week

MR. BEN HOLLISTER of Fort Worth, Texas, has discovered that the country suffers from a lack of imagination. Our trouble is, says he, that we "spend too much time worrying about whom to vote for—always hoping we're voting for the best man. It is so hard to find out who's best," says Mr. Hollister, "that many mistakes are made. But it's easier to decide who's worst. All right. Let's vote for the worst of the bunch and then devote the rest of the time to fighting him. If we elect a good man we sit back and expect him to do everything. Elect the worst and we do a lot of fighting for ourselves. And that's what we ought to be doing anyway."



WE HAVE been invited to attend a Benefit for Pre-Delinquent Girls. Because we are about to take off on one of our frequent meanderings through the country we shan't be able to attend. And this saddens us somewhat, possessed as we are of a rather brotherly feeling for such laudable endeavors. We are, in fact, a trifle post-wayward ourselves. And it's no secret. A Mrs. H. McCartridge of Mobile, Alabama, tells us right to our face that she has evidence that we are "wanted by the police in our native land."

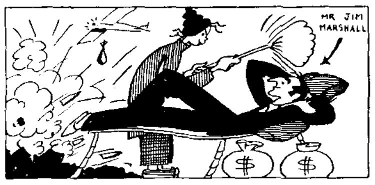
MRS. McCARTRIDGE does not name our native land. But an attuned spirit, Mr. M. Stewart Tent of Springfield, Massachusetts, demands to know our nationality, "which," says he, "I strongly suspect to be Eastern European." So we're virtually forced to confess that we're nothing but an American. And to make the confession all the more shameful, we were born in America. We've been dodging this issue for years, knowing that the admission was socially ruinous.

WE'VE been ducking this one, but as usual the reader wins. Large numbers of you have asked us to publish the name of the company manufacturing the beriberi-curing vitamin product referred to in J. D. Ratcliff's article, "The Rats Said Yes." We can't. We're not allowed to. There are laws—books of them—forbidding us to advertise in such columns as these. Anyway, you should consult your physician first. If he thinks you need the stuff, he'll prescribe it. And he'll tell you where to get it without any difficulty.

BUT a job like this is certain to accomplish one's exposure sooner or later. For example, we have never met Dr. Benia Tallip, professor of herbaltherapy and physioculture. Nor has Dr. Tallip met us. Yet from reading us the doctor finds that we have "ganglion trouble and evidences of very inferior tendons." And maybe the doctor is right. From her office in South Chicago, Illinois, she advises us to send for her "absolutely free package of fundamental roots and liberating barks—enough for ten strong doses."

ALSO we flatly refuse to accept the invitation of Miss Emma Corberlein of Ashtabula, Ohio, to tell her how to control "a boy five feet five inches, twelve years old, weighing a hundred and twenty-eight pounds, with black hair and blue eyes." We wouldn't know. One of the most amazing flops we can imagine is ourself admonishing a twelve-year-old stick of dynamite to be good and mind his Aunt Emma. Moreover, we never minded our Aunt Emma, poor dear. We're still one of her major problems.

MRS. ALYS RENNE of St. Louis, Missouri, bitterly reproaches herself for enjoying Collier's so much. "It doesn't seem right," she says, "to have such a good time reading your magazine, knowing, as you tell us, that your nice Mr. Marshall is having to dodge bullets and Oriental suavity just to give us pleasure. To think of Mr. Marshall suffering on a large expense account and, I should think, a nice salary, struggling against great odds from Japan to China to India to Burma—just to give us readers a good time. The poor, poor dear. Why must such sacrifices be made?"



ANOTHER reader of our reference to Mr. Marshall's indomitable invasion of China and of his vast ingenuity is Mr. Hal B. Reinisch of Los Angeles, California. "Have they shot this guy Marshall yet?" he asks. "Are writers pretty sure to get knocked off over there? If so, I am willing to contribute one thousand dollars to send a shipload of writers to China. I have a list of my own. Every contributor ought to be allowed to nominate ten. What say, fellow Americans?"

HE'S probably an editor.

Vol. 100, No. 23. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1937, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: *$5.50 a year to all other countries.*

Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

# LET THEIR EYES *help you decide*

## THEN YOU'LL BUY A CAR COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SAFETY GLASS MADE OF PLATE GLASS . . . NOT WINDOW GLASS

GREATER beauty . . . clearer vision, and increased motoring comfort for the whole family. That's what you'll get by buying a car with Safety PLATE Glass in every window. And many motorcar manufacturers give you Safety PLATE Glass in every window of their cars *at no extra cost to you.* ¶ Safety PLATE Glass, in contrast with safety glass in which ordinary window glass is used, is made by laminating two pieces of glass which have been carefully ground to eliminate waviness and then painstakingly polished to a mirror-like brilliance. Its greater clarity minimizes eyestrain and fatigue, and its gleaming luster enhances the appearance of your car both inside and out. ¶ Before you buy a new car make sure that it has Safety PLATE Glass—easily identified by the Hallmark of Higher Quality—in *every* window. All cars have this finer glass in windshields; but many car manufacturers, to provide the very utmost in beauty, comfort and quality, completely equip their cars with Safety PLATE Glass *at no extra cost to you.*

•

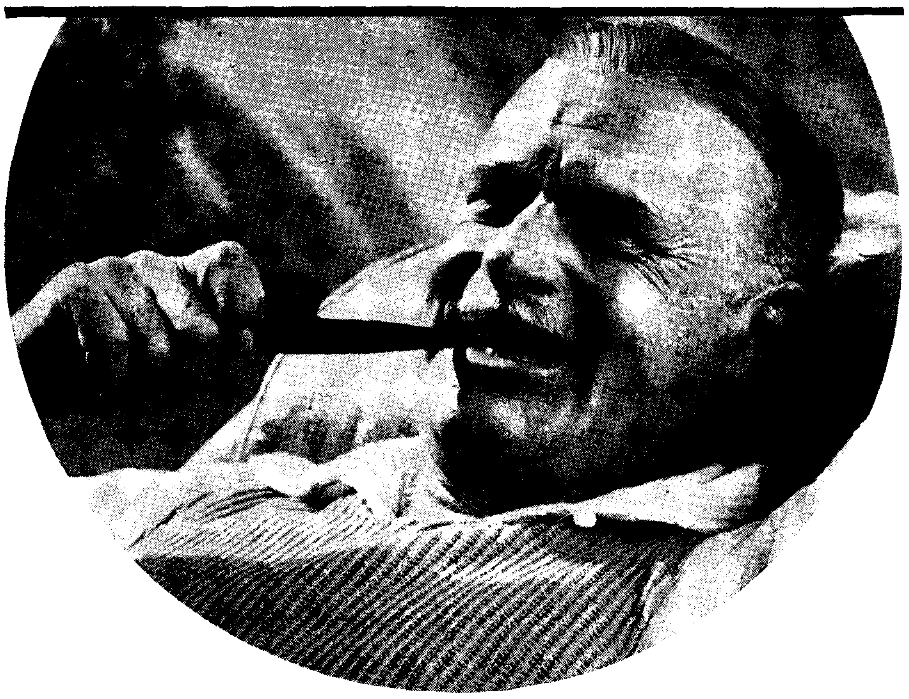
PLATE GLASS
MANUFACTURERS
OF AMERICA
PITTSBURGH, PA.

•

Safety PLATE Glass

***FOR GREATER MOTORING COMFORT FROM YOUR NEW CAR AND A MORE LASTING SATISFACTION IN ITS APPEARANCE, LOOK FOR THIS MARK OF HIGHER QUALITY IN ALL ITS WINDOWS.***

GET A
VACATION WITH PAY
*for the rest of your life*



**$1,800 a year income at 60**

LET'S PUT IT THIS WAY:

Suppose you were told today that you would get a check for $150 every month—that's $1,800 a year—every year for the rest of your life, starting when you reach age 60.

Then you could relax, have a good time, enjoy yourself, with no money worries. You could work or not, as you pleased. Wouldn't that be worth looking forward to?

You can have such an income. Even if you are on a salary, even if your savings are down to nothing, by merely following a simple, definite Plan, you *can get a guaranteed income for life* beginning when you are ready to retire.

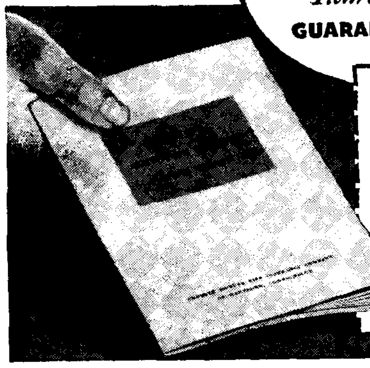
For example, suppose you are 35 years old, and want $150 a month income for life starting at 60. Here is what you can get:

1. A monthly check for $150, beginning when you are 60 and continuing as long as you live. If you are insurable, you can have your Plan also pay
2. A life income to your wife in case of your death before age 60.
3. A monthly income for you, if, before age 55, total disability stops your income for 6 months or more.

What does it cost? That depends on when you want your income to start, and how much you want. You can have your checks begin at 55, 60 or 65—and get any income from $10 a month to $200 or more. And there are similar plans for women. As soon as we know your date of birth, and the income you want, we can tell you the exact cost.

Write your date of birth in the coupon below. You will be mailed a new illustrated booklet explaining the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Plan, how it works and what you get. Send for your copy now. No cost or obligation. The coupon is for your convenience.

ESTABLISHED 1851
PHOENIX MUTUAL
*Retirement Income Plan*
GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE



Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company
256 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.

*Please send me by mail, without obligation, your book describing the* PHOENIX MUTUAL RETIREMENT PLAN.

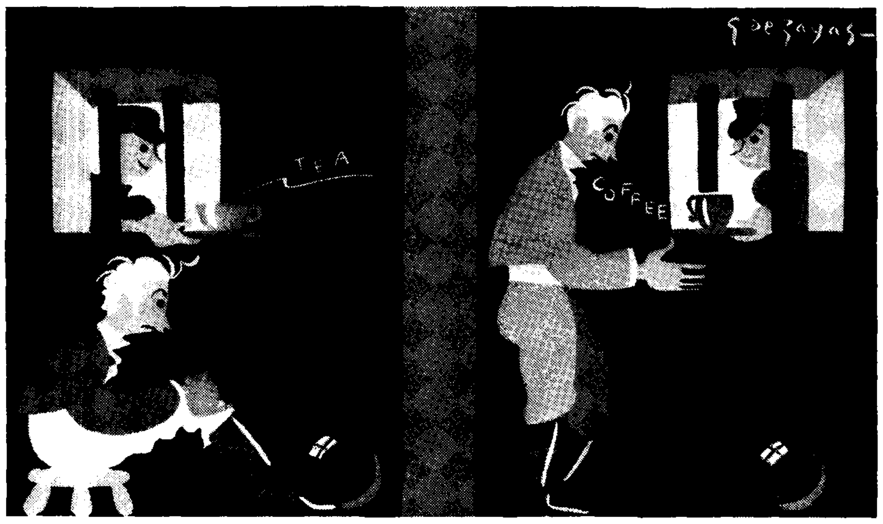
Name____________________

Date of Birth____________________

Business Address____________________

Home Address____________________

COPYRIGHT 1937, BY PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY



*In* 18th-century Sweden, a controversy over the respective merits and possible injurious effects of tea and coffee resulted in having twin brothers, serving life sentences in prison, act as "guinea pigs," one drinking tea and the other coffee several times a day. Decades later, the question was settled: the tea drinker died first—at the age of 83. —*By D. L. Moody, Akron, Ohio.*

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

**By Freling Foster**

*Near* Gyantse, Tibet, stands a lamasery whose lamas, or monks, incarcerate themselves in small mud huts, without doors or windows, for periods from a year to a lifetime, in order to earn a first-class reincarnation. As no mortal eye may look upon them during these years of seclusion, they wear a glove on the hand used to take their food from a brother lama when he passes it to them through a small curtained aperture.

*With* the exception of the United States and Great Britain, nearly every country in the world refuses to recognize the right of a citizen or subject to transfer his allegiance to another nation. They maintain that every man is subject to recall to his native land for military service, even when he has been a naturalized citizen of another country for years.

*New Hampshire* is the only state that still has a fast day by proclamation of the governor. It is usually the fourth Thursday of April which is set aside for fasting and prayer.

*The* incredible self-esteem of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany was typically expressed on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1898. Feeling that he was too important to pass through the city's regular gates like a "common person," he had a special entrance made for himself in the wall.—*By Mrs. John Croom, Jr., Fayetteville, North Carolina.*

*The* competition for students among the smaller colleges in this country is so keen that the money which these institutions invest in direct sales letters, advertising literature, traveling representatives and other promotional activities is conservatively estimated at more than $5,000,000 a year.

*In* the United States, a patent cannot be obtained on an invention that has been in public use for two years or longer prior to the filing of the application.—*By Mrs. J. Reynolds, New York City.*

*Many* firms still judge the character of a prospective employee by his handwriting. Yet graphology has little scientific basis, physical conditions being often mistaken for characteristics. Graphologists frequently classify small writing as that of a scholarly and precise person when it is, in many cases, the result of nearsightedness.

*Crude* oil comes from the earth in a wide variety of mixtures. It may smell sweet or offensive, be as thin as water or as thick as molasses and be as light as whisky or as dark as tar.

*The* Christian world continues to be more or less divided on the question of the correct designation of the year which preceded 1 A. D. Historians claim that it is 1 B. C. while the astronomers maintain that it is 0 or 0 B. C.

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

# Things You'll See in the New Plymouth

## LOOK! EXCITING STYLE... NEW LUXURY AND EASE OF HANDLING, WITH NEW COMFORT, NEW SAFETY! CLIMAXES 10 YEARS OF BUILDING GREAT CARS!

## 10 THRILLING YEARS

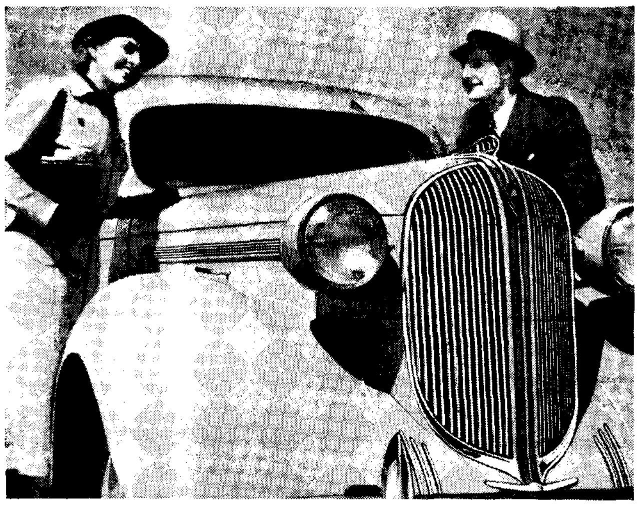
The new 1938 Plymouth—now on display—celebrates *10 years* of building great cars!

Plymouth started in '28, a newcomer. Today, Plymouth owners number *millions!*

The reason is clear. For 10 years Plymouth has consistently given people *more* room, comfort and safety, better performance.

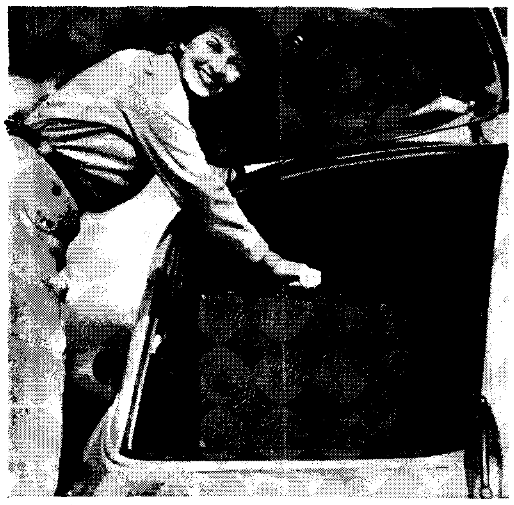
The 1938 Plymouth is the biggest, finest Plymouth ever built. See it today!

**PRICED WITH THE LOWEST**—New features and improvements make the 1938 Plymouth a greater buy *than ever!* And it's remarkably *easy* to buy. The Commercial Credit Company offers convenient payment terms through your Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealer. Remember to tune in Major Bowes' Amateur Hour ...Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.



1 **You'll See Thrilling New Style.** And under that long hood is a brilliant, 82-horsepower engine with new sealing, and improved Floating Power engine mountings. Headlights are more efficient. A larger windshield gives you greater vision.

2 **Under the Youngster's Hands** is a beautiful, new instrument panel... "Safety Styled." The new handbrake is out of the floor, out of knees' way.

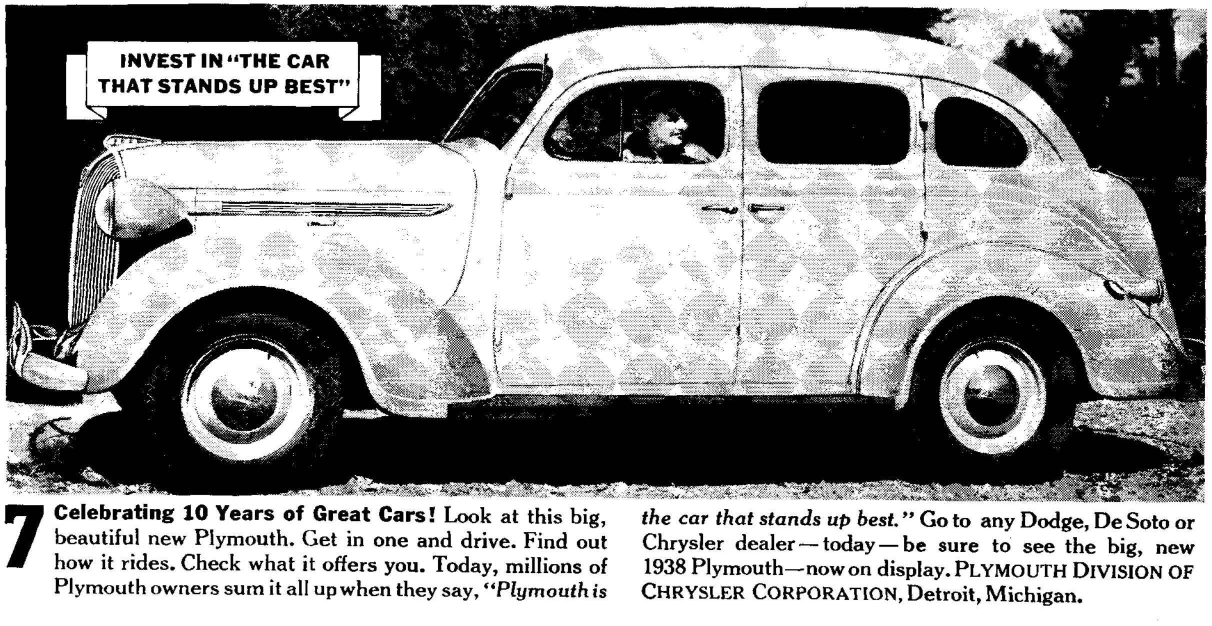


3 **What Luggage Space!** Bigger than ever. The trunk lid opens high—and there's a new, improved trunk lock that's practically tamper-proof. There's even a light for the inside.

4 **Isn't This Restful?** You ride really relaxed...in deep-cushioned, "chair-height" seats, done in lovely new upholstery. And it's a "hushed ride" ...made that way by scientific sound-proofing, big airplane-type shock-absorbers, thick rubber cushions between body and frame.

5 **Big Doorway to a Steel House!** Remember, as you ride in the midst of rich appointments, you have steel around you, over you, under you. And the safety of *double-action* hydraulic brakes.

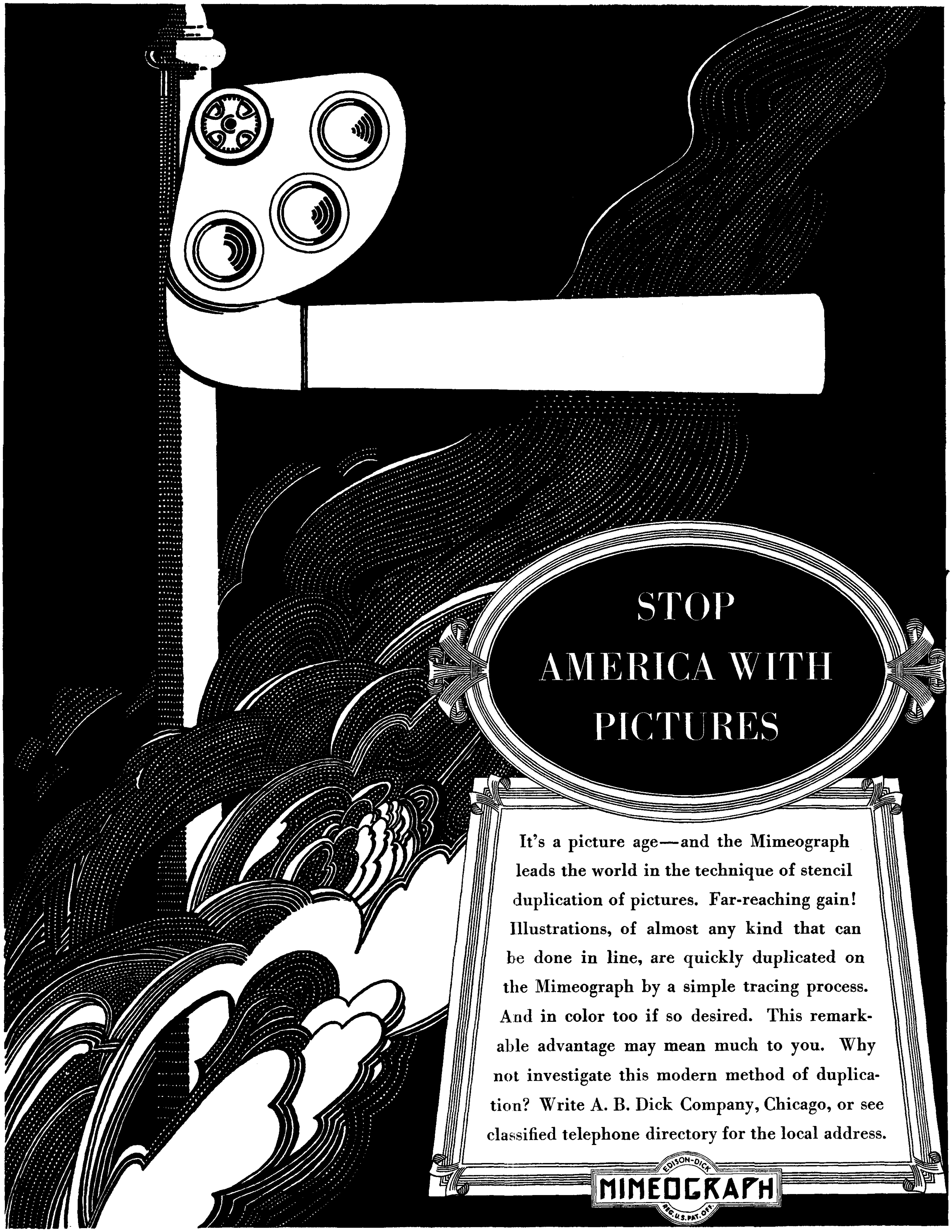
6 **It Measures Economy.** Your dealer's "gasometer" will show Plymouth's amazing gas mileage. Owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon. And Plymouth has an outstanding record for low upkeep cost and long life.



7 **Celebrating 10 Years of Great Cars!** Look at this big, beautiful new Plymouth. Get in one and drive. Find out how it rides. Check what it offers you. Today, millions of Plymouth owners sum it all up when they say, "*Plymouth is the car that stands up best.*" Go to any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer—today—be sure to see the big, new 1938 Plymouth—now on display. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

**PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS**

# See the 1938 Plymouth

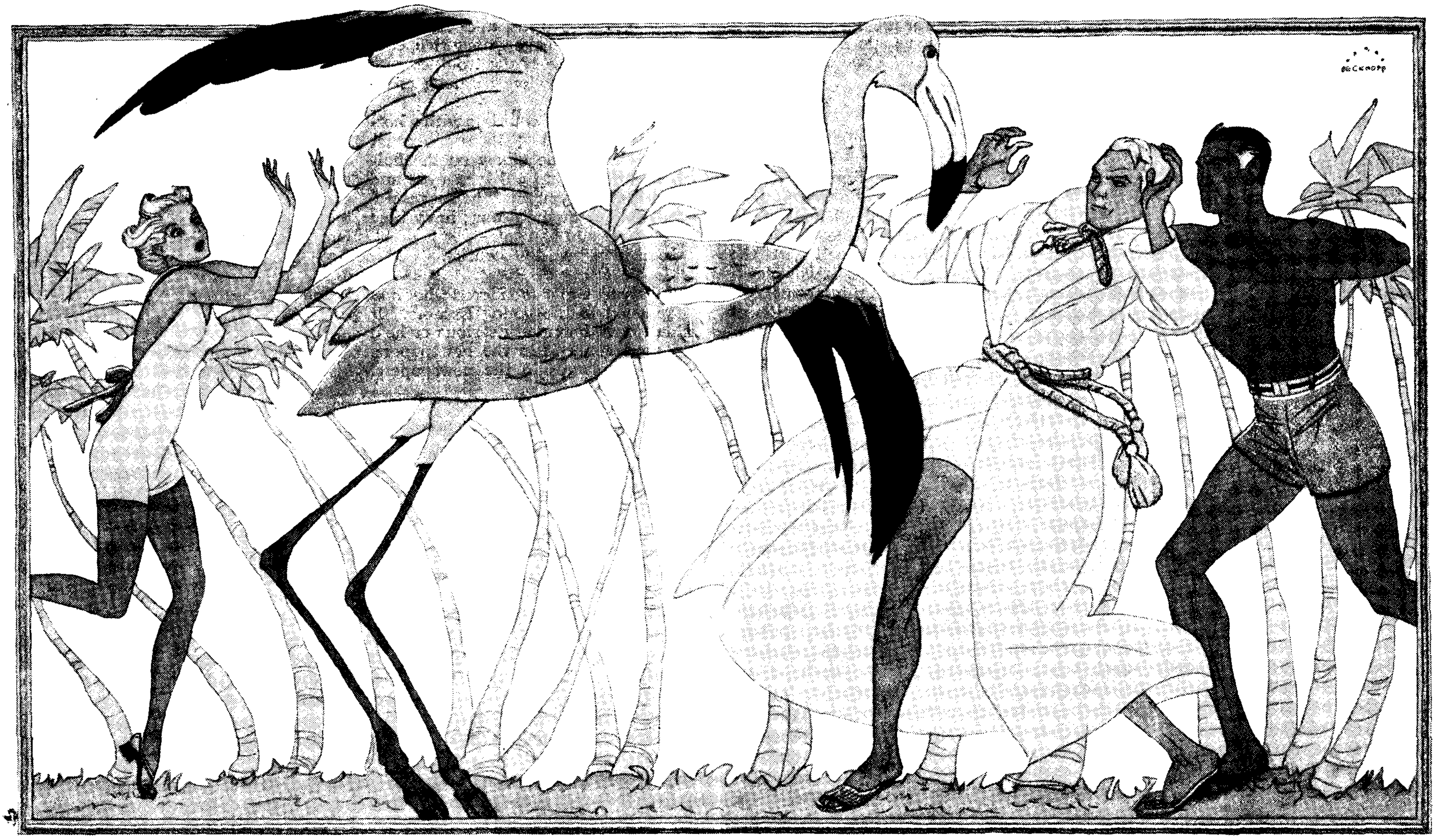


# STOP AMERICA WITH PICTURES

It's a picture age—and the Mimeograph leads the world in the technique of stencil duplication of pictures. Far-reaching gain! Illustrations, of almost any kind that can be done in line, are quickly duplicated on the Mimeograph by a simple tracing process. And in color too if so desired. This remarkable advantage may mean much to you. Why not investigate this modern method of duplication? Write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see classified telephone directory for the local address.

EDISON-DICK
MIMEOGRAPH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Collier's The National Weekly for December 4, 1937



"Head him off," the girl called, still running. "Send him back this way"

# A Queen's Ransom

## By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

**Fifty thousand dollars, or the life of Perry Essex—that was what The Eye demanded. And The Eye, Messrs. Crane and O'Rourke learned, wasn't joking. An auspicious beginning for an exciting mystery novel**

SUNSET splashed gold paint on the windows of the white marble house, brought out apricots and pinks and salmons in the flowering azaleas. The sport roadster turned left around the freshly scrubbed trunk of a royal palm, gravel crunching under its tires; then right around a fountain and came to a halt below a marquee of iron and amber glass.

Thomas O'Rourke, awe on his long, dark-tanned face, ran gray eyes over the massive front of the house, allowed his breath to pass his lips in a half whistle of admiration.

"Not bad," he said.

His companion shut off the roadster's engine. His name was William Crane and he was looking at the brass knocker on the great ebony door with perplexity. "Are you supposed to pound that thing?" he demanded. A partially recovered black eye, his left, gave him a humorously reckless appearance.

"Why not?" O'Rourke asked. "We got invitations."

"All right." Crane slid off the leather seat to the gravel. He mounted the three crescent-shaped steps, was about to raise the knocker when a noise from the drive made him turn his head.

Two pink flamingos slowly approached the roadster from the fountain. They walked with rheumatic dignity, moving their stiltlike legs deliberately, carrying their heads at an inquiring angle. Their eyes were like highly polished waistcoat buttons.

"For the love of Mike!" said Crane.

"I'm glad you see 'em too," O'Rourke said from the roadster. "For a minute I thought I had the horrors again. What in hell are they?"

The flamingos halted ten feet from him. They looked, with their patrician beaks, their politely inquiring heads, their bright unblinking eyes, like two elderly savants. They looked as though they were wondering what in hell O'Rourke was.

"They're kind of birds," said Crane vaguely, turning back to the knocker.

O'Rourke, apprehensive of flamingos, slid under the roadster's wheel and followed Crane. As he neared the ebony door, it opened, disclosing a dour man with black hair and thin lips. Years of repression had made a mask of his face. He was the butler.

"Mr. O'Rourke?" he asked. "And Mr. Crane?"

He wore patent-leather shoes, dark trousers, a Dubonnet-red cummerbund and a white drill coat tailored like a mess jacket.

"Mr. Crane," Crane said, "and Mr. O'Rourke."

"Beg your pardon, sir." The man left the ebony door open, came out onto the first crescent-shaped step. "Mr. Essex is expecting you. Shall I bring in your luggage?"

Crane gave him the roadster's keys. "In the rumble."

He started to follow the butler down the steps, but O'Rourke's elbow nudged his ribs. "Take a gander at the window above the door."

Casually, Crane's eyes roved over the grounds, the house. He saw the arched back of the fountain, the green expanse of lawn, the dusk-subdued azaleas, the palms, the white wall of the house, the window above the door. . . .

His eyes went on to the roadster, to the butler tugging at the rumble seat, but his mind retained a photographic impression of the window. A man was seated in the recess, his face shadowed by a hat pulled over his eyes. He was peering down at them. He looked sinister.

The butler had the rumble seat open. He put one foot on the chromium bumper and reached down for the large pigskin suitcase. His drill jacket slid up his back, disclosing a small blue pistol, possibly of .25 caliber, tucked under his cummerbund.

For a divided second Crane's and O'Rourke's eyes met.

ONE hand on the knob of the door to Crane's bedroom, the butler said, "I shall try to locate Mr. Essex, sir."

"Thank you," said Crane.

The butler's eyes were small and black and unblinking. He stared into the room until the door, apparently closing of its own volition, swung shut with a thud.

O'Rourke was seated on the arm of

an easy chair. "Nice-looking guy," he observed.

"Like a wildcat." Crane flung open the French windows on the side of the room opposite the door, stepped out on a Spanish balcony. "Hello! The ocean!"

Below him was a very large patio, luxuriant with small palms, clumps of tropical flowers, gaily colored umbrellas, and metal tables and chairs painted a brilliant orange. At the open end of the patio was a white swimming pool and in back of that was a magnificent beach of ash-blond sand. Rollers from the Atlantic, moving ponderously, cast themselves on the beach, making silver lines in the dusk.

Moving to the French window, O'Rourke dispassionately regarded the scene. "What's the setup here?" he asked. Speaking made the cigarette dangling from his lips glow angrily.

Crane shrugged his shoulders. He was enchanted by the perfection of the view, by the serenity of the verdant patio, by the languid beat of the surf, by the soft warm wind on his face; a wind heavy with the perfume of flowers. He could almost taste the wind.

"Well, we should worry," said O'Rourke, "as long as the food is good."

Crane lit a cigarette and contentedly filled his lungs with smoke. The food would be good, and the liquor. And the beds. He was very tired after the long drive from Charleston and he thought with pleasure of the double bed in his room. He always slept well with the noise of the sea in his ears. It was pleasant, too, to be sent from rain-swept New York into the languorous perfection of Miami in March, or rather the perfection of Key Largo, fifty miles south of Miami.

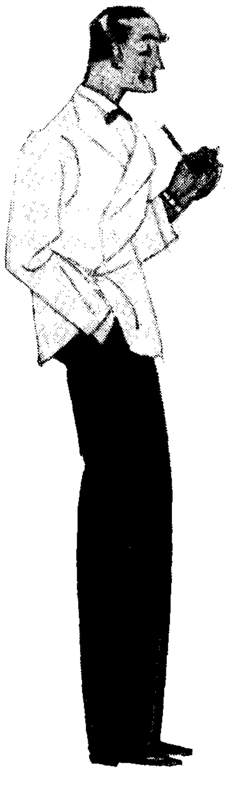
Moreover, he approved of what he had seen of the Essex house, of the Essex estate. He always preferred to pursue his occupation as a detective in luxurious surroundings among rich, congenial people. One of the troubles with crime was its prevalence among criminals.

O'Rourke said, "I could do with a bottle of beer."

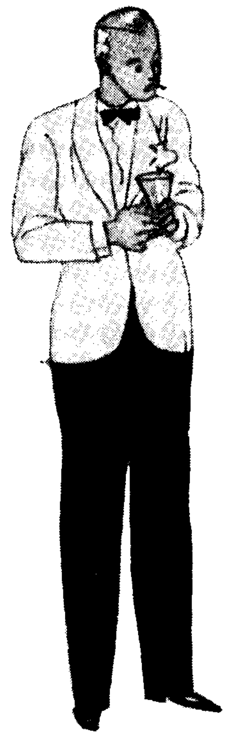
Crane leaned one elbow on the balcony rail. "Ring up old lynx-eyes and tell him to fetch you one," he suggested. He peered out at the ocean; navy blue now that the sun had set.

"Good idea," said O'Rourke.

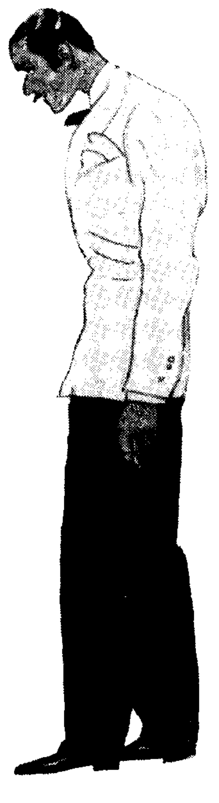
LEFT alone, Crane wondered what had happened to the young Essexes. It couldn't have been very serious or he'd have read about it in the newspapers. They were always in the newspapers.



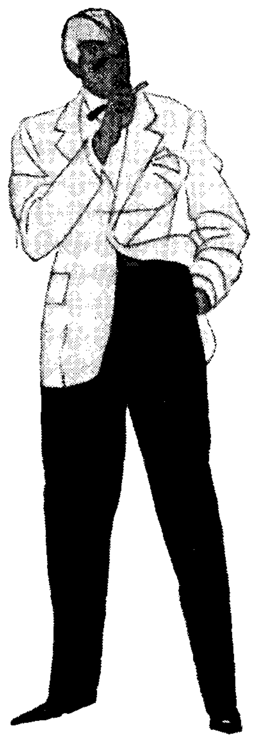
TONY



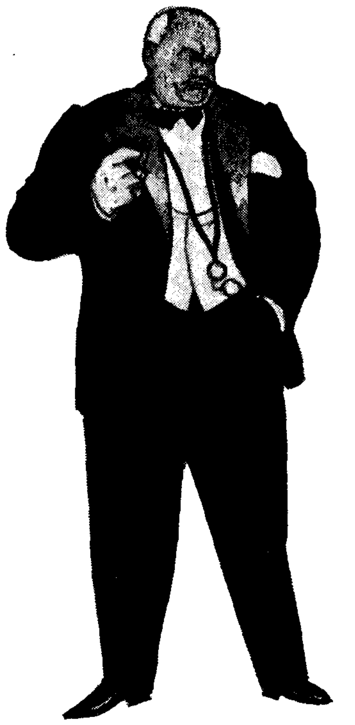
ESSEX



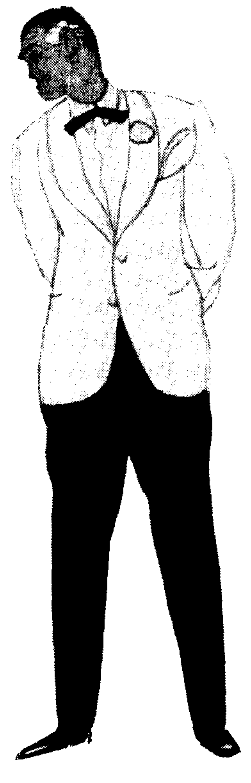
GREGARIO



CRANE



THE MAJOR



O'ROURKE

The boy, Penn, twenty-five years old, had a penchant for fast automobiles, chorus girls and breach of promise suits, in the order named. The girl, Camelia, twenty-three years old, had most recently been forcibly taken from a liner as she was about to elope to Peru with a gentleman styling himself Count Paul di Gregario of the Holy Roman Empire. The removal had been accomplished by attorneys for the Union Trust Company, trustee of the Essex fortune and guardian of the Essex children, which had discovered there was no longer a Holy Roman Empire and therefore di Gregario was no count. He was also, it developed, already married.

Crane hoped that O'Rourke would be thoughtful enough to order two bottles of beer. He decided to go in and make certain of the second bottle. He flipped his cigarette into the air, paused to watch the arc of the descending coal. His eyes caught sight of the figure of a man on another balcony over the left wing of the house, at right angles to his balcony. He felt the hair rise on the back of his neck and resisted an impulse to dive through the French window to his room.

*The man might have been a statue*, so motionless did he hold himself. There was the same sinister intentness, the same poise, the same down-pulled hat that had characterized the man in the front window, but Crane did not think this was the same man. This man seemed smaller, but he looked very unpleasant.

ONCE inside his room, Crane wiped his forehead with a linen handkerchief. "Whew!" he said. He opened the closet door and looked inside, then peered under the bed.

O'Rourke watched him from the bathroom door. "Lost something?" he asked politely.

"I thought maybe they had a guy tucked in here too." Crane told him of the man on the balcony and added, "The house is full of guys."

"Maybe the Seminoles have risen," suggested O'Rourke.

Crane was about to say, "Nuts," when there was a knock on the door. Instead he said, "Maybe it's the beer," then, louder, "Come in."

A hollow-chested young man in a white linen suit came into the room. He had a thin face, blond hair and a pointed chin. He didn't look well. He looked very much like he did in his newspaper pictures.

He smiled at them, said, "I'm Penn Essex." Carefully, he closed and bolted the door. "I'm certainly glad to see you," he said.

Crane introduced O'Rourke and himself, then asked, "What's the trouble? Colonel Black didn't have time to tell us." He sat down on a bedspread the color of guava jelly, resting an arm on the carved headpiece.

ESSEX sat in the larger of the two easy chairs. His face was mostly eyes. He began, "It started . . ." then abruptly turned toward Crane, anger in his voice. "I suppose I'm a fool to be in a funk over this; it sounds silly. But I am. And you'll laugh . . ."

"No, we won't," said Crane. "Start at the beginning."

"Well, anyway, you know about these things. . . . Whether they're real or not." He paused and they could hear the deep noise of the surf. "It's notes."

"Notes?"

"Here." Essex uncoiled from his chair, thrust three sheets of paper into Crane's hand. "Read them." He turned to O'Rourke, leaning against the hall door, and said, "Probably somebody's idea of a practical joke." His voice didn't sound convincing.

Crane examined the first note. It was

crudely printed in red ink on a diagonally torn sheet of white paper. It read:

"Mister Essex:
"You come clean or else. . . . Follow instructions when they come. . . . Don't try to escape because I am watching every move you make. . . .
"THE EYE"

"Well, well, well," said Crane in a pleased tone of voice. He laid the note face-down on the bed and picked up the second between his thumb and forefinger. It read:

"Mister Essex:
"Hire more guards if you like. . . . They will do you no good. . . . Your instructions are to get fifty thousand dollars ($50,000) in unmarked bills . . . keep them handy. . . . THE EYE"

This sheet of paper had also been torn diagonally from a larger piece. Crane picked up the first piece and placed the two together. They matched. The ink on both, too, was red. The paper seemed to be of excellent texture and Crane held first one note, then the other to the light, but there was no watermark.

Essex was pacing back and forth in front of O'Rourke. His feet were noisy on the absinthe-green tile floor, silent on the red-and-black-and-white Mexican saddle rug. His eyes kept coming back to Crane.

The third sheet was torn like the others and the ink was red. Crane held it to his nose and drew a long, slow breath. There was no odor. He read:

"Essex:
"The time nears when you must pay your debt. . . . You have a choice . . . fifty thousand in small unmarked bills . . . or your life! Instructions follow. . . . Don't try to escape. . . .
"THE EYE"

Crane blinked his eyes, laid the sheet on the bed, and said, "The fellow's getting familiar; he didn't call you mister in the last note."

"Familiar?" Essex's eyes were wide. "You don't know how familiar he is."

"What do you mean?"

"The way he gets the notes to me." Abruptly, Essex halted, one foot ahead of the other, in the middle of a step. "I find one in my wallet, another . . ."

"Wait." Rays from the indirect lamp in the corner shadowed Crane's eyes, made both of them appear to have been blacked. "Better tell us in chronological order. When did you get the first note?"

Essex returned to his chair, sat with elbows on knees, chin on fists. "The first note came just a month ago, on the twenty-seventh of February. It was the damnedest thing. . . . I had some rooms at the Walpern in New York and I woke up in the morning with something scratching my chin. It was the note, pinned to the pillow." He smiled at Crane. "I never came out of a hangover so quickly in my whole life."

CRANE, who was also troubled with hangovers, felt a bond of sympathy between them. He smiled, too, and asked, "Any idea how it got there?"

Essex shook his head.

"Anybody staying with you?"

After a pause so slight that Crane could not be sure it was a pause, Essex replied, "Nobody but Brown, my man."

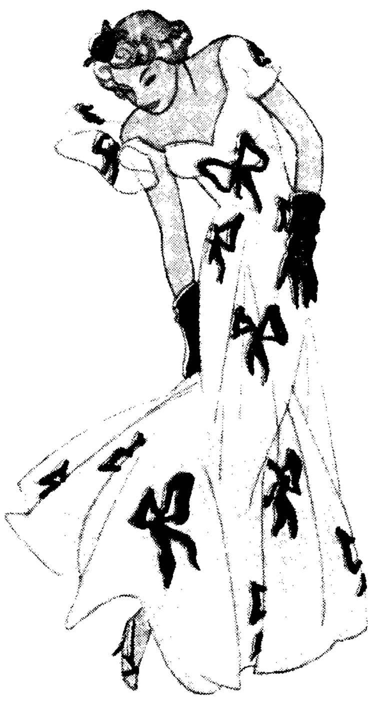
"Your valet?"

"Not exactly a valet. Sort of a combination valet and bodyguard. He used to be a top-flight welterweight."

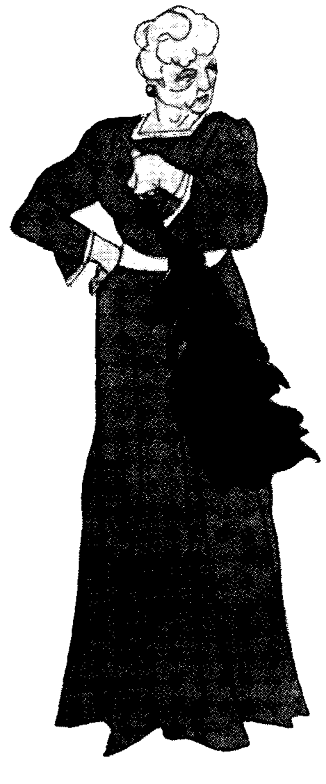
From the door, O'Rourke spoke: "Buster Brown?"

"Yes. That was his ring name. His real name's Chester."

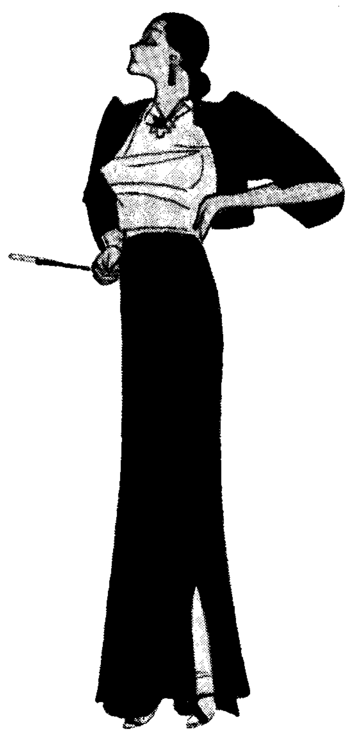
"I saw him fight Tony Capezzio in Pittsburgh," said O'Rourke. "He hung his Sunday punch on Tony in the fourth."



CAMELIA



MRS. LANGLEY



IMAGO

"Did you come home alone that night, Mr. Essex?" inquired Crane.

"Yes. I went to a party and I guess I got a little tight, but I would have known if anybody came home with me."

O'Rourke said, "He would've been a great fighter if he hadn't had such big feet. He carried dynamite in both hands."

"He still does," said Essex.

Crane asked, "And you don't think he could have put the note on your pillow?"

"He could have, all right, but I don't think he did. Especially in view of the others."

"Yes, you better tell us about the others."

"Well, the next note (the one about the fifty thousand dollars) came the day after I got down here. That was ten days ago. I found it in my wallet."

"So?"

Essex's grin failed to conceal his anxiety. "I can't even imagine how it got there. The Eye must be handy at magic. I put five hundred dollars in the wallet and drove up to Miami for a fling at the Blue Castle; that's Roland Tortoni's place, y'know." Crane bobbed his head and Essex continued: "The note wasn't there when I put the five hundred in the wallet, but when I opened it to buy some chips for the roulette game it fell out. I can tell you it gave me a start."

"I can see how it might," said Crane.

"And a funny thing was that two of five one-hundred-dollar bills had disappeared."

O'Rourke said, "That wouldn't be funny to me." He was resting one arm on the doorknob, his silver-streaked head against the upper panel. His gray-blue eyes rested on Crane's brown eyes. "A dip?"

"Might be." Crane explained to Essex: "Mr. O'Rourke suggests someone might have picked your pocket, removed the two hundred dollars, inserted the note and then replaced the wallet."

"That's barely possible," agreed Essex, "but it seems to me a very risky way for The Eye to get the note to me."

Crane asked, "Where was Brown that evening?"

"Somewhere between New York and Miami, driving a car down. That's why I've eliminated him."

Crane frowned. "And the third note?"

"It came four days ago, in the morn . . ."

With a liquid movement, O'Rourke unlocked the door, turned the knob, flung the door open. A man in a white monkey coat regarded them with a startled expression on his face. He carried a tray on which there were two glasses, four bottles of imported Holland beer. He had black hair, big brown eyes, a small, round face.

"I believe you desired beer. . . ?"

"Bring it in," said Crane.

THE man put the tray on the small table beside the bed, fumbled in his pocket.

"Never mind," said Crane. "We'll open them." He shook his head in response to the question in O'Rourke's eyes.

O'Rourke stepped out of the doorway, let the servant depart, and closed and bolted the door. "I think the guy was doing some listening," he said.

Essex's face was pale. "I hope not; I'd hate to have everybody know about the notes or that you are detectives." He brushed by Crane's knees, picked up the French phone by the bed, spun the dial once. "Craig," he said, "how long ago did you send Carlos up to Mr. Crane's room with the beer?"

The phone spluttered.

"Thanks." Essex turned to Crane. "Five minutes."

O'Rourke said, "Let's get the guy and find out what his idea is."

"We'd better wait," said Crane. "We don't want to tip our hand yet." He took one of the dark green bottles, tossed it to O'Rourke. "You've got an opener, haven't you, Tom?"

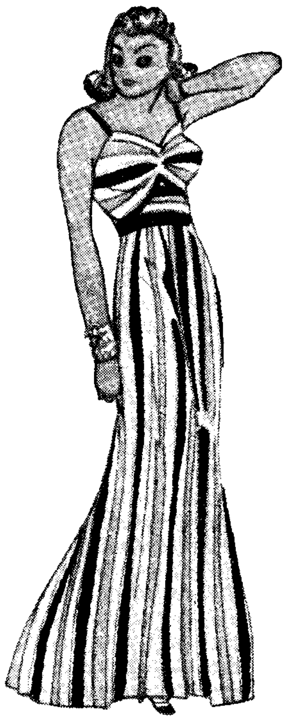
O'Rourke opened the bottle, exchanged it for an unopened one. Essex said he didn't believe he cared for any beer. O'Rourke drank his beer from the bottle, Crane his from a glass. It tasted fine, especially to O'Rourke, who was very thirsty.

After a second drink, Crane asked, "And the third note?"

"That one really scared me. I . . ."

"I don't blame you for being scared," said Crane in a sympathetic tone. "Fifty thousand or your life . . ."

"That wasn't what did it. I've received lots of nasty letters." He moved nervously in his chair. "But never one like this." He made a feeble attempt to laugh. "It was in my hand when I woke up—in my hand!"



DAWN DAY

"Gosh!" Crane's brown eyes were wide. "How do you figure it got there?"

"I suppose somebody came in through my window—the door to the bedroom was locked—and put it there." He ran fingers through his dull brown hair. "That's what I don't like; the idea of somebody prowling around my room while I sleep."

Crane said, "It's curious that two of the notes should have come to you in bed. You're sure you weren't"—he coughed delicately to show he meant no offense—"ahem—with someone?"

Surprisingly, Essex smiled. His face became younger; he looked, with his white skin, like an unhealthy boy. "You've been reading about me in the newspapers," he said. "I assure you they exaggerate; I sleep alone." He detected an expression of doubt on Crane's face, added, "This would be no time to lie,

*(Continued on page 51)*

WIDE WORLD

Carl Ben Eielson was an early hero of Alaskan flying—and its first martyr

D. E. HEWITT

Jim Rodebaugh, founder of Alaska's first commercial air venture

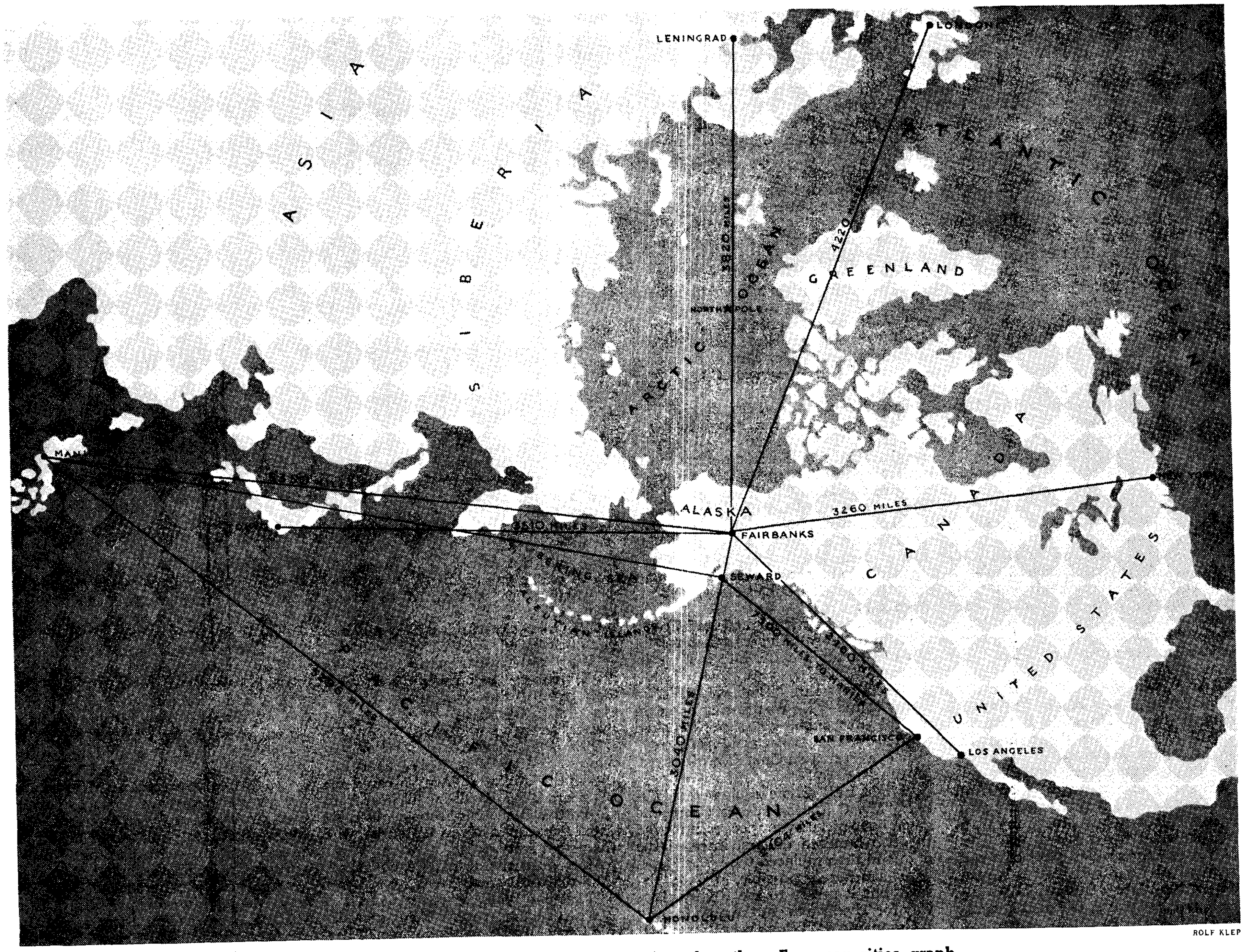
PACIFIC ALASKA AIRWA

TELKAMP

Joe Crosson led the million-dollar search for his friend Ben Eielson

# Riding Alaska's Storms

## By W. B. Courtney


LENINGRAD
ASIA
SIBERIA
3820 MILES
ARCTIC OCEAN
NORTH POLE
4220
GREENLAND
ATLANTIC OCEAN
CANADA
ALASKA
FAIRBANKS
3260 MILES
3410 MILES
SEWARD
BERING SEA
ALEUTIAN ISLANDS
PACIFIC OCEAN
3040 MILES
UNITED STATES
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
HONOLULU

ROLF KLEP

This map, showing air-line distances to Asiatic and northern European cities, graphically illustrates Alaska's strategic position as the center of air lines of the future

**Alaska is on top of the world. That bit of geography means more today than it ever meant before. It means that Alaska is the natural middle station for airways to the Orient and to parts of Europe. Here's the romantic story of the young men who blazed the first air trails in our northern sky**

WORD flashed down from the snows and the long nights of storm that Ben was lost. There was interest, but no particular alarm, certainly little worry, at first. Anything happen to Ben Eielson?—don't be silly. Carl Ben Eielson, the American Viking from North Dakota, with his eyes that could look through you or a metal engine casing, it didn't matter which, and pick the inner flaws. Scholarly Ben, who had come to Fairbanks to be principal of the high school and remained to show Alaska its lodestar fashioned of bright wings in the polar skies. Lusty Ben, whom the Yukon Indians nicknamed "Moose-Ptarmigan," after the strongest and bravest animal and the swiftest bird they knew. Ben Eielson, loved by everyone in a territory where you don't carry your passport in your pocket, but on your tongue. Oh, hell, Ben was okay—down somewhere, of course, but he would come walking home again, dragging his tale behind him.

Besides, in Alaska folks don't grow excited about a pilot until he has been missing at least a week. For walking home from a plane ride, in that vast and roadless land where you are like a flea on a ballroom floor and with perhaps less chance of thumbing a lift, is a commonplace experience and not a wisecrack. It takes a lot of slogging to catch up with the tundra horizon; you balance on "niggerheads" in summer, mush through virgin drifts in winter, and when you get somewhere you are still no place with regard to sending a wire: "Great luck boss your plane all busted but I safe." Therefore, even when a fortnight passed without good tidings of Ben, Alaskans generally did not yet suspect this was the beginning of what airmen nowadays will tell you (while the steel melts in their eyes and voices) is the epic of Arctic flying. There was so much of young grit in it, and selflessness; plus the hardy ingenuity which has gained Alaska distinction in the annals of aviation.

### A Flight into Eternity

Joe Crosson told me about it, on a night in summer. Joe, barely thirty, is old in the air: his bulky shoulders hold the mantle Eielson dropped as Nestor of the Alaskan snowbirds. Events sharpened our talk. Fairbanks was preparing to welcome Lefanevsky, third of the Russian transpole route blazers. Soon Lefanevsky—himself a veteran of Arctic searches—would be the subject of a desperate hunt. Joe Crosson once more would turn from appointed schedules and routine to lead a mercy flock over the windy barrens. That was in the future, but the possibilities were a rake in Joe's memories. Alaska has all those haunting qualities of a last frontier, whence you look back with sadness, ahead with nothing to go by save hope, and the pressing nearness of untrod Nature makes you introspective.

The northern horizon, now at midnight, glowed with a depthless green. Joe said, "In the winter, it's like that at noon, up in the Circle, where we looked for Ben." There is nothing on earth comparable to this light of day which refuses wholly to depart; it is a view from the edge of all things, back of beyond. If eternity bears color it must be that remote green, not a color so much as a sinister window, through which your stomach apprehends more than your eye and turns a bit hollow.

Into such a sky, Ben Eielson flew away.

The ship Nanuk, owned and captained by Olaf Swensson of Seattle, dallied too long in her trading on the upper Siberian coast in the autumn of 1929; she was frozen in the bay at North Cape with two years' catch of furs aboard. Air-line interests from the States had just come to Fairbanks to gather up the higgledy-piggledy pioneer flying threads and invest in the organization of Alaska's commercial aviation future. By wireless, the Nanuk's captain bargained with them to fly out his valuable cargo and get it to market.

This appeared to be a good initial break for the new air venture, of which Ben Eielson had been made chief pilot. Ben marshaled his planes and men and based at Teller, above Nome, on Bering Strait, whence it was a brief flight to the Russian side. They flew one load from the Nanuk, and then the weather turned sour. Now, Ben, although he did not lack the color and derring-do which have made those early Alaskan snowbirds a famous group of aerial prima donnas, flew with his head. Moreover, this was not a wildcatting venture, but a responsible company business operation; the very sort of aviation Ben had fought to get instituted in Alaska, for its ultimate good. He was proud and jealous of this growth. But with so few experienced men to select from, you had to give a job to almost any journeyman stick pusher who came along—and in the handful with Ben at Teller was the bad boy of Alaskan flyers.

### The Braggart of Teller

This bravo, who talked a better flight than he flew, railed at Ben's conservative policy, when day after day saw the pilots stormbound in what rude quarters the little Arctic settlement afforded. One night, within Ben's hearing, he told the gang he had come to the end of his patience with fair-weather tactics—hell, any flyer with guts could get across the Strait, and tomorrow he'd show them, and just let anybody try to stop him. Ben, after his fashion, said nothing. Next day the fog blanket still lay over the water, but inland its hems were torn. Without Ben's permission, his subordinate took off and disappeared.

TELKAMP

Above, a pilot enlists the aid of a native child in refueling at an inland settlement. Below, the airport at Fairbanks, Alaska

Here was a primitive situation, despite the mechanical trappings of modernity. The leader could not allow himself to be skun. Ben and his mechanic, Earl Borland, got ready; and soon they, too, were gone into the baneful mists. What they never knew was that their plane had scarcely been lost to sight when the braggart glided back, with a tale of conditions aloft beyond any pilot's skill. No one believed he had even tried the Strait; but, just to make a gesture, had discreetly hugged the margin of the weather. Ben Eielson, however, was not up for a show; he did not come back.

That was on the ninth of November. Joe Crosson was flying on a charter job in the isolated mining region of the Kuskokwim River when first rumors of the affair at Teller came through. Joe was Ben's oldest and closest air mate in Alaska. He had shared Ben's preparations for the flight with Sir Hubert Wilkins from Point Barrow to Spitzbergen—that extraordinary achievement which distinguished authorities of the North, such as the American Doctor Stefansson and the Norwegian Roald Amundsen, who knew its difficulties, pronounced the greatest flight in history. Later, Ben and Sir Hubert had selected Joe as relief pilot for their memorable Antarctic expedition.

### Nature at Her Worst

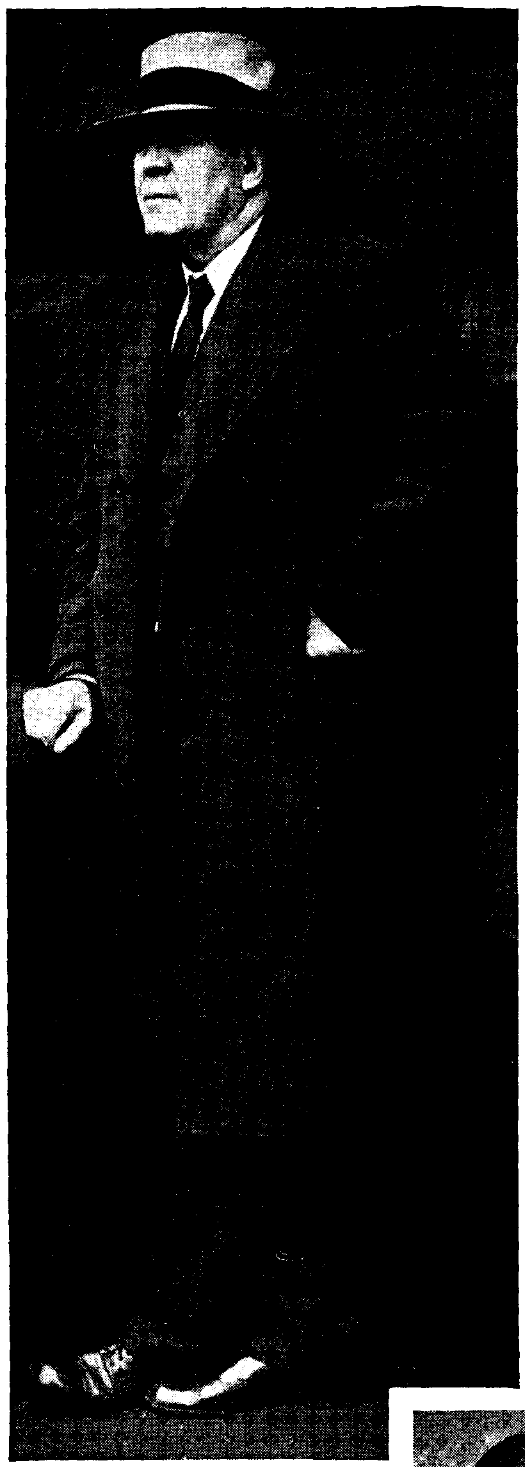
No one, therefore, had more intimate reason to know Ben's ability to take care of himself. On the other hand, no one knew better the odds against him. When Joe Crosson got home to Fairbanks on Thanksgiving Day, and Ben was still unreported, he immediately got into a plane and flew the 600 cold and bitter miles to Teller.

The sun had gone for the year, and they would not see it again until the new year was a month old. The search could not have been at a worse season for light conditions. Flying at best would be restricted to ashen midday. A full moon would help; but there was neither moon nor stars, and the violence of the Arctic winter struck back every attempt to fly across the Strait. It was just four days before Christmas when Joe Crosson in one ship, followed by Harold Gillem in another, was first to get over since Eielson had disappeared. They headed up the Asian coast, but the weather jelled again, and forced them down to refuge in a small native village. The people were of mixed Indian and Siberian Eskimo strains; much lower grade than the pureblood Eskimos of northern Alaska.

It was 76 degrees below zero, outdoors. Within the conical skin huts—which let no air in, and no stench out—it was that much above. You had to stand at the entrance flaps and beat every trace of snow from your parkas and mukluks, so that no moisture would be introduced into the humid misery of the hovel. Inside, the whole family—men, women, and children—moved stark naked about the single compartment, in which every activity and function of life went on without benefit of curtain. You saw things distorted, as in a nightmare, through a dripping film of human sweat and food grease and lamp oil. Joe says, "You could drive a nail in the air and

(Continued on page 66)

# How to Pick the All-America Football Team



PICTURES, INC.

**On the first All-America football team, selected by Walter Camp in 1889, were the stalwarts at the right. They are: Heffelfinger, guard, Yale; Stagg, end, Yale; Poe, quarterback, Princeton**

**Above, the first All-Americans today. Left, William "Pudge" Heffelfinger, Minneapolis businessman. Center, Coach Alonzo Stagg. Right, Edgar Allan Poe, who is now practicing law in Baltimore**

## By Grantland Rice

**Alumni and football fans all over the country are asking: Who is the best quarterback of the year? If you had your choice of players, what seven men would you pick for the line? In just two weeks we'll give you all the answers when Collier's All-America team, selected after forty-seven years' experience, is announced**

COLLIER'S next All-America—who will make it? From more than four hundred playing fields, who will join the 48-year-old parade once headed by Heffelfinger and Hinkey, Stagg and Ames, McClung and Thorne, Homans and Hallowell, Hare and Brown? On by the days of Shevlin, Heston, Eckersall, Thorpe, Coy and Mahan—picking up on the way the football glory of Red Grange, George Gipp, Bronko Nagurski and Benny Friedman—up to the present autumn?

Since late September more than 12,000 husky young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three have had their skill, speed, power and stamina tested in more than 1,600 hard games where their main thoughts were for team victory and team play. But there is still the old dream of joining football's all-star list—part of a famous roll call that goes back nearly half a century to the days of long hair, nose guards, shin guards, flying wedges and the rowdy collision of mass against mass.

In the earlier days the All-America was practically the survivors of some forty Harvard, Yale and Princeton stars. Today it is the cream of more than 10,000 contestants from forty-eight states. The complete story of Collier's All-America teams is one of the most dramatic stories in sport.

### A Symbol of Football's Growth

Forty-eight years ago, dating back to 1889, Walter Camp picked his first All-America football team for Collier's. Known as "The Father of American Football," Walter Camp, whose opinions and judgments were respected from coast to coast, got a big jump on the field as the passing years added prestige to Collier's scroll of football's famed. Including the team of 1889 and moving along through forty-seven seasons, 517 players, drawn from fifty-four colleges and universities, have received football's top individual award.

In this list, now nearly a half-century old, you will find most of the flame and action, the tradition, the growth, the history of American football as the crowds have moved up from the half-million mark in 1889 to 40,000,000 in 1937.

In 1889 there were only a few teams that meant anything at all, led by Harvard, Yale and Princeton, with Pennsylvania edging in. Harvard, Yale and Princeton meant the class of American football. Most of the others were outsiders trying to discover what it was all about.

This accounts for the fact that Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Pennsylvania

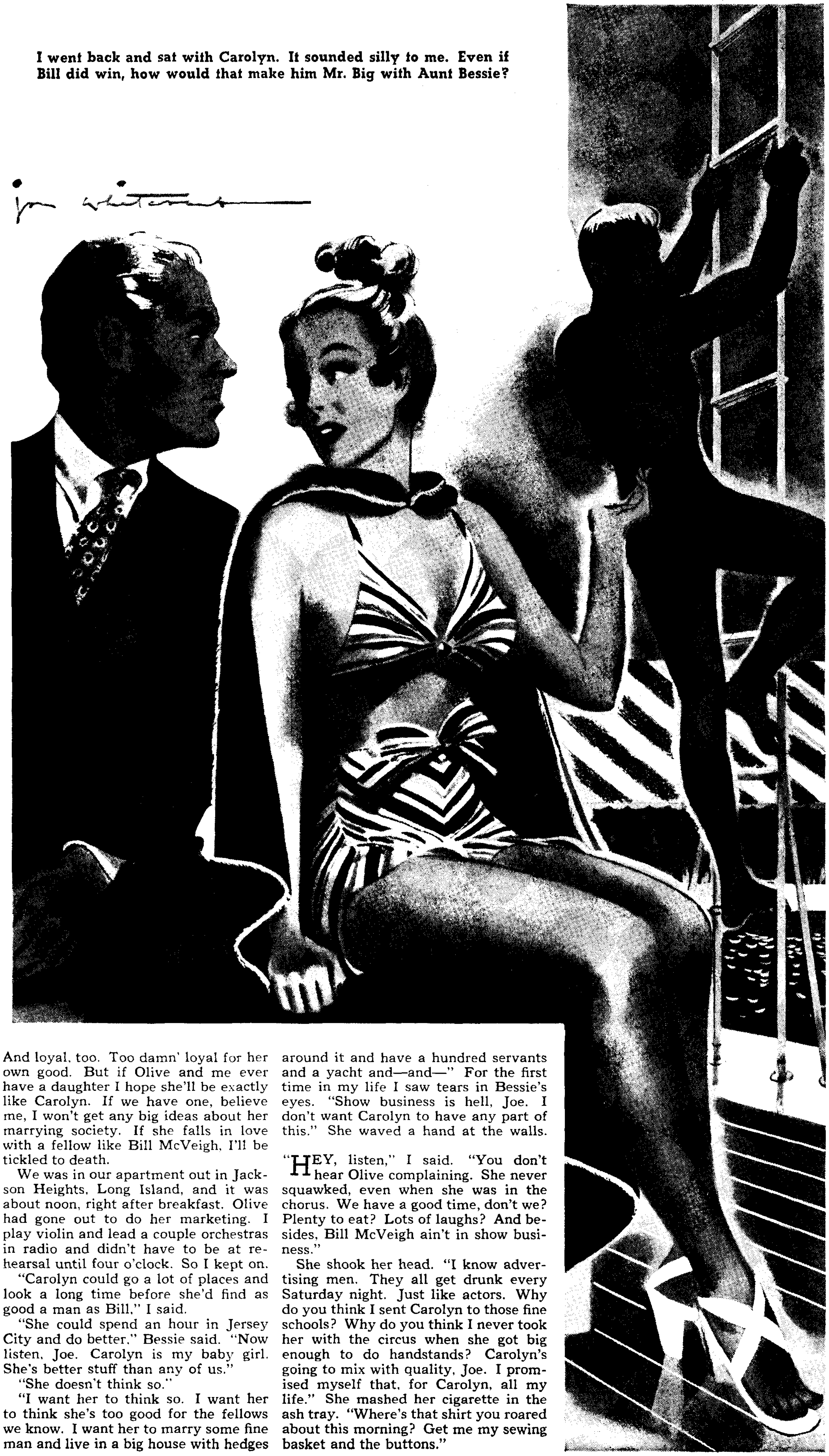
*(Continued on page 55)*

# The Man for Carolyn

## By Jerome Beatty

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

**Bill, his oaken heart, and the girl it beat for. The story of a splendid flop**



I went back and sat with Carolyn. It sounded silly to me. Even if Bill did win, how would that make him Mr. Big with Aunt Bessie?

BESSIE is my mother-in-law and she's as stubborn as a mule.

"Bessie," I said, "you're as stubborn as a mule."

"So was General Grant," she said.

I didn't know about General Grant, so that stopped me.

I handed her a cigarette and lighted it for her.

"Thanks," she said, inhaling. She pointed her cigarette at me. "No billposters for Carolyn."

"But she's in love with him."

"She'll get over it. Didn't she get over that tap dancer? And that pal of yours, that wire walker that still owes me ten dollars? Didn't she get over him?"

"Bill McVeigh is different. He's not a billposter, he's an advertising man. He's with an outdoor advertising agency. He sells space on billboards."

"Don't tell me. I know advertising men. With the circus didn't we have a carload ahead of the show putting up twenty-four sheets on farmers' barns? He doesn't wear overalls with paste all over 'em. I'll give him that much. He leaves his overalls at home. Hand me that ash tray."

"Say 'Please,'" I said.

"Hand me that ash tray."

I handed her the ash tray.

BILL was the best they make. He grew up on a Kansas farm. He had a face like a car that's busted into a stone wall and mashed up its fenders and its radiator—a funny wrinkled nose and a big crooked chin. But his eyes twinkled and were four miles deep. His hands were big and so was he—his heart, too. He wasn't afraid of anything on earth, except Carolyn. The big goof was afraid he wasn't good enough for her.

"He's a billposter," Bessie said. "Fish are fish."

We argued all the time, Bessie and me, and had a real good time at it. Maybe it sounds worse than it really was. I been married to Olive, Bessie's oldest daughter, for two years and all that time Bessie and me never had what you could call a cross word, practically. Most of our arguments, like this one, was about Carolyn, Olive's kid sister.

She was something to argue about—Carolyn was. Exquisite, if you know what I mean, like a seven-dollar orchid I bought for Olive once after I'd been on a bender. Sweet and pretty and smart. And loyal, too. Too damn' loyal for her own good. But if Olive and me ever have a daughter I hope she'll be exactly like Carolyn. If we have one, believe me, I won't get any big ideas about her marrying society. If she falls in love with a fellow like Bill McVeigh, I'll be tickled to death.

We was in our apartment out in Jackson Heights, Long Island, and it was about noon, right after breakfast. Olive had gone out to do her marketing. I play violin and lead a couple orchestras in radio and didn't have to be at rehearsal until four o'clock. So I kept on.

"Carolyn could go a lot of places and look a long time before she'd find as good a man as Bill," I said.

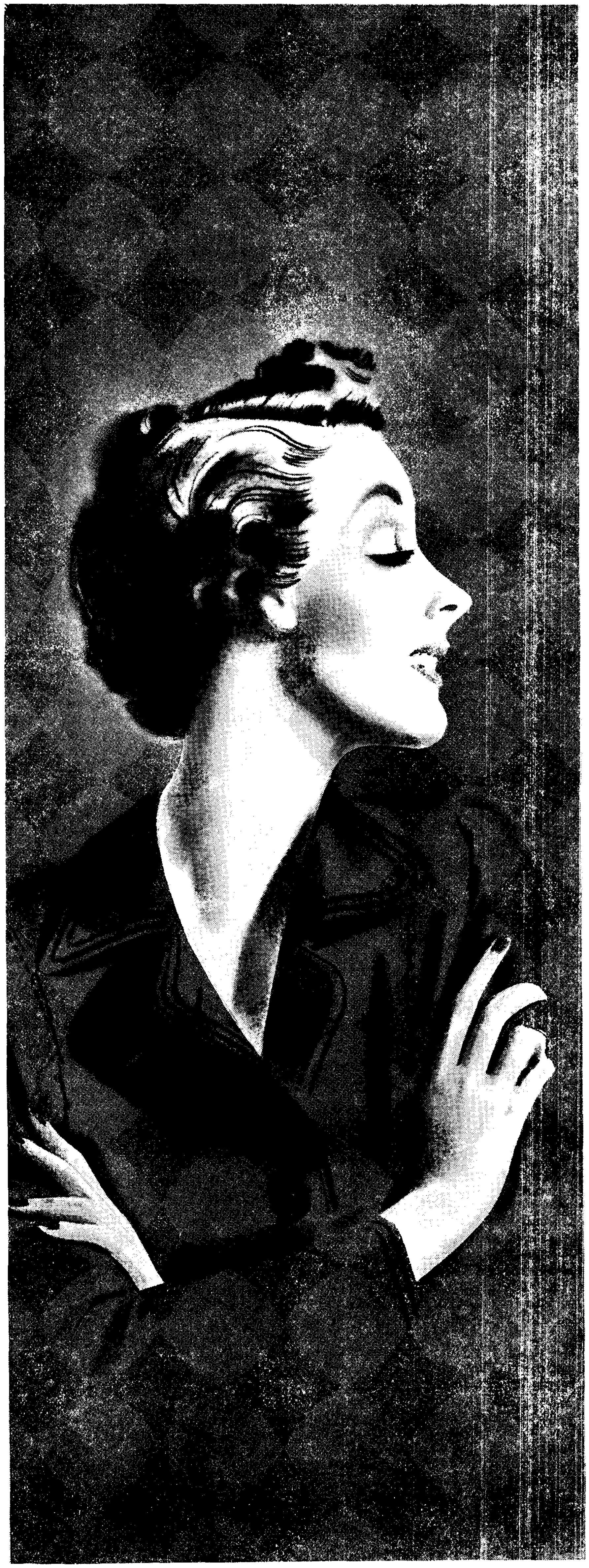
"She could spend an hour in Jersey City and do better," Bessie said. "Now listen, Joe. Carolyn is my baby girl. She's better stuff than any of us."

"She doesn't think so."

"I want her to think so. I want her to think she's too good for the fellows we know. I want her to marry some fine man and live in a big house with hedges around it and have a hundred servants and a yacht and—and—" For the first time in my life I saw tears in Bessie's eyes. "Show business is hell, Joe. I don't want Carolyn to have any part of this." She waved a hand at the walls.

"HEY, listen," I said. "You don't hear Olive complaining. She never squawked, even when she was in the chorus. We have a good time, don't we? Plenty to eat? Lots of laughs? And besides, Bill McVeigh ain't in show business."

She shook her head. "I know advertising men. They all get drunk every Saturday night. Just like actors. Why do you think I sent Carolyn to those fine schools? Why do you think I never took her with the circus when she got big enough to do handstands? Carolyn's going to mix with quality, Joe. I promised myself that, for Carolyn, all my life." She mashed her cigarette in the ash tray. "Where's that shirt you roared about this morning? Get me my sewing basket and the buttons."



**"I think you're right," Carolyn told me. "I'll get Bill tonight and we'll do some thinking"**

Once Bessie gets an idea into her head she hangs onto it with her jaws clenched in a death lock—just the way she used to hang onto the leather mouthpiece when they pulled her by her teeth to the top of the tent with the Wells-Farnum Mammoth Shows.

Olive, Bessie's daughter that married me, said Bessie had read too many romantic novels about shopgirls that married fellows named Derek Van De Vere or Reginald Astorbilt, but that wasn't it. Bessie had had a tough life, and she didn't want any of that for Carolyn. Mothers are that way about their youngest.

Bessie grew up with the circus. Her father and mother were wire walkers and she was doing cartwheels and chinning herself almost before she could stand alone. Bessie never would let Carolyn do flip-flops, or anything like that. She didn't want Carolyn to get muscles. Ladies don't have muscles.

Bessie had been hanging around ever since we were married. Hanging around with us, I mean. She hadn't hung by her teeth for several years.

Carolyn was home only now and then. She was in a high-hat school up the Hudson in winter and in the summer she went "roughing it" in a camp up in Maine, where they had electric lights and bathrooms in their log cabins.

Bessie knew everybody in Jackson Heights. She was the friendliest woman I ever saw. Everybody came to Bessie with their troubles—everybody, that is, except Carolyn.

Carolyn wasn't so strong for this society racket. She wanted to be just like her mother. But of all things in the world that was what Bessie didn't want Carolyn to be. And that stood between them like a big stone wall.

SHE thought her mother was the most wonderful woman that ever lived, the most beautiful and the smartest. But some way I knew that Carolyn never would crawl up in her mother's lap and say, "Mom, I love Bill McVeigh and he loves me. Can't I marry him?" Maybe it was because, with Bessie in the circus so much, and Carolyn away at school, they never got real good and acquainted. This is a loony world, and darned if I can figure folks out.

You probably remember the Flying Kennedys—"Amazing artists of the ambient in death-defying deviltries of dauntless daring!" Bessie dived from the top of the tent into four feet of water. She did an iron-jaw act, too. But the big thing was her trapeze act with Al. They stopped the show for years, until Al got in front of a taxicab in Cleveland. He couldn't stop that.

Bessie was sort of like a mother to Al. They never had a quarrel in their lives, because it takes two to make a quarrel. Like a well-raised child, Al never answered back. He would just grin. She never picked on him much except about his diving. She could do all kinds of dives like a champion, and whenever she had a chance she'd drag Al off to a swimming pool and try to teach him. Al could do any twist or turn off a flying trapeze but when he got on a springboard he was licked. It was a different kind of a take-off. Olive used to tell me how he'd try his best to do a simple single somersault and would knock out his breath and most of the water in the pool and Bessie would stand on the edge of the pool and yell that he was a lopsided hippopotamus and make him climb back and do it again and down he would come and hit the water like a bale of hay with two wires busted.

Al was the tightest mug in show business. He wouldn't spring a nickel to see Herbert Hoover go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. But he wasn't a bad egg after all. It turned out that he'd been soaking all his money in life insurance and that, with what she got from the taxicab company, gave Bessie $35,000 in cash.

That was lucky for her because she hadn't saved enough money to open an account at the Dime Savings Bank. As fast as she had collected her half of the salary she spent it on Carolyn, sending her to school and buying her fur coats and silk stockings. Al held no truck with this high-hat stuff. He wanted to make a wire walker out of Carolyn and when Bessie raised the devil about it he said all right but that Bessie would have to pay the bills.

BESSIE was crazy about Al and when he died it would've killed her, except that she knew she had to live for Carolyn. She paid two thousand dollars for a special monument, with a cutting on it showing a fellow supposed to be Al swinging off a trapeze straight up to heaven where they had another trapeze waiting for him.

The tombstone man asked her if he should carve a net underneath but Bessie got sore and said, "Al never missed a trapeze bar yet and you can bet all your statues against a bag of popcorn that he'll catch this one." There was a lot about Al and his chances for getting into heaven that Bessie didn't know. If I had been ordering it I would have put in the net. But it was only a picture, after all, and it was in the graveyard when I first saw it, so I didn't say anything.

Well, when I was arguing with Bessie and trying to fix it for Bill McVeigh and Carolyn, Olive came in and brought up a couple of letters for Bessie, Carolyn's daily letter from school and one forwarded from the circus. Bessie still got letters from all over the country, from people she didn't know, that had seen the Flying Kennedys year after year and who wrote about how they missed them and complained because the woman that now was doing the high dive into four feet of water wasn't as pretty as Bessie or didn't dive from as high a perch or something.

Bessie dropped my shirt that she was sewing buttons on and grabbed Carolyn's letter and read it three times and then opened the other. When she got through reading it she gave a sigh and said, "My, what a lovely man!"

She handed me the letter and it was from a guy in Denver, telling about how the circus came to Denver again without the Flying Kennedys and as usual it was all spoiled for him. He said Bessie was his dream girl, and how pretty she was and how graceful in her high dive—which was true, all right, but he laid it on pretty thick.

HE HAD seen her first in the parade when he was a kid and always had been in love with her. You know how some folks get about circus people.

Bessie thought it was a lovely letter. So did I, until I came to the last part where he says he is a gold miner and is organizing a new company that is going to make a lot of money and he would let her in on the ground floor if she would send him $25,000.

"I'm going to send it," said Bessie. Just like that! After reading the letter only once!

Olive and me, we jumped up and yelled bloody murder, trying to keep her from being robbed.

We argued for an hour and it didn't do any good.

"Listen, now," Bessie said finally. "I want real money—for Carolyn. So we

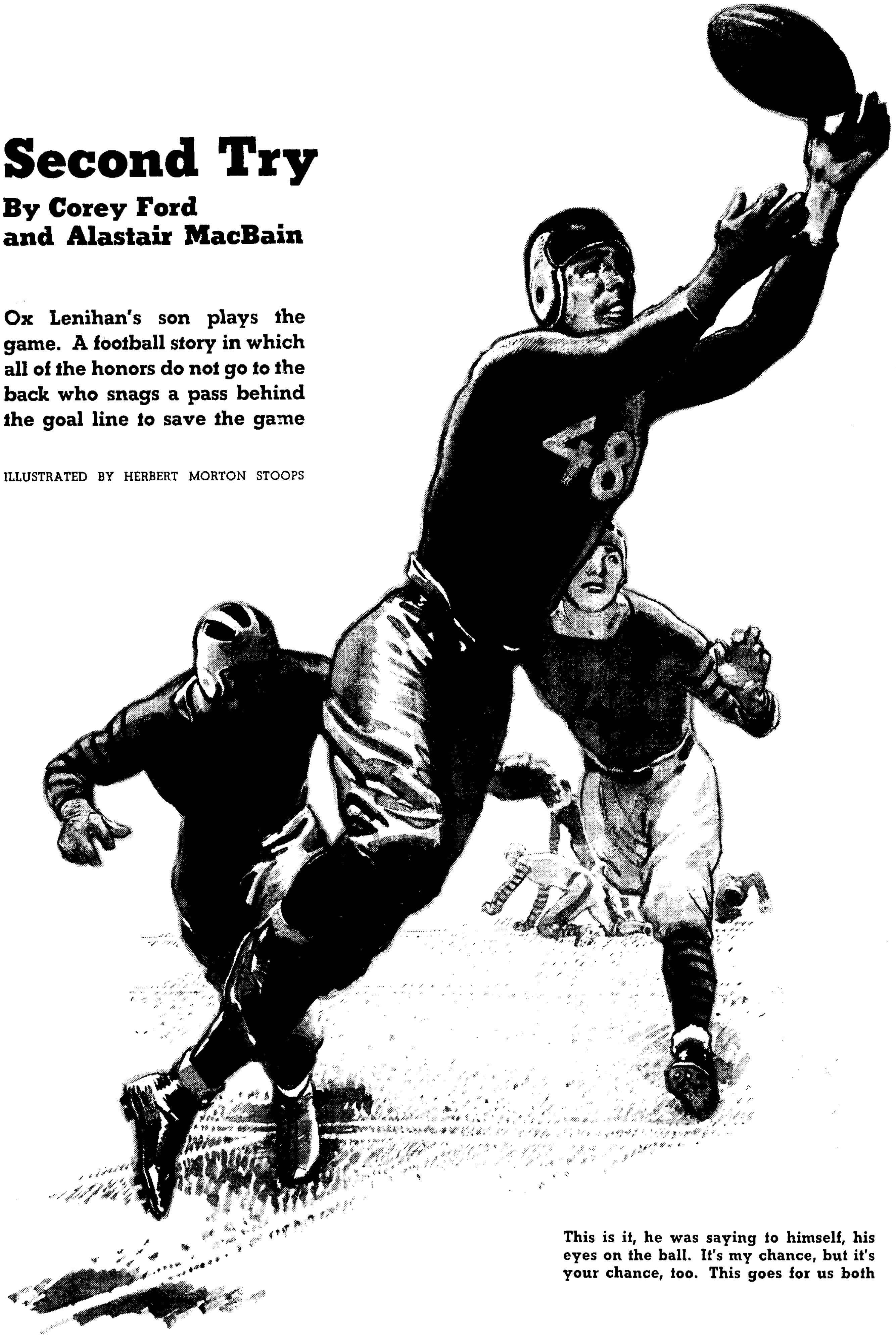
*(Continued on page 30)*

# Second Try

## By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

**Ox Lenihan's son plays the game. A football story in which all of the honors do not go to the back who snags a pass behind the goal line to save the game**

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS



**This is it, he was saying to himself, his eyes on the ball. It's my chance, but it's your chance, too. This goes for us both**

HE HAD a way of jabbing his cigar at you and saying "Now! Now, the ball's snapped, and you start down the side lines. Now," another prod with his cigar, "you're counting off the paces till you cut in." His voice rising, his fist beating into his cupped hand. "Eight. Nine. Ten. Now!" His whole body tense, his head back, his massive eyebrows lifting slowly like a pair of cellar doors. "You're in the clear. It's coming at you. You're under it. Now. . . ."

His big hands were held out basket-shaped in front of him, his cigar jammed between the knuckles of his forefinger and middle finger, his eyes fixed on the ceiling of the railroad car. "What's the thing now? . . ." His eyes were shining, you saw, his mouth open and his jowls sagging a little. His face was big and coarse, the nose bent a little to one side and the gray hair close-cropped at the temples. He wore a maroon feather in his hatband, and a maroon necktie, and a gold football on the chain across his vest. The backs of his extended hands were covered with scrubby gray hair.

"You keep your eye on that ball," he was saying, still staring at the ceiling. "Don't look anywhere but at the ball. Don't look what's coming at you. Don't look where you're going with it when you get it. The one thing is to . . ." He doubled over suddenly, his elbow clamped against his side, his right hand cuddling the imaginary ball. ". . . get it. Grab it down, hug it to you, hold on to it. . . ."

The day-coach seat ahead of him was reversed, and two younger men opposite him regarded him gravely for a moment and then looked at each other and looked back at him again. Another boy in shirt sleeves and corduroys had paused beside him in the aisle, resting a hand on the green plush seat and grinning openly. Several other boys at the rear of the special car, moccasined feet dangling over the armrests, glanced up from newspaper sports sections and whispered: "He must have wandered up from the alumni car." ". . . who let him in here?"

"Shut up," someone said without moving his lips. "It's his old man."

"Whose?"

"Right across the aisle," his companion said, with a cautious glance sideways at a boy sitting alone beside the window. "Bill Lenihan."

THE boy's elbow was braced on the jiggling window sill, his chin cupped in his hand. The color was high in his cheeks, and his eyes, beneath lowered level eyebrows, stared out fixedly at the landscape hurrying past the train. His face was blocked out in the same heavy, rather handsome lines as his father's face, you saw, but his features were less coarse and his nose was thin and straight. His father's loud voice rose again above the grinding wheels and the creak of the swaying car, and you saw the newspaper in his hand begin to crumple slowly.

". . . now, tomorrow you fellows have got your chance," his father was saying. "Your big chance. You're going up against a tough Michigan team, and you got a chance to shove little old Midland right down their throats. Now. It's your chance to do something tomorrow that'll make Midland history—"

"Like back in the old days, hunh, Mr. Lenihan?" the boy standing in the aisle prompted very solemnly.

"Like in the old days," he nodded. "Back then were the days we used to have some real teams here. Like take when we held Michigan six-nothing, twenty-five years ago, that was the same year Walter Camp picked Jim Harding for his All-America and—"

"And I suppose you knew Jim Harding, of course, Mr. Lenihan?" asked the boy in the aisle, winking at the two boys opposite.

"Jim? Say, I played with him four years, I ought to. Great little ballplayer, Jim was. Know him? Say," slapping his knee, "we were like that, Jim Harding and me. Those days, football was all we ever lived for. . . ."

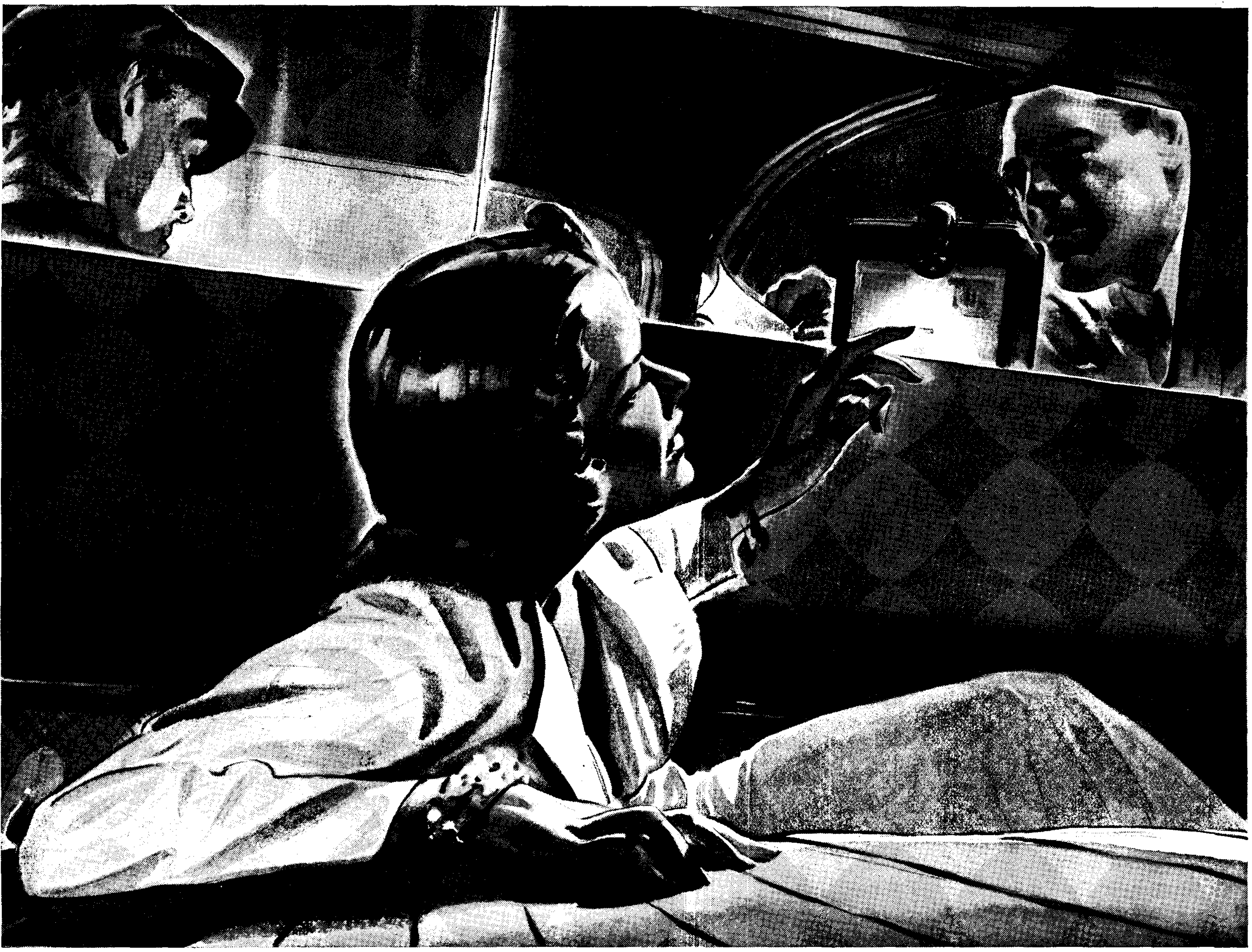
Behind him, the boy at the window had slumped a little lower in his seat. The newspaper had twisted gradually into a tight roll in his hand.

". . . because football's got to be a religion with you," his father was saying, leaning back expansively and waving his cigar in a wide circle at the listening car. "You got to think football, eat football, sleep football. You got to make football your whole life." He swung around in the seat toward his son. "It's like I'm always saying to Bill . . ."

BILL LENIHAN had a glimpse of the ball as the center snapped it past him to the number four back, and then he was on his way. Eight, nine, ten, he counted, cut to the right, now turn and look for it. The ball was spinning out of the shadows and he lifted an arm toward it perfunctorily as it passed him and settled into the arms of the safety man. He saw the safety man double over, shift automatically to the left to avoid an imaginary tackler, take three quick steps up the side lines and halt at the coach's whistle. The rest of the team relaxed, the safetyman straightened and grinned and tossed the ball easily to the coach, and they all jogged back up the field in silence toward a cigarette butt glowing red in the gathering dusk.

"Let's run the same one over," the coach was saying irritably. "Make it click this time. We're gonna make it

*(Continued on page 25)*



**Barney slammed the door and said thickly to the driver: "Take this lady wherever she wants to go"**

# SMART GIRL

## By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

*The Story Thus Far:*

ORDERED to deport Stefan Zorane, a labor racketeer, Guy Van Arden, a government agent, meets the man in New York City and, instead of sending him out of the country, forms an alliance with him, plots to make industry pay. Investigating the case, Senator Larsen, chairman of a senatorial committee, learns that a "mystery woman"—young, beautiful, resourceful—is acting as Van Arden's spy. He informs his son, Eric (a theatrical producer) that he intends to find that girl, force her to talk.

The "mystery woman" is Sally Porter, a brilliant newspaper columnist. Thoroughly honest, she has been intimidated by Van Arden into working with him—the fellow professes to be in a position to ruin the man she loves (Barney Teel, a reporter), if she declines to co-operate.

The senator does not find her. Eric Larsen does—and promptly falls in love with her. A strange situation now develops: Knowing that the girl adores Barney Teel, Eric (for reasons of his own) forces her, under threat of exposure, to pose as his fiancée! Nor does he hesitate to resort to the use of every possible device to convince Barney Teel that the man Sally really loves is Eric Larsen!

Van Arden and Zorane evolve a plan which they fondly hope will enable them to drive Senator Larsen out of public life, and, possibly, end the investigation. It necessitates Zorane's calling on the senator. Zorane calls. When, the interview at an end, he leaves, he has the senator's promise to pay him one hundred thousand dollars and grant him immunity, if he will betray Van Arden.

Teel asks Sally to dine with him. She promises to do so. Whereupon, Eric insists that she break the date and dine with him and his father. She breaks the date, phones Teel that she must run up to Greenwich with Coral Mayberry (a rich, spoiled girl who is making strenuous endeavors to take Teel away from Sally).

Long before the three reach their dining place, the Hey Nonny No Club, Eric sends Teel a telegram. He signs it "Pop Kresco" (Pop is a wealthy contractor and restaurant owner who is fighting a bitter war with Zorane). It reads: "Meet me without fail Hey Nonny No Club eleven thirty." Another wire, to be delivered to Barney at midnight, follows.

Seated at their table, the senator, Sally and Eric discuss the "mystery woman." The senator says that he thinks he knows who she is. For a moment, Eric is frightened; he suspects that his father may have guessed Sally's secret. "It's Coral Mayberry," says the senator.

### VI

ERIC looked up quickly. His eyes felt as if they were crossed.

Sally seemed to sag.

"Is this a gag, Dad?"

"Certainly not! Harry Seifert saw Van Arden go into Coral's apartment on Sutton Place last night at one thirty-five. He stayed there about an hour. I don't blame you for looking startled, Eric. I refused to believe it myself at first. But it's true. And, after all, Van Arden is in too hot a spot to go calling on a girl at that hour, unless he's in love with her. And he isn't in love with her. I'm convinced she's the girl I'm looking for. She's got to be, Eric. And I don't care if she is practically my own niece, and the fact that she is Coral Mayberry doesn't make the slightest difference."

"I know," Eric said.

"She must be the girl who took that trip to Chicago two weeks ago, and who delivered the bribe money to Max Argyle last week. The trouble is, her social prominence and her wealth will make it difficult."

Eric slid a glance at Sally. She didn't look much better. Her eyes were overbright, she was still very pale, and her hands were still clutched in her lap. He guessed why. Harry Seifert, following Van Arden last night, had doubtless followed him first to Sally's apartment, and the senator was deliberately withholding that.

He thought of Coral's visit last night. She must have come directly to his apartment after Van Arden had left hers. What, Eric wondered, was the connection between Guy Van Arden's visit, Coral's hysterical state, and Barney Teel's drunken father in Fort Bend, Indiana?

"You can't arrest her, Dad."

"I can arrest anybody. I'll arrest her if I can prove to my satisfaction that she's Van Arden's girl. Eric, I have to be ruthless. As I said last night, when this case blows open a lot of people are apt to be hurt."

"You're apt to surprise yourself," Eric agreed, "before you're through. But don't let that dampen your gunpowder."

"I won't. I can't protect anyone who is involved. It's too big a scandal. And I won't."

"Supposing," Sally said, "I were involved?"

THE senator glared at her. "I'd clap you behind bars as quick as a wink!"

"He means it," Eric said. "Is that champagne too cold for you, darling? I thought I heard your teeth chattering."

"It's all right," the senator blustered. "Don't mind me. I hate to talk business when I'm celebrating. And I won't any more."

Sally smiled. "Think nothing of it, Senator. My mind drifts to things like that when I'm celebrating, too."

"Then you'll help me?"

"Of course, Senator! But how?"

"I'll get in touch with you tomorrow."

"Don't you think," Eric said, "you're jumping to conclusions about Coral?"

"I think she bears looking into. We've been suspecting all along that Van Arden's girl is the adventuress type. Perhaps she isn't. Coral has always gone in for risky forms of experiment. Perhaps she's seditious. Lots of rich people have gone socialistic, communistic and what not."

"It's strange," Eric said. He was frowning. "I heard a curious rumor about Coral today. I heard she was engaged to Barney Teel."

"I don't believe it!" the senator barked.

SALLY was looking steadily at Eric. She folded her lower lip quickly between her teeth and released it.

"Why not?" Eric said innocently.

"Coral may be mixed up in this mess," his father blustered, "but she wouldn't be fool enough to fall for that young climber!"

"Aren't you forgetting, Dad," Eric said, "that Sally used to be engaged to Barney and is still slightly fond of him?"

The senator said gustily: "You're a lucky girl you broke it off, my dear. You'd have been miserable with that young man. He'd have broken your wonderful spirit. There's nothing more demoralizing than being associated with a man with his viewpoint. You'd be disillusioned and embittered just watching his mind work. Everything that comes his way he values only in terms of how he can use it to advance himself. Coral certainly can't be engaged to Barney Teel."

"The next time you see him, Dad, why don't you ask him if it's true?"

"I certainly shall."

"But don't forget that reporters are bad men to antagonize."

"Harrumph! Well, after all, my boy, I'm supposed to be something of a politician."

"Eric," Sally said huskily, "let's dance. Do you mind if we have just a little dance, Senator?"

"Dance, by all means," the senator said heartily. "I want to sit here and think something out."

ERIC followed Sally onto the crowded little floor. She lifted her arms, deliberately turning her face away, and they began to dance. She was slim, and light, and she danced beautifully.

"That," she said, "was one of the filthiest tricks you've played so far. Why did you say it?"

"Why not?"

"You did it deliberately because you know he dislikes Barney and would say unpleasant things."

"Perhaps I only wanted to distract his mind from the other subject. It was getting unpleasantly warm. Did Van Arden go to your apartment last night before he went to Coral's?"

"Yes. He was at my apartment some time before one-thirty. Your father knows it."

"I'm not so sure."

"But the man who followed Van Arden to Coral's had to follow him to my apartment first."

"Perhaps your name wasn't mentioned. I'll check up on it."

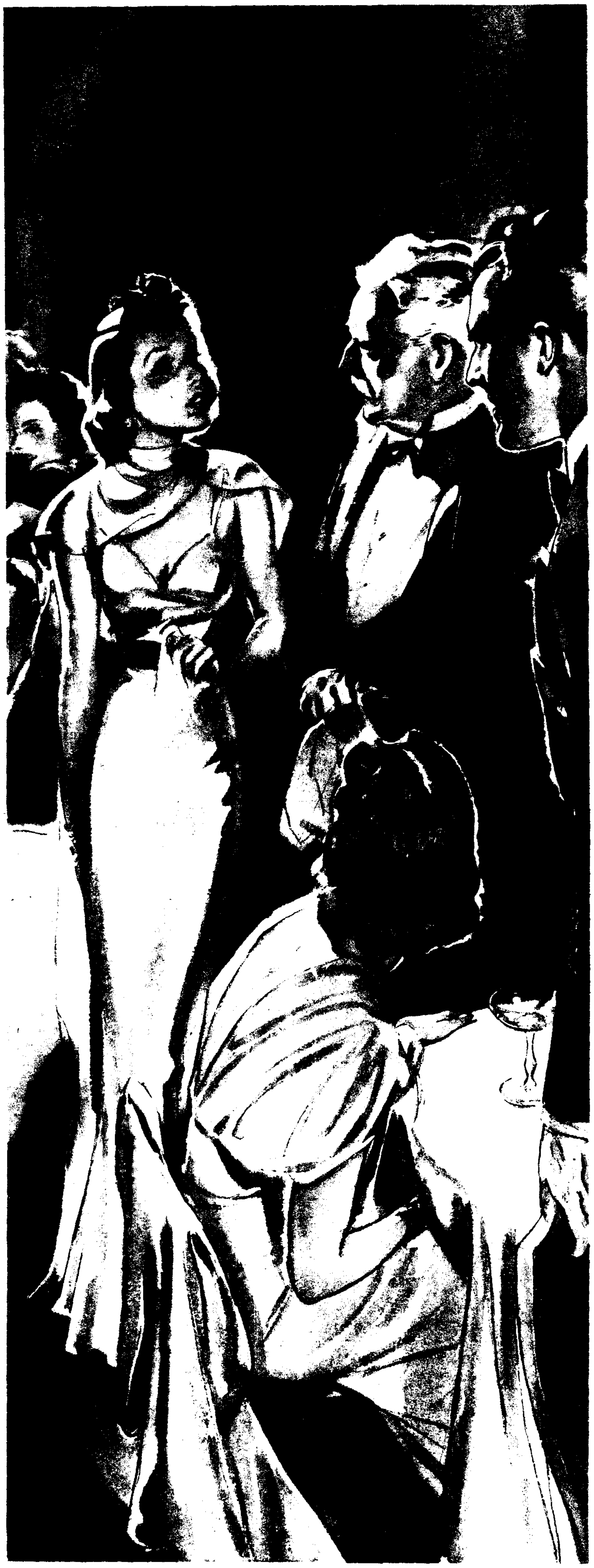
She said thinly: "I don't care. I don't really care. Not any more. My feelings aren't any more important than his. I wouldn't mind much if you hadn't introduced me to him on this basis. It was a perfectly horrible trick. You were heartless to do it. He likes me."

"He thinks you're swell."

"When he learns the truth he's going to be hurt. I don't want him hurt. Even if he doesn't suspect me now, it's only a question of time."

"Perhaps not, if you'll let me help you."

"You're not so sure, are you now? This afternoon, all I had to do was to come over to the nice side."


"Ah, I see," the night-club girl said to the senator. "You don't know me when you're with these people and I've embarrassed you"

"I still could save you a lot of grief."

"You can't do anything. Nobody can do anything. Even if your father doesn't know the truth now, he soon will, and I'll have to face him. I'd rather be horsewhipped."

Her resentment, her dislike of him, made her rigid in his arms. And abruptly she relaxed. Then the hand on his shoulder became five hooks clutching the cloth of his coat.

She said in a squeaking whisper, "There's Barney!"

She became rigid for a moment and then went limp again. Eric thought for an instant she was fainting.

Barney was wearing a white dinner coat, and he looked tall and handsome as he made his way toward the senator's table, smiling and nodding to people he knew.

Sally was trembling now. Her hand that Eric was holding was suddenly cold and moist. He could feel the tremor in it. He could feel the tremor in the hand at his shoulder. He felt the tremor in the taut muscles in the small of her back.

"Don't worry," he said gently.

"Oh, no," she whimpered, "don't worry."

She was looking up into his face. Her face was white. Her eyes were dark with anguish. She broke away from him and threaded her way among the dancers to their table, reaching it a moment before Barney did.

ERIC followed her, and he was watching Barney's face when Barney saw her. He was sure it was Barney's first glimpse of her, his first knowledge that she was here.

The reporter's face did many interesting things in a surprisingly short time. It was shaken as a ship is shaken by a sudden squall. It went slack with astonishment and disbelief; it was distorted as a spasm of indignation took it; it turned hard and cold and white with an upblazing fury; then the squall passed and it returned to an even keel, and Barney came on to the table, his normal healthy color restored, his eyes amiably sparkling, his smile gay and easy. He was an affable young man, delighted at encountering old friends.

"I wonder," Eric thought, "if he ever thought of going on the stage."

"Hello, there, Senator Larsen! Hi, Sally! Hi, Eric!"

He was looking, smiling, at Sally, and she was trying to smile, but her facial muscles weren't responding, and she was wan and her eyes were large and suddenly pale. She looked like a scared small girl ready to burst into tears at a word.

"I heard," Barney said to Sally, "you were going out to Greenwich with Coral Mayberry?"

The senator looked at him sharply. "Coral? That's odd." He looked inquiringly at Sally. Some of her color had returned. Her facial muscles were under better control. She smiled faintly. She was, Eric realized, still too dazed to cope with it. So he said, "I thought you'd told me you'd asked her to get a description of her cousin Marilyn's wedding gown. Didn't you tell me it would be the biggest piece of fashion news this month, and you wanted it for Let's Be Smart?"

"That was it," Sally said huskily.

"Oh, was that it?" Barney said.

A waiter brought a glass for Barney Teel and filled it with champagne. The reporter said: "Send a captain here." When the captain came, Barney said: "Do you know Pop Kresco when you see him?"

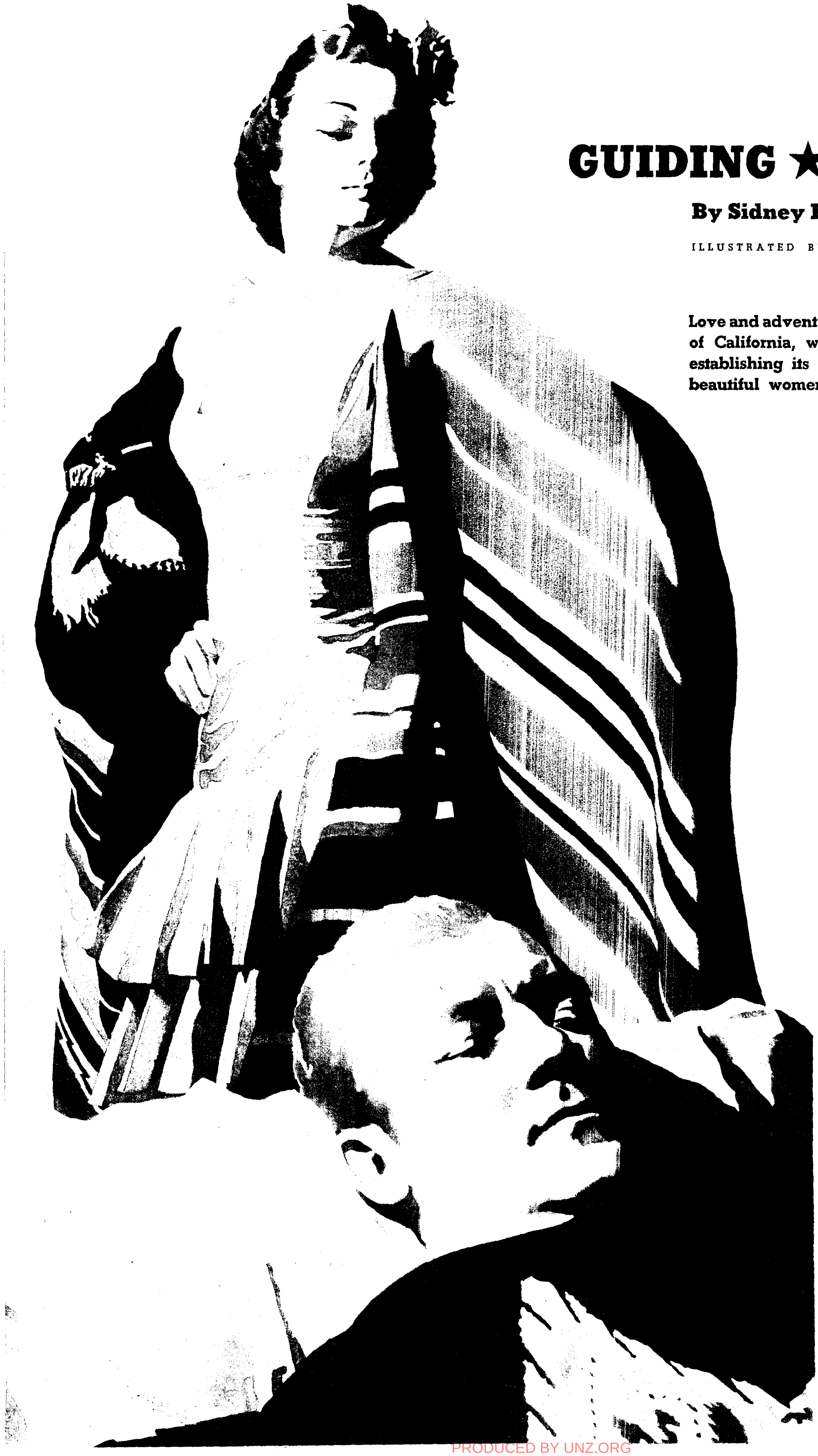
"Yes, Mr. Teel."

"Is he here?"

"I haven't seen him, Mr. Teel."

"Look around for him, will you? When

*(Continued on page 59)*



# GUIDING ★ STAR

### By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

**Love and adventure in the early days of California, when that state was establishing its great reputation for beautiful women and fearless men**

IN THE sultry room of the hacienda Buena Esperanza, with wind from the ocean snatching at the tiles and the rain slashing on the wooden shutters, Señorita Fernanda de la Cuesta was improving her mind. She was the prettiest girl from the Colorado clear north to Monterey; there was nothing else about her which needed improvement. Nor was she stupid. What other girl would have been studying a book containing phrases in the English?

She sat in a tall chair. Near her, where another candle sputtered, Doña Ysobel, her duenna from a neighboring family, made tremulous pretense of needlework. Fernanda's own hands were steady, but any noise—the clatter of a pot, or sudden closing of a door—caused her eyes to rise from the book.

"Your grandfather," said Doña Ysobel, "should have returned."

Both women were thinking the same thing. Sixteen years ago, on such a wild night as this, Indians of the rancho had broken open the wine casks, the kegs of grape brandy, and, a short hour later, stormed into the house. On their way they had paused to rifle a storeroom and obtain weapons. Fernanda's father and mother had been riddled, her grandfather, Don Ramón, left for dead. She, herself, hidden in a heavy oak chest, had escaped, although the chest had been hacked with knives.

DON RAMÓN had cursed the fact that guns had been available. If it had not been for the weapons, he felt, his son and the few loyal house servants could have stood off the others. This had been remedied. There were now no guns to be seen anywhere, neither in storeroom nor hacienda. If there were any, only the old man knew where they were concealed.

The scarred great room, where the women were sitting, had been repaired. Save in one spot, head-high. Here there remained gashes and bullet marks, and a darkness which was old blood. Don Ramón's son, Fernanda's father, had died on the floor below it. He had

**Fernanda stood beside the bed. She had been thinking: "Why could not this Yanqui have been a handsome young officer from Spain? There is no man worth flirting with, here"**

been killed, sword out, against the wall.

A painting covered the marks of violence. Don Ramón had wanted a likeness of his son; the padres at San Diego had tried to give it to him, but the commission was too difficult. At the end, with Don Ramón's consent, they produced a portrait of Fernando de Rivera, under whom Don Ramón had served as a boy, and with whom he had marched from Mexico through the desert into Nueva California.

It was a portrait of a fierce man, a headstrong, ugly man, with a beak of a nose. When it was brought to the hacienda, Don Ramón expressed satisfaction, although he objected to the expression in the eyes. That, he said, needed a bit more work, which could be easily done at the rancho.

The eyes, when old Don Ramón was satisfied with them, had a trick of following people, of watching them clear out of the door. More than once little Fernanda felt guilty when she slipped from the room. And for all the eyes followed a person to the right, where the door was, if you were in a certain place in the room, they watched you there, also, until you backed almost to the wall. Then they were only painted eyes in a painted picture.

They were only paint from where Fernanda sat; the girl stirred when a shutter, somewhere, began banging.

"There should be soldiers here," the duenna muttered.

Fernanda said, "I would prefer one with a crimson jacket. Tía Ysobel, one very tall, with a commanding manner which would melt when he saw me."

The old woman, controlling herself, said thinly, "Read, and do not think of soldiers. If you must think of men, there is Don Ygnacio."

Fernanda made a face, but, since Don Ygnacio was her duenna's nephew, she said nothing. She began to read aloud: "I like the chocolate. He likes the chocolate. We like the chocolate, too. The chocolate of my husband is too sweet." In Spanish, she said, "When I am married, how sweet should my husband's chocolate be?"

"Don Ygnacio will find you sweet enough. I do not see why you are always elsewhere when he comes. He—what was that!"

"Thunder," whispered Fernanda. "Or a gun."

THEY both listened. Then the duenna dropped her frame, squealing, "It *was* a gun! We must hide. The Indians will kill us. And Don Ramón not here for our protection. We must—I hear it again! Are the shutters locked? Are—"

"If it was a gun," Fernanda said, her own heart pounding, "it is very far away." Her voice lifted swiftly: "Miguel! Tomás!" and servants came tumbling in, squat Indians with round, placid faces. She gave her orders. Tomás was to take a horse and ride over the hills to San Diego without the waste of an instant; he must seek *el comandante* and demand soldiers for the rancho. A second servant was to hasten northward to the rancho del Mesa and inform Don Ygnacio that help, men, guns, were needed. The third was to saddle Don Ramón's black and—and . . .

She hesitated, and found that she was staring at the portrait. The eyes seemed to lead her toward the barred outer door.

"You, Xavier," she said, "saddle the black for me, and another for yourself. We will go to meet Don Ramón." Fernanda said this crisply, as if unafraid, although the palms of her hands were wet. "And hurry."

Doña Ysobel did not find her voice until the girl was pulling on a cloak. Then the duenna shrilled, "And leave me here to be slaughtered? No! Nor will I permit you to go. We will all ride to del Mesa. We will—"

"Hush," said Fernanda. "I am going!"

Xavier, who had run through the house, was already beating on the great slab of a door from the outside; Fernanda opened it, shoving the duenna aside. Wind extinguished the candles instantly. Lightning snarled across the sky, showing one breath-taking whiteness of rounded dunes, with sand whirling up like spray.

Fernanda mounted the black horse. Her cloak already was so wet that it stuck to her, and when she faced west, along the trail to San Diego on which Don Ramón must return, the wind whipped her plea to Santa Angela and Santa Clara down her throat.

Haste, riding across the dunes, was impossible. Sand stung her face and, through cloak and dress, her body. Lightning flashed again; the black stallion lifted his head, shook it and began to tremble. Thunder rocked the sky.

FERNANDA could see the long rise ahead, dune on dune, doubly treacherous now that loose sand was blowing, swirling, shifting; could see, while the heavens blazed, dark spots where tuft-grass grew. She saw nothing of her grandfather.

To her right, westward, was a lower dune, with beach, ocean, beyond. Don Ramón, any rider, would keep to the top of the dunes, along the trail, since in that way hostile savages could be observed. To go along the trail was to meet him. But it was too slow a way. If she rode over the low dune, Fernanda decided, she could give the stallion his head and let him race along the packed sand of the beach.

What she, with one servant, could do if Don Ramón were alive and fighting when she found him, she did not consider.

The stallion raced forward, avoiding a rock which Fernanda did not see, and never knew about, swerving as a gull beat its wings in the horse's face.

A huge wave, swirling up the sand, sucked around the black's legs. The horse snorted, swung away, drove a hind foot into a sand pocket and almost fell. Fernanda was thrown sidewise, not roughly, and water splashed up as she came to the sand. At the selfsame time, lightning crackled so close that the water seemed to hiss into steam. The entire sky was a sheet of brilliance.

Fernanda, on her knees, screamed.

"*El diablo,*" she shrieked. "The devil! He has me! Santa Clara! Xavier!" She had not fainted; she was far too terrified. "Xavier! Xavier!"

The Indian tried to find her, but the darkness was complete again.

"The devil has me," she screamed again.

Devils the Indian knew about. Land devils were to be feared, and also the two-headed thunderbird, and the old woman who lived in the cactus, but water devils were weak, and only able to frighten women. So Xavier slid from his horse, fumbled about, touched the girl, and then stooped.

"It is no devil," Xavier said, "but a man. He is dead."

Fernanda managed to control her shaking body, although she couldn't forget the sensation of icy hands touching her as the little running waves washed lax arms back and forth. "Put him on your horse," she said. "He must have proper burial." The stallion nudged against her. She thought, "Have the Indians been down here, that the man has been killed?" although what she said was, "Follow me. I go back to the trail I should never have left."

The Indian rolled his burden over, got it, limp, across his horse, belly down. He looked seaward, sniffing, as he whacked the horse on the rump, and, as proof of his guess, the next flash was far to the west. With miraculous speed, leaving high scudding clouds and a thin-edged moon, the storm tore away across the ocean.

Fernanda was doubly fearful now. A dead man meant an Indian attack. She was positive that Don Ramón, dead, would be somewhere along the trail.

Along it, after leaving the beach, she rode, with never a look back at the burden on Xavier's horse. Soon she saw a dark speck; it grew larger; it had a voice. It sang a song which made the girl wrinkle her nose, and, in sheer relief, she began to think of all the things she was going to tell her grandfather. Oh, she would tell him plenty! Sitting at San Diego with *el commandante,* secure in the warm presidio, drinking bowl after bowl of hot spiced red wine, while she, Fernanda, feared for him and his life, and, now, was wet to the skin and freezing.

She rode slowly; she stopped. Don Ramón, doubtless, had been fighting again the battles of his youth, had again crossed the desert with el Capitan Don Fernando de Rivera, for whom she was named—Don Fernando had been a fighter, her grandfather had said; well, she, Fernanda, would do some fighting of her own! Don Ramón would soon wish he were facing a whole tribe of Indians.

Fernanda frowned, remembering that she had sent to Don Ygnacio for assistance. He would never forget that; would try to make much of it. And—she had made a vow, and her prayer had been answered. When the import of that struck her, she forgot all of the things she intended telling Don Ramón.

She greeted the astonished old ranchero with, "Grandfather, is it your wish that I marry Don Ygnacio? Is it? I must know!"

Don Ramón stared at her, and his gray beard began to bristle. "What is this?" he snapped, taking in her wet dress, torn sleeves and skirt. "Snakes of purgatory, if that lizard-faced young fool has—"

FERNANDA spurred the black beside her grandfather's horse, leaned wide, and kissed his cheek.

"Grandfather," she said happily, "I love you."

"In the name of the saints," grunted Don Ramón, "what is all this?"

She told him in an explanatory rush of words, and if he smiled once or twice, he choked and muttered as many times. At the end he patted her shining black hair. "So long as Don Fernando's picture is in the house, do not fear. Perhaps when you are older, soon, I will tell you why. I—"

The Indian Xavier came plodding along the trail, leading his horse. "Now what have we?" demanded Don Ramón, staring at the horse's burden.

Fernanda said, "I thought it was the devil, but it was only a man."

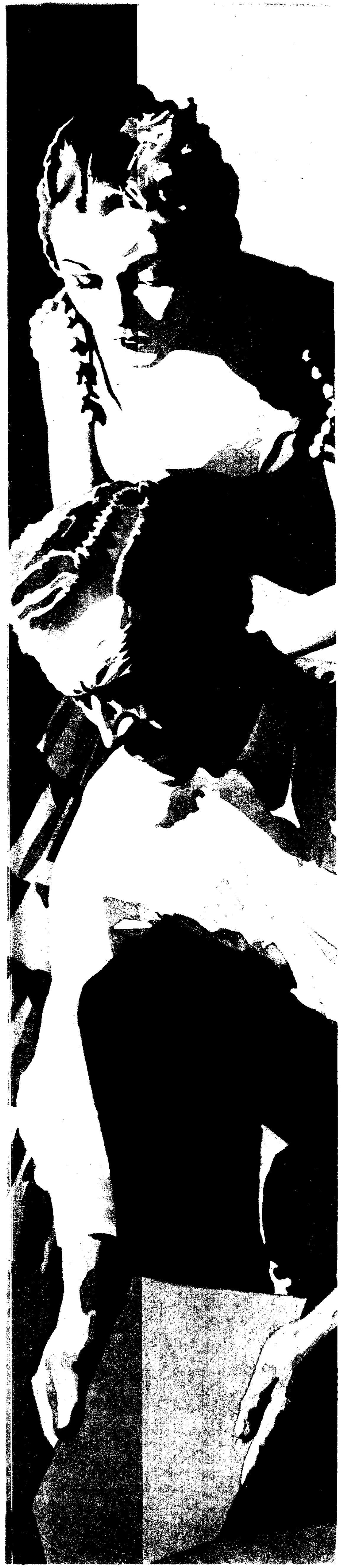
"Often the same thing," said Don Ramón.

"Ssh. This one is dead, Grandfather."

Don Ramón, curious, came off his horse. Standing, he was a gaunt, tall man with a soldier's carriage. He went over to the horse, examined the body on it, and then returned to his own animal.

"That one," he said to Fernanda, "is alive. He looks like a man who will take a good deal of killing. A Yanqui, Fernanda. From his attire, one washed in

*(Continued on page 44)*



**Barton wrenched at the board. It gave. Instead of hard clay, there was a space underneath. The guns were there, wrapped in cowhide**

IFOR THOMAS

The Big Apple hits the big time in a big way, with Arthur Murray's dancers illustrating the newest national insanity to Benny Goodman's music

# PEEL THAT APPLE!

### The story of the Big Apple, which started out to be a dance and became an epidemic

### By Kyle Crichton

IF IT isn't one thing, it's another. First the grasshoppers start eating up the West and the stock market goes to work on the East and now the Big Apple turns into a national earthquake. Imagine a lot of sane people going around in circles yelling "Cut that apple!" "Peel that apple!" "Praise Allah!" And with appropriate gestures—the feet looking as if they were about to fly off at the ankle, the torso under a dangerous strain, the arms whirling about like something on a wire.

Put in the plainest terms, the Big Apple is the old Paul Jones with homicidal tendencies.

When it first came up from the South, the young punks of New York who had been doing the shag and the Lindy Hop and the Susy-Q looked at it with some scorn but also with interest and quickly captured that part of the new arrangement which made it the Big Apple. The distinguishing feature is that instead of single couples doing the hopping, the whole county can join in. Aside from that there was a certain business of "walking around" which baffled them for a moment. Finally they solved it.

"Get the right foot in, then one-two-three, and go!"

The way they go now is an outright scandal. Not only are the young squirts torturing themselves out of shape and breath, but the aged males and females seem peculiarly susceptible to the influences of the insanity. Just as in the case of the old square dance, the Big Apple is a lifesaver for wallflowers. If handled properly, everybody can get in on it and go as far as they want. If a bit shy, they can merely kick their feet aloft, make the turns with the other dancers and do whatever strikes them when their turn comes to "shine," which is that part of the proceedings when the individual couples do their own specialties.

The thing started in an abandoned church near Columbia, South Carolina, which had been turned into a colored dance hall. The place was called the Big Apple and in the hectic atmosphere of that hop emporium the dance grew up. What made it a country-wide threat was the presence of a group of students from the University of South Carolina, who used to come out and sit in the little balcony of the old church and watch the colored brethren burning up the dump. It was slumming, but they went away with notions; also they went away wiggling their shoulders, snapping their fingers and in general acting like asylum inmates who have been allowed a picnic on the superintendent's birthday.

When the news began to seep north, the first gentleman to leap into the breach was Arthur Murray, the New York dancing teacher. Murray was in Canada when he first read of the excitement and wired immediately to one of his teachers who conducted a class in Charlotte, North Carolina. The teacher came to New York with the dope, not too greatly impressed with the discovery.

"They do it in a bunch instead of single couples," he explained; "but it's just the old shag."

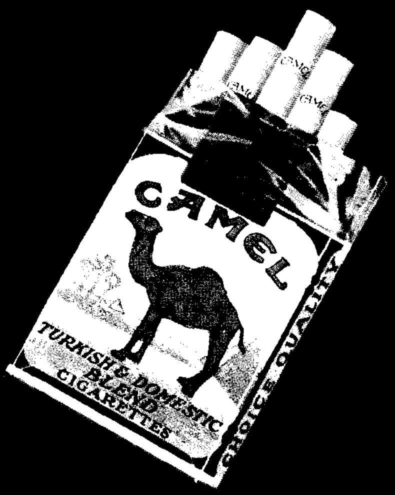
He showed Murray how it was done and several other teachers in the New York school who also came from the South added their interpretations and everybody but Murray agreed that it was not such a much. He operated on the theory, however, that anything that got a lot of people dancing was good for dancing and hence good for Arthur Murray. He launched upon a plan which has kept him away from home practically every night since. His first need was for young people in New York who could shag and Susy-Q and he found what he needed at a dance hall in the Bronx called the Club Fordham.

The Fordham seemed to be the white equivalent of the famous Savoy of Harlem and it was apparent at one glance that if there was shagging to be done the hunt for shaggers was over.

(Continued on page 48)

**A NATURAL QUESTION:**

## Do people get more pleasure out of Camel's Costlier Tobaccos?



**THE STRAIGHTFORWARD ANSWER:**

## Camels are the Largest-Selling cigarette in America

### Millions of smokers have found greater enjoyment in Camels

SMOKERS have learned that "finer tobaccos" and "Camel cigarettes" go together. For it is a well-known fact that Camel spends millions more to obtain choicer tobaccos. And what a difference these costlier tobaccos make! Men and women in all walks of life find that Camels give them greater enjoyment — that Camels don't irritate the throat or tire the taste. Perhaps you know this from your own experience. If not, a new revelation in smoking pleasure awaits you!

**COW-PUNCHER** (*above*). Hardy Murphy says: "Ridin' herd day in and day out from sun-up to sundown — like I do — wears a man down. And that's one of the many times a Camel sure hits the spot. I get a 'lift' with a Camel."

**OUTDOOR GIRL** (*below*). "I'm fond of outdoor sports," says Henrietta Donohue, "and Camels appeal to me for the same reasons they appeal to the champions. I smoke as often as I want, and Camels don't irritate my throat or upset my nerves."

**STENOGRAPHER** (*above*). On busy days, Miss Claire Huntington often rushes through lunch. "I smoke Camels," she says. "They add cheer to my meals. And Camels don't leave that 'cigaretty' after-taste."

**SKIING EXPERT** (*below*). Skiing at a mile-a-minute clip is nothing unusual to Sig Buchmayr. "But it does take healthy nerves," he says. "I discovered long ago that Camels don't upset my nerves. That means a lot to me because I smoke a lot."

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS** Turkish and Domestic

Copyright, 1937,
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

### NEW CAMEL CARAVAN

*Radio's first big double-feature program.* Two great shows in one swift hour of entertainment. "*Jack Oakie College*" with "Prez" Oakie and All-star Cast; plus *Benny Goodman's "Swing School."* Every Tuesday night at 9:30 pm E. S. T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M. S. T., 6:30 pm P. S. T., WABC-Columbia Network.

# 87 SPEED RECORDS BROKEN TO MAKE TIRES SAFER FOR YOU

## Never Before Have Tires Been Put to Such Gruelling Torture

**Ab Jenkins, World's Safest Driver, Establishes 87 New Records for Safety, Speed, Mileage and Endurance . . . He drove 3,774 Miles in 24 Hours on the Sharp Granite-like Surface of the Bonneville Salt Beds at Average Speed of 157.27 Miles an Hour**

WITH the hot, coarse, abrasive salt grinding, tearing, scorching his tires — Ab Jenkins drove at speeds as high as 180 miles an hour over the Salt Beds at Bonneville, Utah. Building tires capable of such records enables Firestone to provide car owners with tires that are *extra safe.* With the accidents that are occurring every day, you owe it to yourself and family to equip your car with the safest tires you can buy — Firestone TRIPLE-SAFE Tires. By TRIPLE-SAFE we mean —

**1. PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS.** Firestone Tires run up to 28 degrees cooler because every fiber of every cord in every ply is saturated with liquid rubber by the Firestone *patented* Gum-Dipping process. This counteracts the internal friction and heat that ordinarily cause blowouts.

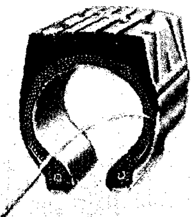
**2. PROTECTION AGAINST PUNCTURES.** Two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords under the tread give *extra* protection against punctures.

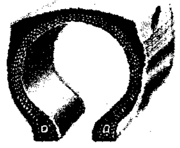
**3. PROTECTION AGAINST SKIDDING.** The scientific tread design gives longer non-skid mileage and stops your car up to 25% quicker.

Join the Firestone SAVE-A-LIFE Campaign today by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone TRIPLE-SAFE Tires — the *safest* tires that money can buy!

*Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks and Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over N. B. C. Red Network*

*Section of new Firestone Tire. Note protection against skidding, punctures and blowouts*





*Section of smooth, worn tire which is always susceptible to punctures, blowouts and skidding*

JOIN THE FIRESTONE *Save-a-life* TODAY!

# Firestone
## TRIPLE-SAFE TIRES

# Second Try

Continued from page 17

click if we have to stay out here all night. . . ."

Already their individual shadows had lengthened across the field toward the concrete stands, and climbed the stands tier by tier, and lost themselves in the general shadow that was gradually filling the vast empty Michigan stadium. Now you could not see the numbers of the sections any more, or the press-box, or tomorrow's waiting scoreboard "Michigan—Visitors—," or the flagpoles that rose stark against the gray night sky. Someone was hammering intermittently at the top of the stands, and a lone groundkeeper prowled gnomelike at the lower end of the field, patting pieces of turf into place in readiness for the following day's game.

He took no notice of the twenty-two men running through signals in the center of the silent bowl, and it gave you a growing sense of unreality, as though you did not exist at all, Bill thought, as though you were so many dummies in moleskins and cleats, without words or feelings or thoughts. You crouched, you called a play, you took a step toward the scrub lineman and halted and waved your arms in his face to indicate a tackle, you trotted back dutifully to formation at the whistle, the coach swore at you and stamped out his cigarette and ordered it all over again.

". . . and show a little life this time," the coach added. "Those Michigan backs will climb all over you, Lenihan, if you don't get down faster under those passes tomorrow. Now let's have it again."

AND again, he thought wearily, and again, and again. The same thing over and over, day after day, week after week. The same practice for four days, the same tackling and blocking until your arms and legs ached, the same passing and kicking and running signals under the relentless driving of the coaches until you were so bushed you couldn't eat at night. The same long train trip somewhere on Thursday night, signal practice Friday on a strange field, a restless night's sleep in a strange double-decker, the same shellacking on Saturday afternoon by another big conference team that needed you for a breather, the same trip back home on Sunday, bruised and beaten, ready for the blackboard session on Monday again. Over and over. . . .

He could not remember when he had not been playing football. When he was still too small to handle the ball himself, his father would prop it on end on the lawn and he would kick at it with a tiny sneaker. He remembered how his father would hold up a faded maroon jersey in front of Bill, and he would stand and look at himself in the mirror, the moth-eaten jersey falling down around his ankles. "Don't worry, son," his father would chuckle over his shoulder, "you'll fill it some day."

On his sixth birthday, he was given a jersey of his own, and brown duck pants with pads in them, and football shoes with real cleats that screwed onto the soles.

His father gave him another present on that sixth birthday, a real present, his father had said in a strange voice that he still remembered. "You're entered now in Midland College, son," he told Bill. "Now there'll be another Lenihan in Midland football. . . ."

He had been working for a place on the Midland varsity from that time on. He had thought football, slept football, lived football. His bedroom walls were covered with pictures of famous All-Americans that his father collected. George Gipp, Kaw, and Pfann, Oosterbaan, Red Grange, Jim Harding. He knew by heart what position each one of them played, his weight, his height, his number.

Every year when the new record books came out his father bought two, one for himself and one for Bill, and they would discuss the latest rules and plays by the hour. When he went to camp in the summer, his father had selected one run by a famous coach. Every free Saturday in the fall, when Midland wasn't playing, he went with his father to one of the conference games: Wisconsin vs. Michigan, Minnesota vs. Michigan, Illinois vs. Michigan. Always Michigan.

Then there was prep school, five years of it. His father sent him there an extra year to make sure he would be mature enough to hold down a place on the Midland team. His father kept a close watch on Bill's studies. "Better spend some time on that chemistry, son," he would say, shaking his head solemnly. "You got to pass your work so you'll stay eligible for football. . . ."

And then college: his father's idea of college. The fieldhouse, the training table with the stacks of hard toast and the pitchers of milk, the beaten dirt of the practice field, the ugly green sheet-metal locker house with the smell of wintergreen liniment and the steam from the showers condensing on the walls and the smeared skylight over the rubbing tables that was supposed to let in the violet rays. Only nobody was ever there when the sun was shining, Bill thought. You got through classes just in time to jump into your uniform, and you were out on the field every night until long after the floodlights were on.

Was this what he'd been heading for, all these years? He asked himself as he crouched in the line-up now: What was it all about, anyway? The center snapped the ball past him again and he started mechanically down the field once more in the increasing darkness. What did it mean, beating Michigan? Eight, nine, ten, he counted. He turned, raised his hands heavily, looked for the ball. It grazed his finger tips as it twisted past him, and he heard the thump of the safety man's cleats and a grunt and then the impatient double blast of the coach's whistle. "That's enough. Showers. . . ."

He dangled his helmet loosely by a sweaty chin strap and dragged himself across the field in the wake of the other players. The figure of the coach loomed out of the shadows in his path, and he moved aside, and the coach stepped in front of him deliberately and halted him. "D'you expect me to play you tomorrow after that exhibition, Lenihan?"

Bill Lenihan did not lower his eyes. He stood in silence and looked past the coach toward the last of the team clumping down the concrete runway.

"You had the apple right in your mitts that time, if you'd only reached another inch for it. You could've had it if you'd tried. You could be the best back on this squad if you wanted to be. . . ."

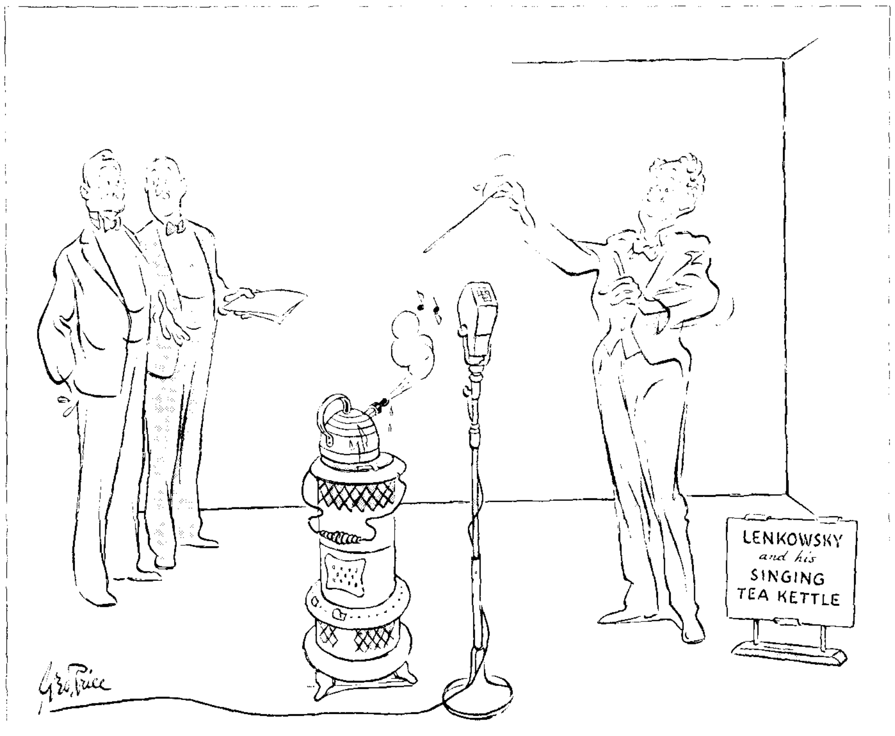
He turned and looked directly at the coach, and his eyes were level. He did not reply.

"I don't know what's the matter with you, Lenihan," said the coach, shoving his baseball cap back on his head. "You could do it if you wanted to." His eyes met Bill Lenihan's eyes for a long moment. "But you got to want to. . . ."

OUTSIDE in the stadium he could hear the thump and occasional high notes of the band, the shrill shouts of vendors, the dull roar of the gathering crowd, but here in the locker rooms there was a kind of hollow hush, quick whispers, the pad of bare feet, a feeble attempt at a joke and an answering nervous laugh, the coach's last-minute instructions: ". . . and when you hit 'em, make sure they stay hit!" A couple of assistant managers in old pants and football shoes moved past him on the double-quick across the cement floor, carrying blankets and trays filled with paper cups. His father rested a foot on the narrow wooden bench, an elbow propped on his knee: "This is it, son. This is the one we been heading for. . . ."

Bill nodded without replying and sat down on the bench beside his father and began to unlace his shoes.

"You can feel it in the air," his father said. "I don't know, you can feel it all around you, a time like this. . . ." His



"He receives 84,000 fan letters a week. Who are we to say he's batty?"

GEORGE PRICE

Who are these knowing people?

HE'S a business man. But his talk isn't all shop. She's a neighbor down the street. But her life isn't all bridge and clothes. They seem to know what's going on everywhere. Their curiosity ranges the world.

Who are these people? How do they keep so well-informed?

More than 700,000 of the best informed families in the U. S. read TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine. Most of them read it cover-to-cover every week. Many of them rate it their favorite magazine, both for the information it feeds their hungry minds and the fun they have reading it.

● It happens one evening

What is TIME, that people become so addicted to it? It is not a catch-all, not a summary, not a digest. It is an *invention* for getting all the essential news-facts of the world into the head of an intelligent person in a way that makes them stick. To such a person TIME says:

"Give me one evening a week and I will keep you up to date on everything that matters in this fast-moving world. I will be clear, brief, fearless, truthful. I will try never to bore you. And I will arrange all the news from a thousand fronts in twenty-one logical departments, so that you may follow it easily."

To do this, TIME taps all principal news sources: The Press, and its great news-gathering organizations, A.P. and U.P.; hundreds of TIME's own correspondents; the authority of experts in special fields.

TIME distils the essence out of this world-brew of information, ruthlessly rejecting the meaningless and unimportant. Then TIME writes the vital news into brief, vivid paragraphs. TIME's Editors check every word to be sure it has a specific purpose, and trained researchers check and recheck it for accuracy. Behind it, when it reaches your eye, stands the joint reputation of responsible journalists: The Editors of TIME.

● Be the one who knows

The news is big these days, so big it is confusing and hard to straighten out. There are far-off wars that may involve your son day after tomorrow, labor negotiations that may affect your job, discoveries in medicine, adventures in music and writing and painting.

Hire TIME to help you keep posted on the thousand things that matter as the globe spins on. Get acquainted with TIME through the issue now on the newsstand. Or be TIME's guest for three weeks—write today and receive the next three issues, free. Address TIME, Dept. C 8, 330 E. 22d St., Chicago, Ill.

TIME
The Weekly Newsmagazine

You'll start easier this winter with a Delco Battery

Delco-Remy

MANUFACTURER OF DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION KLAXON HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE...WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

eyes were bright, and he took a deep gulp of the stale, heavy odor of liniment and sweat and steam. Around them, half-naked figures were hauling padded leather shoulder guards down over their heads, adjusting hip pads, struggling into tight maroon jerseys. From the rubbing room he heard the sharp gasp of ripped adhesive tape, the muffled clop! of a cupped hand on flesh. ". . . what we both been living for, son. Both of us."

He kicked his shoes under the bench and rose and stepped quickly out of his shorts. "Look, Pop. Doc's waiting. I got to get my ankles strapped."

His father smiled at him: "Sure, I know how you feel." He clapped a hand on his bare shoulder, and Bill stiffened a little and held his breath for a moment and stared straight ahead. "Sure, I know, I used to feel the same way myself, twenty-five years back." His father was walking beside him now toward the rubbing room, his big hand still resting on Bill's shoulder. "But this is your chance today—"

Then the hand slid from his shoulder, and his father halted abruptly. Several other alumni were standing in the entrance to the rubbing room, and Bill saw one of them turn and say over his shoulder to the others: "We better be getting our seats." You could not mistake his face, when he turned: the undershot jaw, the low forehead and squinting eyes. You could not mistake it, not if you had stared at it year after year, hanging on the wall of your bedroom. He walked toward Bill and smiled impersonally as he passed: "Good luck, kid."

"Thanks, Mr. Harding," said Bill. He realized that his father was standing behind him. "Of course," he added perfunctorily, "you know my father here."

"Oh . . . how are you? Glad to meet you." Jim Harding removed his cigar and held out his hand affably to Bill's father. "Sorry, I didn't quite catch the name."

"Lenihan," his father said quickly. "How are you, Jim? Been a long time, Jim . . ."

BILL stared incredulously at his father. The older man's face was dull red, his lips were forcing a tortured smile. "Glad to see you, Jim. . . ." Bill was staring at his father in slow comprehension, but his father's eyes were averted. "Well," he said, without looking at Bill, "see you after the game . . ."

He watched his father hurry across the locker room and through the door. He turned and walked alone toward the rubbing room. . . .

The trainer wound the gauze bandage twice around his ankle and under his instep and around his ankle again. Bill sat erect on the rubbing table, the heels of his hands braced behind him, his bare foot extended toward the trainer. His face was blank. He was looking past the trainer, toward the thin partition that separated the rubbing room from the coach's dressing room. The voices were very clear beyond the partition.

". . . quite get the name," Jim Harding's voice was saying. "I've seen him somewheres."

"Lenihan," the coach's voice replied. "Didn't he play here about your time?"

"Lenihan? . . . Oh. Oh, sure, Lenihan. Sure, I remember him now. Third-stringer or something, sure, I ought to remember him," he heard Harding laugh. "He's the one lost us that Michigan game in '12. Muffed the only break we had the whole game. He was standing right on the goal line, nobody in five yards of him, and I threw a pass right into his pocket, and he just stood there and let it bounce off his chest. Sure, I ought to remember Ox Lenihan," Harding laughed again. "We used to call him Ox."

"So strong?"

"No," said Harding. "So dumb. . . ."

"Anything wrong with that ankle, Bill?" asked the trainer, looking up in surprise.

"What?"

"I thought you sort of flinched just then."

"Me? No," said Bill, settling back and gripping the sides of the rubbing table. "No, I'm okay, Doc."

THE referee's white knickers hurdled a couple of figures sprawled on the field, and you saw him step into the pile-up that covered the ball. He tugged at a maroon shoulder, pried a couple of players apart, reached down through criss-crossed legs and kicking cleats. The men in the pile-up raised themselves on their hands and knees and stumbled to their feet, watching intently as the referee picked up the ball and walked back three paces and set it down on the Michigan fifteen-yard stripe. He waved a hand toward the Michigan goal, and you heard a cheer start in the Midland stands, and then check abruptly.

"Doc," the coach said briefly to the trainer beside him on the bench. Out on the field, where the pile-up had been, one Midland player still lay on his back, his knees elevated, his hands clutching his middle. "It had to be Burke," the coach groaned half aloud, watching the trainer waddle across the field with water bucket and little black bag. "It had to be him. It always happens that way. . . ."

The packed stadium was hushed. The trainer had loosened the laces at the top of Burke's pants and he grabbed his ankles and began to pump his legs. The Midland players stood around him uneasily; a little distance away, the Michigan team squatted in an indifferent circle around their water boy, gargling from paper cups, squeezing sponges over their faces and necks. Beyond the goal posts, a scoreboard tender dropped a belated placard into the slot: "Time out . . . Visitors." Above it, in the gathering dusk, you read "Blocked kick . . . Visitors' ball," and your eyes moved up the scoreboard automatically to the large letters, still unchanged at the last of the fourth quarter, "Michigan 6, Visitors 0."

A cheerleader in a maroon sweater ran out and shouted something to the stands through a megaphone and hoisted the megaphone, and the little group of Midland alumni above him answered, "Ray! Burke!" In the center of the field, Burke stumbled to his feet, and a ripple of applause began and ceased again as he swayed and grabbed the trainer and sagged to his knees. The trainer looked toward the bench and shook his head and wigwagged his hands.

". . . you finally get a break," the coach was saying to no one in particular, chewing at a bleeding thumbnail. "You block a kick, and then they have to smear the one man you've got who could shove it over. It always happens . . ."

THE subs huddled in their blankets along the bench and watched him expectantly. Beside him, Bill Lenihan dropped the blanket back from his shoulders, pulled his feet under him, grabbed the edge of the bench. He turned and faced the coach. His mouth was open, his lips moved soundlessly.

". . . nothing we can do now but try to pass," the coach was saying to his assistant. His eyes ran down the handful of subs on the bench. He bit his thumbnail. "If we had anybody could handle a pass. . . ."

His eyes stopped on Bill's face.

"Do you want to?" he asked Bill suddenly.

"I want to," said Bill.

His eyes held Bill Lenihan's eyes for another long moment. "Go on in. . . ."

They stood in a huddle with their heads bent down together, their arms braced across one another's shoulders, the toes of their football shoes making a serried gray border around the circle of trampled grass. He wiped a bloody knuckle across his pants, and it left a brownish smear on the silk. ". . . now we'll give 'em K-49," he heard the quarterback saying. He felt someone reach inside his stomach and grab hold of it and draw it tight in a knot. "That's you, Lenihan."

His stomach was a solid lump, and he stared down fixedly at the circle of football shoes at the bottom of the huddle. It all made sense, now. Now he understood why he was here, what it was all about, what it meant to beat Michigan. All the dull hours of practice, the grinding days and months of training, the whole weary routine of football didn't matter. It didn't matter whether he liked the game or not, he saw now: it wasn't his game, after all. It was his father's game. It was his father who had waited for twenty-five years to live this moment over again, the fateful moment of twenty-five years back when he had had his chance and failed. He couldn't fail twice. This was his moment again. He had to make it this time. . . .

"Lenihan," the quarterback repeated sharply.

He lifted his head and nodded. Lenihan, he was saying to himself. That's who you are. You're not Bill Lenihan. You're Ox Lenihan's son. . . .

The arms of the men on either side of him slid off his shoulders and he was alone. He tried to draw in his breath as he straightened and moved into position beside the quarterback, but his stomach was too tight. "This is it, Lenihan," the quarterback said. He nodded, and his eyes flicked briefly toward the stands. This is it, he said to himself. This has got to be it, he thought, watching the center's big hand slide under the nose of the ball.

HE HAD a glimpse of the ball as the center snapped it past him to the number four back, and then he was on his way. Eight, nine, ten, he counted as he ran. The double marker of the goal line flicked past him, and he cut to the right across the diagonal stripes of lime that marked the territory behind the goal. The ball was spinning toward him as he turned and halted, winding toward him out of the shadows, high above him and a little to the right. Two Michigan backs were plowing toward him from either side, the mud flying from their cleats. He backed step by step under the approaching ball, his hands aloft, his fingers spread.

This is it, he was saying to himself, his eyes on the ball. It's my chance, but it's your chance, too. This goes for us both. . . .

He rose up, up, up toward the ball. He felt it tick his finger tips, and it seemed to rock there for a moment. Then his fingers crept up around it and it settled into his hands and he grabbed it down and held it to him; and then the whole field tilted away from him, and all the other players and goal posts and the stands slid down abruptly out of a startling gray sky that rose in front of him for a moment as the impact of the onrushing fullback bore him backward. The back of his head whacked the turf so hard that his feet rose in the air, and then the fullback's jersey smothered him and blotted out the sky. He felt the ball secure under his protecting hand and elbow, pressing hard against his ribs.

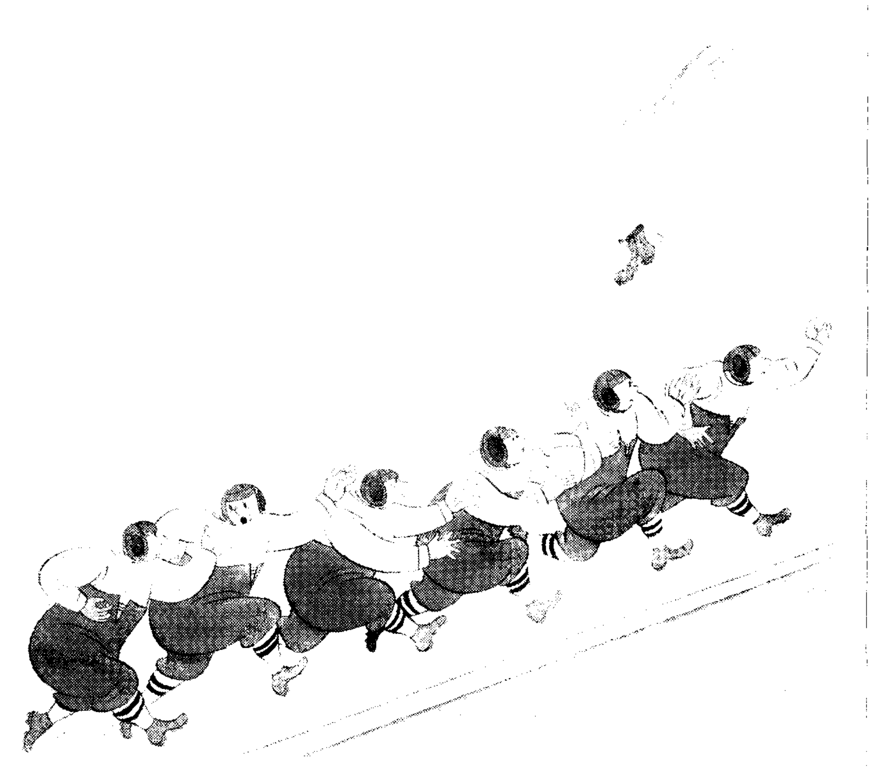
THE crowded locker room, the jabber of voices, laughter, alumni pounding the backs of the men as they clumped through the door, one by one. The band and the cheers of Midland supporters swarming over the stadium were shut off abruptly as the locker-room door slammed behind the last of the team. "What a ball game!" "Great going, gang. . . ." The alumni were hugging them, hammering their shoulders with excited fists. "Swell job, kid," Harding was telling Bill, pumping his hand. "The way you snagged that ball right out of the air. . . ."

Bill nodded, looking rapidly around the locker room. His father was standing alone at the side of the room. There was a shy, almost apologetic smile on his father's face. Bill said to Harding: "Not me." He looked past Harding. "It was the old man. He showed me."

His father started to say, "No, Bill. . . ." Bill Lenihan walked across the room to his father.

"Now, don't give me that, Pop," he said. "Who was it taught me? Who gave me the chance?" He gripped his father's arm. "Listen, Pop," he said, "you're the one caught that pass out there today. . . ."

You caught that pass out there today, he thought, smiling to himself. That was the pass you tried for, twenty-five years ago. It took you twenty-five years, but you finally made it.



"I guess Lewcszynski missed the ball again" ROBERT DE ZABLO

# This Santa Claus couldn't afford to catch cold!

**MR.:** Ker-choo! If I can only earn that sales bonus this week, we can buy Junior that train he's set his heart on! Ker-choo!

**MRS.:** You'll be in bed this week, honey, if we don't head off that cold!

**MRS.:** What you need, dear, is a laxative and something to help Nature counteract acidity. And Sal Hepatica gives you BOTH. Now drink this.

**MRS.:** Everything's wonderful! You got your sales bonus! Junior got his train!

**MR.:** And all because I got rid of that cold! I'm certainly glad you knew about Sal Hepatica, darling!

A COLD COMING?

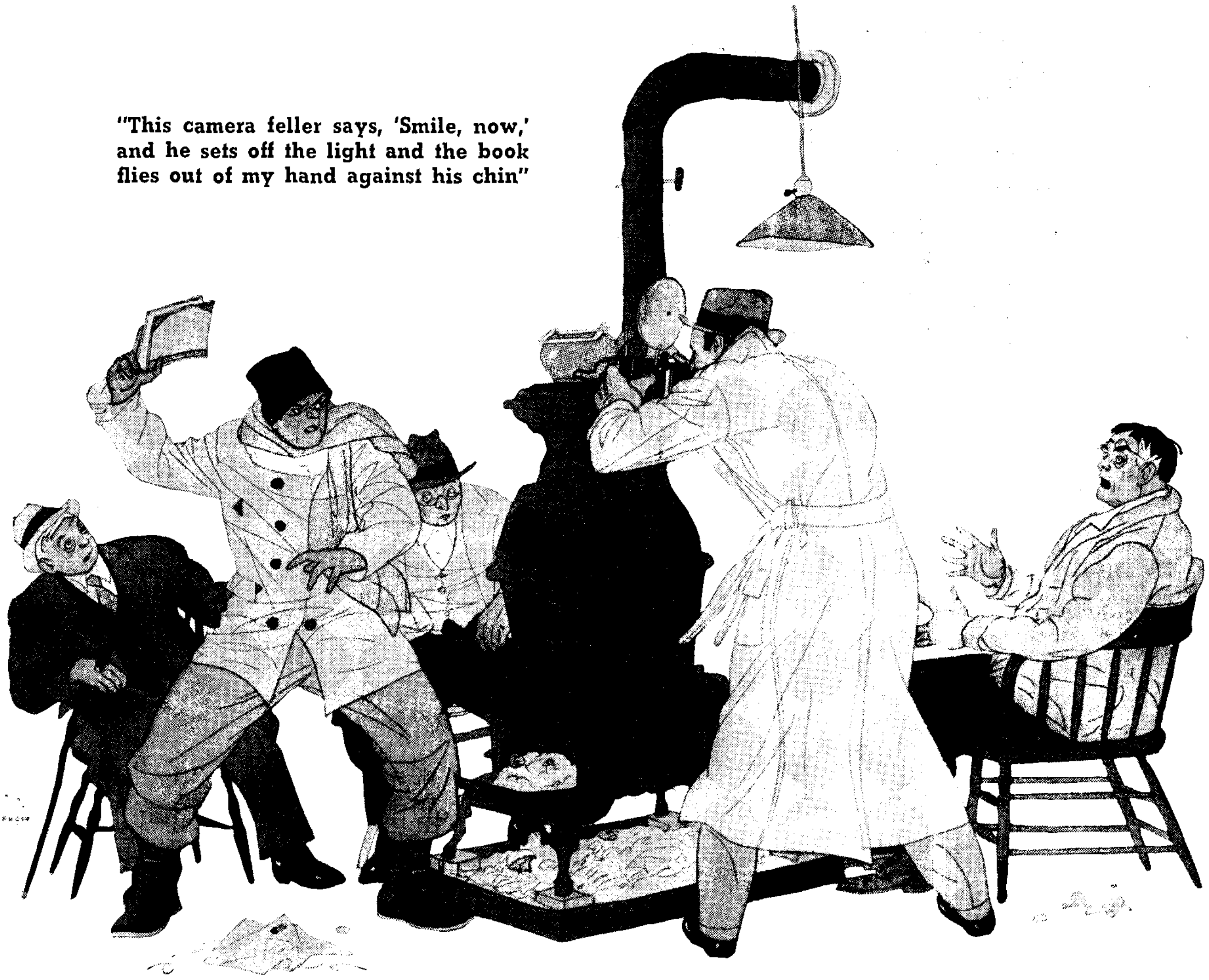
DO 2 THINGS!

1. Cleanse the intestinal tract.
2. Help Nature counteract acidity.

Sal Hepatica

**TUNE IN:** *Fred Allen* in "Town Hall Tonight"—full hour of music, comedy. Every Wednesday night.

## Sal Hepatica does BOTH!



"This camera feller says, 'Smile, now,' and he sets off the light and the book flies out of my hand against his chin"

# No Cause for Action

## By Karl Detzer

YOU have heard the charge, Captain Curtain, and Mr. Golden's testimony, under oath, that on the tenth day of March you did willfully and feloniously strike, kick and—er—bite him, with intent to do great bodily harm; that, further, you did jump up and down on his newspaper camera, damaging it to the extent of one hundred and sixty dollars and fifty cents. Other witnesses have corroborated this testimony. In these circumstances, Captain, the court feels that if you care to withdraw your plea of not guilty, in view of your—shall we say heroic?—conduct just previous to the alleged assault, it will consider such conduct in its findings. What is your wish?

A. Ain't guilty and never was.

Q. You desire to make a statement?

A. That's right.

Q. How old are you, Captain Curtain?

A. Fifty-five. You know that, Judge.

Q. You own and operate the Fox Island boat which carries the United States mail to the island twice a week?

A. That's right, Your Honor.

Q. And on the day in consideration in this cause, you carried the mail as usual?

A. Not as usual. And I started the day before. The ice'd been packed against shore for three weeks. I'd been waitin' for a lane of open water.

Q. So on March ninth, when this lane did appear, you started out alone?

A. No, sir. Vinnie Thomas went along. To run the engine.

Q. The government pays you by the trip, Captain Curtain?

A. That's right. Five dollar ninety-five cents. Job's let on bids once a year. Low bidder gets it.

Q. I see. But on this particular day, in spite of wind and ice, you persisted in your effort to reach Fox Island, inspired not only by the five dollars and ninety-five cents, but by—

A. Excuse me, Judge. Vinnie Thomas gets two dollars. That leaves three ninety-five. Less gas and oil.

Q. I see. Three ninety-five. But in addition, as I say, you were inspired chiefly by a spirit of service? The mail must go through. And in getting it through—tell in your own words just what happened.

A. The ice squz agin my boat. Come night, there I was.

Q. Where?

A. Nowheres particular. Nine miles out, maybe. About halfway.

Q. No one made any effort to come to your help, Captain?

A. Couldn't. Island coast guard finds us with its searchlight, only they couldn't launch a boat, account the ice. 'Round nine o'clock, that was. I know that much, 'cause it was about then Vinnie first got the cramps.

Q. Cramps, Captain?

A. Appendicitis cramps, Your Honor. He'd had 'em before. Only they was worse this time.

Q. What did you do for him, Captain?

A. Why, nothin', 'cept take off my slicker and a sweater or two and wrap him up. Nothin' else *to* do. Wasn't no heat.

Q. No stove, Captain?

A. Aboard? Oh, no. You depend on engine heat. Only this time ice had took the starb'd side off the housing and left the wind in.

Q. I see. One witness testified the temperature was zero. Is that correct?

A. Can't answer that, sir. Cold enough anyhow to freeze the water intake every five minutes. Quite a chore, leanin' overside and cleanin' it.

Q. But in spite of these obstacles, you struggled on remembering that the mail must go through?

A. No, sir, not remembering the mail. Wasn't time to remember nothing. Not even my three ninety-five. Not after the gas line busted, anyhow.

Q. What did you do then, Captain?

A. Fixed it.

Q. Then what?

A. Then I lose my pipe. Wind blows it out my mouth. I was disgusted.

Q. And in the morning?

A. I'm still dodgin' floes.

Q. When did you first see the complainant Mr. Golden?

A. See his plane? 'Round ten o'clock.

Q. He was taking pictures of you?

A. Yes, sir. I didn't mind. Not that first time. I was just bent on reaching the island.

Q. You mean, Captain, that the fine *esprit de corps* of the mail service still impelled you, after all those hours?

A. Can't answer that one, sir. All I know is, Vinnie kept getting sicker, and at noon the ice closed in. Tight. No place to run. So I head for a big chunk and give the engine thunder. Boat jumps right up on the chunk. I hate to leave her, but Vinnie's so sick I got to. I take the sled off the housing and put him and the mail sacks on it, and start walkin' across ice toward Fox.

Q. How far was that?

A. Four miles, straight. Twenty, 'round open water. Took quite a spell. I'd keep forgetting and try to pull the sled with my left hand.

Q. You mean, Captain, that because you are right-handed—

A. No, sir. Mean nothing like that. I ain't. I'd hurt my left. Fixin' the gas line. Couldn't haul good with it.

Q. You only saw Mr. Golden's plane once?

A. Twice more, sir.

Q. What time did you finally reach Fox Island, Captain?

A. Dunno, sir. After dark.

Q. Evening of the second day?

A. That's right.

Q. Then what happened?

A. Well, Doc Sparrow lugs Vinnie home and yanks his appendix and I take the mail on to the post office and deliver it to Duke Kenney.

Q. You refer now to Mr. Kenney, the postmaster, who has testified?

A. Him, yes, sir. And I sit down by his stove to thaw.

Q. Your clothes were frozen?

A. Oh, sure. Fruz tight. I was just tryin' to get my cap loose without takin' off all my hair when this feller came in.

Q. You refer again to Mr. Golden, the complainant?

A. That's right. He was askin' silly questions.

Q. You answered them?

A. No, I didn't. How can I think up answers to what he asks? How it feels to be froze to death, and how it feels to be out two days in pack ice and haulin' a sled with a sick man, and how old was I first time I ever saved a life, and what do I think of Admiral Byrd, and such like. I'm too busy thinkin' how I made three dollar ninety-five cents.

Q. And then what, Captain?

A. Well, Duke Kenney opens the letter window and says, "You brought yourself a package, Cap," and I says, "What kind of package," and he says, "A surprise your wife orders for you," and I says, "Oh," and he says, "A book."

Q. That's all that was said?

A. No, sir. I says, "Oh," again. I was surprised, all right. Wasn't needin' no books right then. But this feller—

Q. Mr. Golden?

A. Him. He says, "That'll make a picture," and he grabs the package and unwraps it and shoves the book at me and says, "Now you be reading, Captain."

Q. And you do?

A. No, I don't. I see the name of the book, and Duke comes hollering at me, and this camera feller says, "Smile, now," and he sets off the light and the book flies out of my hand against his chin.

Q. You admit you hit Mr. Golden?

A. That's right. Then he attacks me. With his fist. My mouth is open, objecting, and I start to close it and his hand's in the way.

Q. I see. The book's in court, Captain?

A. No, sir. I burnt it. In Duke's stove.

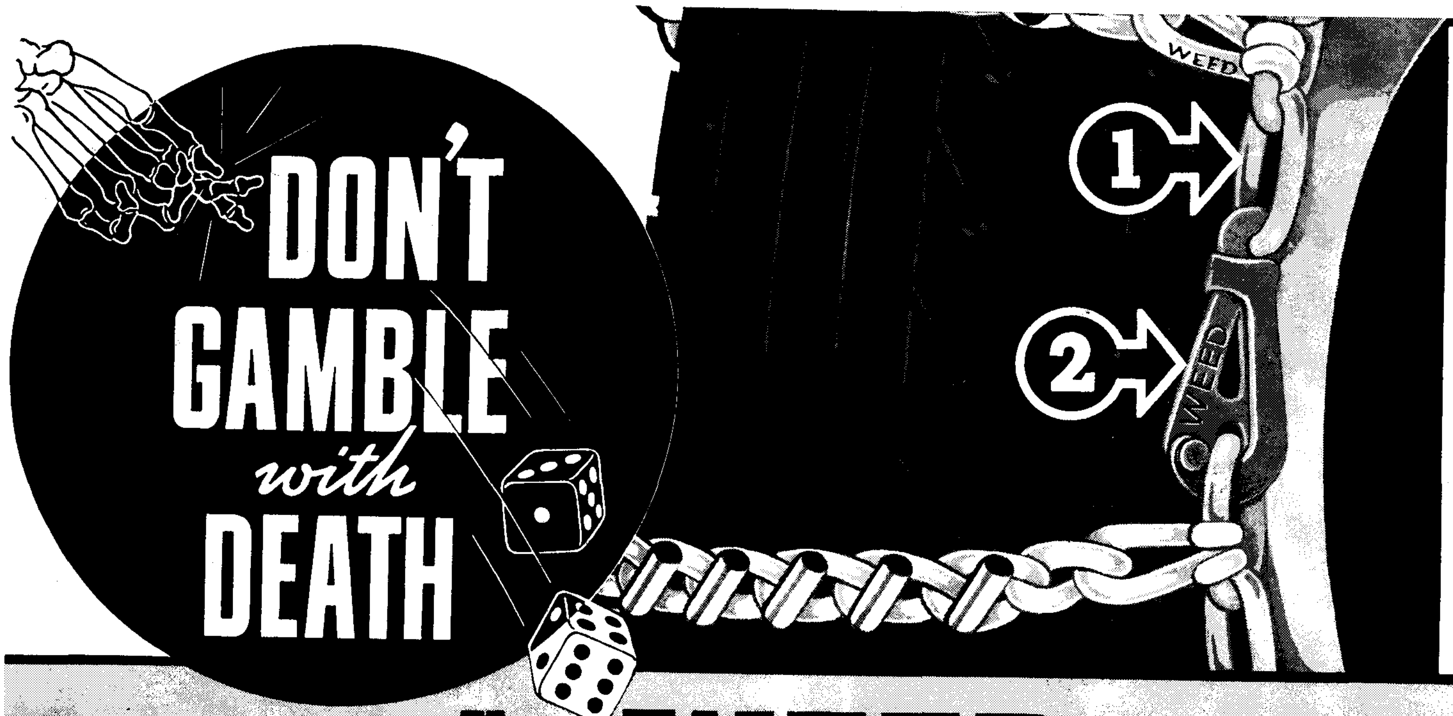
Q. Without reading it?

A. I read the name of it. It's called Adventures in Arctic Ice. I ain't hankerin' for any adventures, and besides, like I say, Duke Kenney's hollering, and I think of all the trouble I have getting my three ninety-five—

Q. Wait a minute, Captain. For the record, before I dismiss the charge. Mr. Kenney is the postmaster? What was he shouting?

A. This book comes C. O. D., Judge—three ninety-five plus postage. He was hollerin' for his money.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



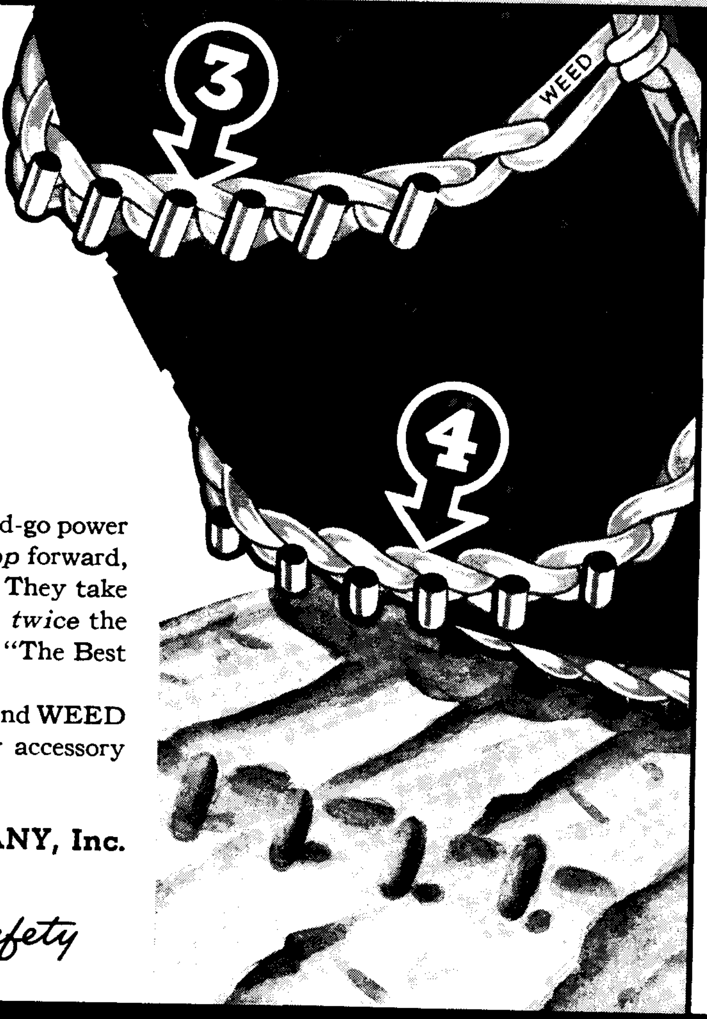
# DON'T GAMBLE *with* DEATH

**4 GREAT FEATURES**

*that make WEED AMERICANS the Best Buy in Tire Chains*

1. Side chains welded and hardened to resist wear on curbs and ruts.
2. Patented Lever-Lock End Hooks—the easy-to-use, *positive*, fastening.
3. Bar-Reinforcements on cross chain links more than double safe mileage.
4. Made of "Weedalloy"—the strong, tough metal especially developed for WEED tire chains.

# Use WEED American Bar-Reinforced TIRE CHAINS..



## ..and be SAFE!

**WEED Americans give Double Mileage . . . Greater Safety . . . Protection against Forward, Back and SIDE Skids**

● Use the chains that match the surplus stop-and-go power of your brakes and motor. WEED Americans *stop* forward, back and side skids. That means greater safety. They take more punishment—actually give you more than *twice* the safe mileage. Is it any wonder they're known as "The Best Buy in Tire Chains"?

Be prepared for bad driving conditions. You'll find WEED American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains at better accessory stores, garages and service stations.

**AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE COMPANY, Inc.**
**BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT**
*In Business for Your Safety*

BUY ACCO QUALITY

**A FEW OF THE 137 AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS**

**AMERICAN CHAIN DIVISION**
(DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Ltd., in Canada)
Weed Tire Chains • Welded and Weldless Chain • Malleable Castings • Railroad Specialties

**AMERICAN CABLE DIVISION**
Tru-Lay Preformed Wire Rope • Tru-Loc Processed Fittings • Crescent Brand Wire Rope Tru-Stop Brakes

**ANDREW C. CAMPBELL DIVISION**
Abrasive Cutting Machines • Floformers Special Machinery • Nibbling Machines

**FORD CHAIN BLOCK DIVISION**
Chain Hoists • Trolleys

**HAZARD WIRE ROPE DIVISION**
Lay-Set Preformed Wire Rope • "Korōdless" Wire Rope • Preformed Spring-Lay Wire Rope • Guard Rail Cable

**HIGHLAND IRON & STEEL DIVISION**
Wrought Iron Bars and Shapes

**MANLEY MANUFACTURING DIVISION**
Automotive Service Station Equipment

**OWEN SILENT SPRING COMPANY, Inc.**
Owen Cushion and Mattress Spring Centers

**PAGE STEEL AND WIRE DIVISION**
Page Fence • Wire and Rod Products Traffic Tape • Welding Wire

**READING-PRATT & CADY DIVISION**
Valves • Electric Steel Fittings

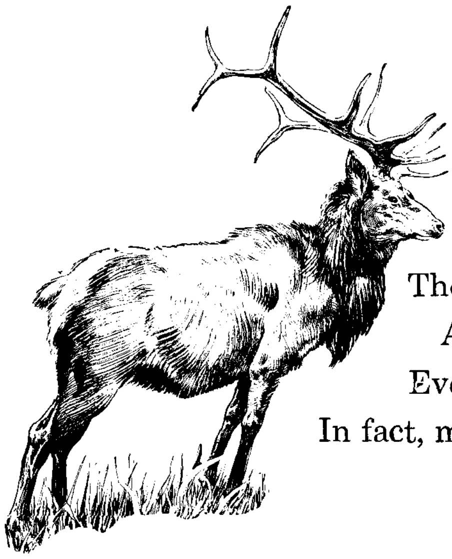
**READING STEEL CASTING DIVISION**
Electric Steel Castings, Rough or Machined

**WRIGHT MANUFACTURING DIVISION**
Chain Hoists • Electric Hoists and Cranes

# WEED

## WEED American *Bar-Reinforced* TIRE CHAINS

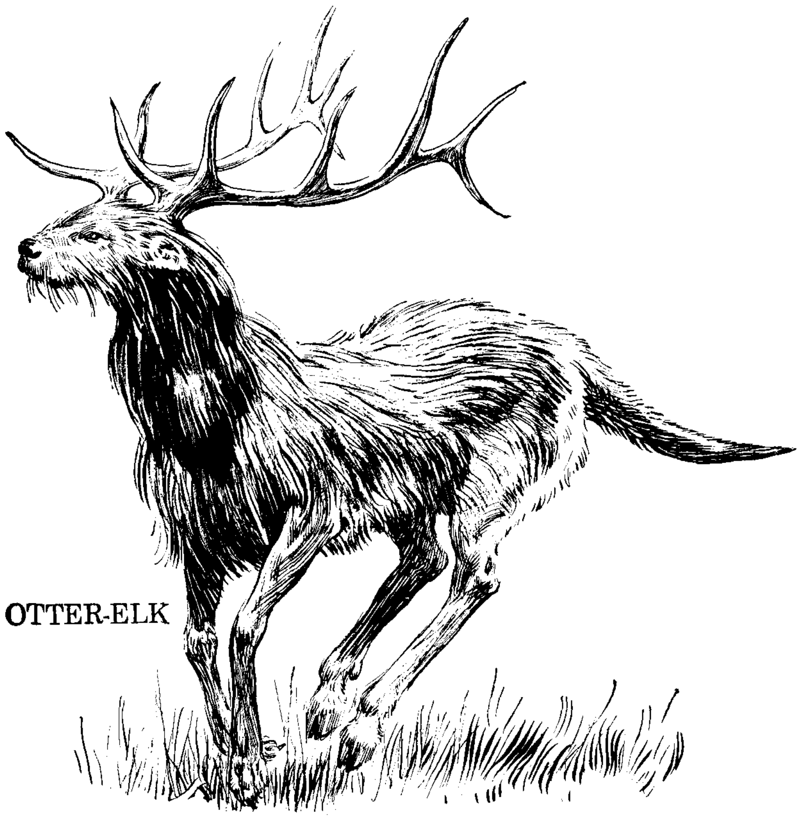
Licensed to manufacture and sell Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains under United States and Canadian Letters Patent: American Chain & Cable Company, Inc.; The McKay Company; The Hodell Chain Company; Pyrene Manufacturing Company; Dominion Chain Company, Limited; and Pyrene Manufacturing Company of Canada, Limited.



The Elk has antlers on his roof,
And dynamite in every hoof.
Even in love his voice is gruff.
In fact, my friends, the Elk is **TOUGH.**

The Otter is a creature greedy;
His hunger makes him extra speedy.
When his meal goes swimming past,
He gets it, and he gets it **FAST.**

Now mix them both up, and mix them up well,
And there is the secret of **New Golden Shell.**



OTTER-ELK

Like two oils in one, it's Tough and it's Fast.
It **Cuts Starting Wear,** and how it does last!

Starting causes More Engine Wear than all the running . . . New Golden Shell Motor Oil is Fast-Flowing to reduce this wear . . . Tough so it stands the heat of steady driving.

Golden Shell SHELL
The New Motor Oil

# The Man for Carolyn

Continued from page 16

can get a house out in some nice suburb where she can invite the swell girls she goes to college with—and boys, too." She gave me a dirty look. "No bill-posters."

"You'll lose twenty-five grand," I said, "and then where will Carolyn be?"

"I won't lose it," she said. "This man is all right."

"Just because he says you're his dream girl," I said. "You'd pay twenty-five thousand dollars for a fan letter!"

She wouldn't answer me.

The next day I went downtown to a broker I knew and he told me a lot of books to buy about crooked stock deals—especially gold mines. They cost me twelve bucks and I took them home and said, "Read those and you'll find that what I told you about this Denver bird was right."

"All right," Bessie said. "I haven't anything to read tonight."

She stayed up almost all night reading the books and in the morning I said, "What did I tell you? Hey?"

"They tell the truth," she said. "They say to put your money only in the hands of people you can trust and that is what I did."

"Did?" I yelled.

"I sent the twenty-five thousand yesterday."

Well, I took the letter down to my broker friend and he got a report from their office in Denver that said they never heard of any such man and anyway, the place where the man said he was going to dig his gold mine, you could dig until your hair fell out and you wouldn't find any more gold than if you dug in Henry Ford's ash can.

Then I took the letter to a handwriting fellow and he gave me a report that says, "This letter is from a man who shows unmistakable signs of criminal tendencies. He has the same characteristics that were to be found in the handwriting of the man that murdered McKinley."

I took the reports home and Bessie just said, "Humph!" She said she didn't believe in fortunetellers.

"But, Bessie," I said, "this is the kind of a guy that goes around shooting people!"

"Let him shoot, for all I care," she said. "That won't hurt the gold, will it?"

I told her she ought to write to the chief of police of Denver but she just laughed, and pretty soon she got a letter from the gold miner saying he had the check and had bought a mountain with it and that she would be worth a half million dollars pretty soon and he asked for an autographed photograph.

She sent him four. . . .

CAROLYN'S school let out for the summer and she stayed with us for a week getting ready to sail on a trip to Paris with some of her swell girl friends.

Bill McVeigh was around nearly every night that week. Mostly, in the evenings, they went swimming in a pool downtown. Both were good swimmers. Bill was on a water polo team. Bessie didn't try to drive Bill away. She didn't tell Carolyn she mustn't see him.

Bessie just said, "Carolyn, honey, you wouldn't marry anybody without your mother's consent, would you?"

"Of course not, Mother," said Carolyn, in a soft, scared voice.

And she wouldn't either. I knew that.

"That's all I want to know," said Bessie.

It made me feel dizzy, and kind of sick, like once when I saw a dog run over by an automobile. When Carolyn left the room I said, "Bessie, that's the cruelest thing that a mother ever did."

"It's the kindest thing, Joe," she said, very patient. "You don't understand mothers. Carolyn's got to have nothing but the best. She'll thank me in the end."

I knew Bessie was all wrong. She was so keen on her idea of the way to make Carolyn happy that she didn't realize that Carolyn was suffering tortures. And smiling all the time, too, because she wouldn't let her mother know. Each trying to make the other happy and each going about it the wrong way.

After Carolyn had sailed, I began to see how things stood. Bessie was going to lose twenty-five grand in the gold mine, which would cut her bank roll down to stubble. I didn't like to see Bessie lose all that jack, but I was all cheered up. If Bessie ran out of money, she wouldn't be able to keep Carolyn in big time. And she'd *have* to let Carolyn marry Bill McVeigh.

THE lovely gold miner wasn't writing any more lovely letters. He didn't even send Bessie any shares of stock or anything to show her where her money went.

She pretended she wasn't worrying, but she was pretty jumpy—like a comedian on the opening night when the house is laughing in the wrong places.

One morning at breakfast I was reading the paper and I let out a yell. "Look," I said. "Wasn't that Denver guy's name Albert J. Funkhouser?"

She said it was and grabbed the paper.

It told there how Albert J. Funkhouser had held up a bank single-handed in Trinidad, Colorado, and had killed three men and wounded two others and had been shot in the back by a policeman and was dying.

"Oh!" Bessie screamed. "The dirty dog!"

"Well," I tried to comfort her, "maybe you can get some of your money back."

"Money!" she yelled. "Money! It isn't the money. The dirty dog shot Mr. Funkhouser in the back! In the back!"

"Gee whiz, Bessie," I said. "But Funkhouser shot five guys!"

By this time she was crying, as if this Funkhouser was an old pal.

I wanted to go to Denver to try to save some of her money but she said, "Wait a while. Maybe it's a different man," and one day she gets a letter from a judge in Denver saying that in the effects of the late Albert J. Funkhouser was a deed for a mountain, made out in her name. The deed, he said, was found in an envelope and with it was four autographed pictures of Bessie and a page torn out of an old circus program telling the life story of the Flying Kennedys.

The judge said he was enclosing a letter from interested parties. The letter was from a Denver bank. They said Funkhouser had been dead broke most of his life and the only money put in the mine was Bessie's $25,000 and a client of theirs had offered him $325,000 for the property but he had been holding out for half a million even though he was starving. They said they would give her $350,000 for the mountain.

Bessie nodded, as calm as if the grocery man had delivered a sack of potatoes that she had ordered.

"I knew he was a lovely character," she said. "Give me a cigarette."

It looked like curtains for Bill McVeigh.

When Carolyn got back from Europe, Bessie was all set in a nice house in a high-class suburb out on Long Island, near a lot of folks that Carolyn used to visit for week ends. Bessie had joined a beach club and a country club.

Gossip all over the place had it that Bessie had cleaned up a million dollars in a gold mine, so that made folks laugh a little more than usual at her jokes, but I don't care how blue-blooded you are—you'd like Bessie.

Things happened fast. Summer wasn't over before Bessie bounced in to see us, beaming.

"It's all set," she said. "Carolyn's going to marry Freddy Potter."

"Gee whiz," I said. "Who's he?"

"His folks are in the Social Register. His father's got a house on the hill that's bigger than a main tent."

"That's terrible, Bessie," I said. "What about Bill McVeigh?"

"Just as I told you. That was puppy love."

I NEVER would have believed it if Carolyn hadn't told me, herself, the next morning.

"You gave Bill McVeigh a kick in the pants?" I asked her.

"Yes, Joe," she said. "I guess that's just what I did."

"Do you love this Potter egg?"

"He's a nice boy," she said. "Just the kind of husband Mother wants me to marry. And that's the kind I want!" She lifted up her chin.

"I give up," I said. "You're just as big a goof as your mother."

"If she's a goof," she said, "I want to be a goof. She's spent her whole life doing things for me—for everybody else, too. It's about time somebody did something for her. Come on," she said. "You and Olive get your bathing suits."

We went out to the beach club. Bessie met us there. We didn't go in the Sound but stayed in the pool. Bessie was having a swell time making high dives and Carolyn was right beside her, almost as good. The Potter boy was there. He didn't dive—said he had a headache but he knew all about diving. He knew all about everything, what the market was going to do, how to mix a Planter's Punch, who was going to win the Kentucky Derby, what was the matter with my radio orchestra and my flannel pants. He gave me a pain in the neck. Bessie thought he was hot stuff.

After a while, I got Carolyn off in one corner. We sat down.

"You're not a sap, Carolyn," I said.

"Thank you, Joe," she said, smiling.

"Get wise to yourself. It's all right to be like your mother but you're overdoing it. You've gone too far. You should have turned off at the fork."

"You don't understand, Joe."

"I do understand. It's mighty sweet of you to try to make everybody happy and do what they want but you don't need to go nuts about it. If you're going to be like your mother, for God's sake be like her."

"What are you talking about?"

"Get some backbone. Do you think, when she was a girl, she'd let her mother tell her who to marry? Not on your life."

"Umm," she said. "I've wondered about that myself."

"Bessie never would take it sitting down. She'd get up and fight. She'd get the man she loved."

"How?" she said, very solemn.

She got up. So did I.

"I don't know. I'm not the brains in this family. You're not Bessie Kennedy's daughter and Bill McVeigh *is* a billposter if you two can't figure out something and figure it out quick. Get hold of him and fix it to make Bessie like him as much as you do."

"Umm," she said. She looked across at Freddy Potter, who was standing in his bathing suit beside Bessie, probably telling her what was the matter with her diving.

Carolyn said, "When I told Bill about Freddy, Bill raised the devil. He said he'd thought I was too good for him but that he was certainly not going to let a sap like Freddy get me."

"Good for Bill."

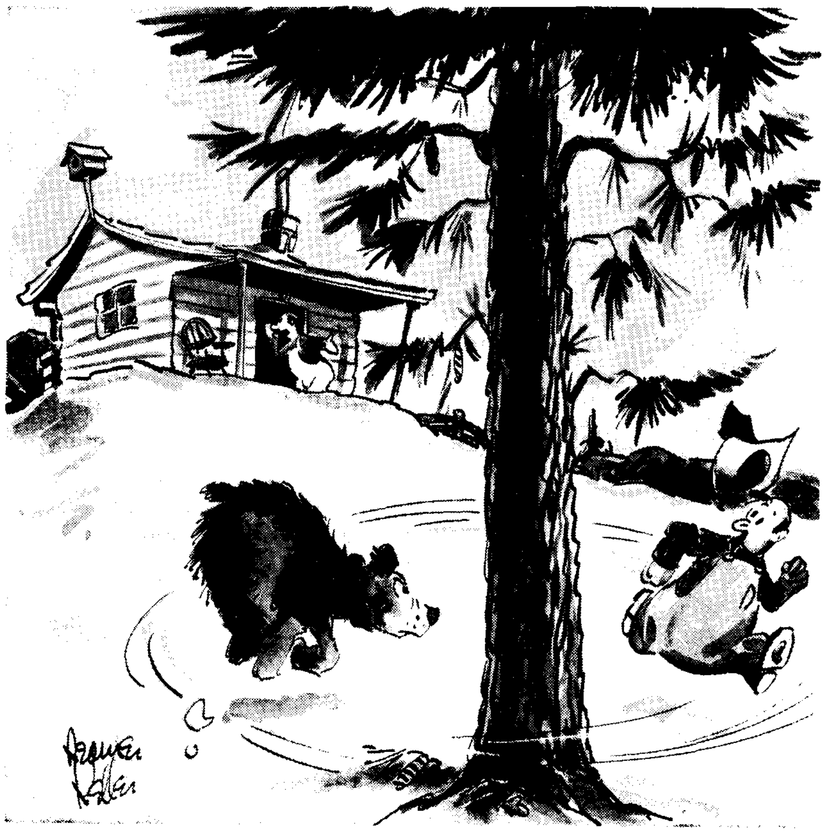
"He wanted me to elope. But I'd promised Mother." Carolyn was plenty worried. She was beginning to perk up.

"You're too damn' sweet," I said. "You make me tired." I didn't really mean it, but I was getting mad.

"I think you're right," Carolyn said. "I'll get Bill tonight and we'll do some thinking."

"Atta girl," I said.

The next Sunday they had their annual Water Sports Carnival at the beach club. Bessie was barred, as a profes-



"Better put some more potatoes on fer supper, Maw—Paw's goin' to have an appetite"

REAMER KELLER

# Income For Life

## FOR HUSBAND AND *WIFE*

IS your wife in your retirement picture?

After sixty-five you will receive a life income, if you are employed in an industry included in the Government's Social Security plan. But if you do not reach sixty-five, the benefits your wife will receive from this source will be small . . . too little to give her a life income or to take care of dependent children.

You can provide a retirement income for your wife; you can increase your own life income; you can provide protection for your children . . . all by means of a single life insurance contract, the John Hancock Selective Security Policy.

It is especially designed to supplement Social Security payments or to provide an independent fund for those not entitled to these benefits. It provides flexible protection for your wife, that she can turn into income if she so desires.

Get the full story of this modern, increasingly popular retirement plan . . . told completely . . . authoritatively . . . in a booklet we shall be glad to send you. It covers all angles of this important problem. It will help you determine how much additional income you and your family will need. It will show you how to prepare for a happy retirement, not a mere existence. Send for it . . . right now.

Department C
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.
Boston, Massachusetts

Please send me your booklet, "Selective Security."

*Name* ..........
*Address* ..........
*City* .......... *State* ..........

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
GUY W. COX, PRESIDENT

Adults are taking their cod liver oil vitamins this easy modern way

With 3 ADEX tablets instead of 5 spoonfuls of cod liver oil*

Who *wouldn't* prefer this modern form of the vitamins? Easy-to-take tablets instead of spoonfuls of cod liver oil! That's why people by the thousands are availing themselves of this winter protection, and delighted there's a way so pleasant.

Try it yourself, as a safeguard against *low general resistance* this winter. Start this very day with Adex!

Only three Adex tablets a day give you as much Vitamin A, the factor which contributes to good general resistance, as five teaspoonfuls of cod liver oil.* They also supply "sunshine" Vitamin D.

Both vitamins come from healthful *natural* sources, such as good cod and halibut liver oil. This helps explain why they will do you so much good.

There are other reasons, too, why you can count on results with Adex. The tablets are lastingly protected from the destructive action of air so there's no loss of vitamins. Finally, after careful tests, their vitamin content is *guaranteed.*

No matter how many other tablets or capsules you have tried, you'll never be more certain of results than with *Adex.* Get into the habit of taking it daily. Adex is now at any reliable drug store.

*3 Adex tablets equal 5 teaspoonfuls of U. S. P. XI minimum standard cod liver oil in Vitamins A & D, or 3 teaspoonfuls of Squibb's.

ADEX
VITAMIN A AND D TABLETS
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS
THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

sional, but she didn't care. Carolyn was entered in all the girls' diving events and it was a cinch that she'd win. Olive and I were there. So was Freddy Potter. He was picked to win the men's diving. I *looked over the program and all at once* gave a grunt. William McVeigh was in the men's diving!

"Hey," I said to Carolyn. "How come?"

"I fixed it," she said.

We were sitting alongside the pool. She was in her little striped bathing suit. Bessie and Olive hadn't come out yet. Some of the folks were practicing. Way up high on the diving tower, I saw a man standing.

"That's Freddy," she said.

He took a little run, a little hop and down he came. As pretty a double somersault as you ever saw—hardly a splash.

"I'm a son of a gun!" I said. "That boy can dive!"

"So can Bill," she said.

Freddy waved to Carolyn from the pool and climbed out and went into the clubhouse. She didn't wave back.

"What's Bill doing in that guy's class?" I said. I never had seen Bill dive.

"Bill will win," she said. "We've been thinking."

"What you been thinking about?"

"You said for us to."

It didn't make sense to me. Then the old bean began to work. I caught on.

"Bill," I said, "will show up Freddy? That'll knock Bessie for a loop?"

It didn't sound so hot. Especially since I'd seen Freddy do a double somersault. I had thought the kids would be able to fix up something better than that.

"How'd it be," I said, "if I went in and found Freddy and bought him a few stiff drinks?"

"No," she said.

I looked up at the diving tower. "If I could get up there I'd put some grease on those boards."

"No," she said.

"I could step on Freddy's toes."

She didn't like that one, either.

"Where's Bill?" I asked.

"He'll be here pretty soon. He had to work."

CAROLYN won the women's diving hands down. We were waiting for the men's event to begin—Bessie, Carolyn, Olive and me. Carolyn had a little robe thrown around her bathing suit and she was sitting next to me.

"Is Bill here?" I said.

"Yep," she said. "There he is now."

He had on black trunks and he was tall and thin around the waist and he had solid legs and carried himself like he was General Pershing and had just won the war.

I went over. He grinned at me and put an arm around my shoulders and said, "Joe, the wedding's going to be next week and you're going to be best man because you made Carolyn see things."

"I hope you're right," I said. "You think you can beat this Potter?"

"I may kill myself doing it," he said, "but I'll win."

I went back and sat with Carolyn. It sounded silly to me. Even if Bill did win how were they sure that would make him Mister Big with Bessie? She was a mighty stubborn woman.

There were five guys entered. Freddy was off first with a swallow dive. Bill followed. There wasn't anything to choose between them as far as I could see, but Bessie sniffed at Bill's dive and said, "Late on the upswing," which didn't mean anything to me.

They did the jackknife and I began to feel itchy, for even I could lamp that Freddy had something on the ball the others didn't. He was smoother and when he hit the water it was like dropping a silver dollar in it, edgewise. I reached over and held Carolyn's arm, just to steady her, but she was as solid as a rock.

"He's all right," she said. Just like Bessie had said about the guy with the gold mine.

They announced the single somersault from the thirty-foot board. Freddy took it easy and smooth like he was doing a waltz step. Bill walked to the end of the board, walked back, turned and got set.

"This is Bessie's favorite dive," I said. "He'd better be good."

"He'll be good," said Carolyn.

Bill started his run. There was something wrong about it. I felt it. He gave a spring. He twisted in the air, he turned sidewise, he sprawled, he smacked into the water flat on his stomach like a bale of hay.

I heard Bessie cry, "The lopsided hippopotamus!"

I groaned. The kids' idea had laid an egg.

Carolyn cried, "Oh! He's hurt." And *she ran down the steps.* I was close behind her. She dived in.

I heard Bessie yell again, "The lopsided hippopotamus!" She was rushing past me and I grabbed her. It looked as if she was about to jump in with all her clothes on.

A couple of men dived in and helped Carolyn get Bill to shore. Bessie and I reached down and dragged him out and he flopped down on the tiles like a dead flounder. Freddy sauntered up, laughing.

"Tickle his ribs," he said. "That'll wake him up."

Bessie turned on him and snapped, "You'd let him drown! Scram!"

I started to roll Bill over on his face so as to try to pump air into him and Bessie pushed me away and kneeled down on the wet tiles and said, "I know how to take care of hippopotamuses. This boy is as bad as Al was!" She slapped Bill's face a couple of times and began to squeeze his ribs and all the time she was muttering, "You lunkhead. You lopsided hippopotamus. Who ever told you you could do a somersault?" Bam! Bam! Bam! she slapped him and finally he began to breathe a little and opened his eyes and he gave a groan and then a grin and he felt his chest where it turned out later there were two broken ribs.

Carolyn held his face in her hands and said, "Darling, are you all right?"

Bill tried to talk but he didn't have enough breath and Bessie snorted, "Of course he's all right, the fathead." She pulled Carolyn back and said, "Look here, now, kissing is bad for 'em until they get their breath. Here. You move in and rub his stomach—easy, now. That's it."

Bessie stood up. She looked down possessively at Bill and Carolyn and wrinkled her forehead and took a deep breath and growled, "He's just like Al—the nitwit. Needs somebody to take care of him." She dusted off her hands. "He's better now, honey," she said to Carolyn. "It won't hurt, I guess, to kiss him—just once or twice."

While the doctor was strapping up Bill's ribs in the clubhouse Bessie and me waited outside.

"Bill's a good kid," I said.

"I never said he wasn't," she mumbled, glaring at me.

"Gonna let Carolyn have him, hey?" I asked.

She nodded fiercely. "One for Carolyn and two for me," *she* snapped. "It's about time somebody was thinking about me around this place. I'm tired doing things all the time for other people. Now I'm going to do something for myself. This helpless billposter is just like Al and taking care of Al was the most fun I ever had. That Freddy Potter! Ugh! He said he wanted to take care of *me!*"

AFTER the wedding I kissed Carolyn and said, "I sure can't wish you anything better than the luck you got. You frame it to take Bessie with good diving and Bill turns out to be the worst in the world—and still you take her. *Because* he's the worst. With luck like that Bill could plant sunflowers and they'd blossom seven-dollar orchids."

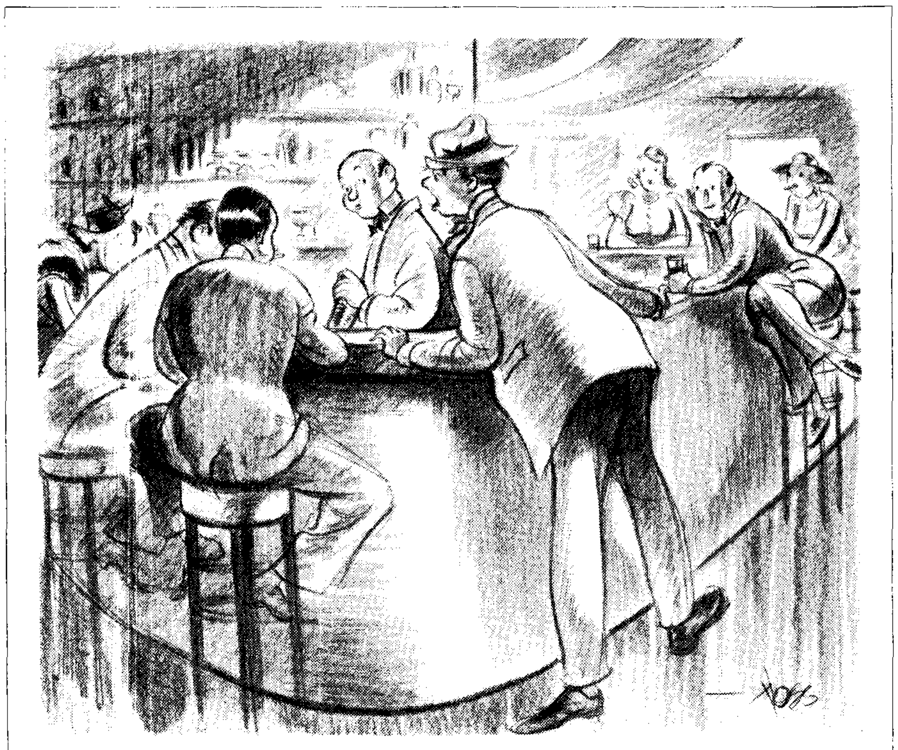
"You told us to do some thinking, Joe," she said, patting my cheek, "and we did."

There was something queer in the way she smiled, like she knew something I didn't know and that night I said to Olive, "Out there at the diving contest Bill said something about how he might kill himself but he'd win. Do you suppose those kids figured that all out themselves and Bill did that flop on purpose?"

"What do you think?" Olive said.

"I don't know, for sure," I said, "but I'm going to get my mind working on it."

"Don't strain yourself," Olive said.



"Where's the bouncer? I gotta go home and I don't wanna!"

A. ROSS

# WINTER IS HERE!

FIVE minutes from now tells the *real* story of this Winter day's outing. Will the engine start?

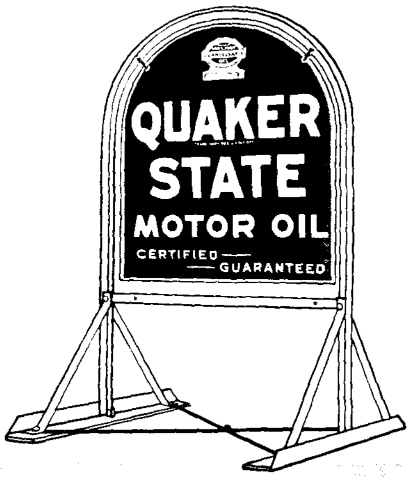
Winter starting and lubrication of the compact, high-speed engines of today require an oil of positive qualities. Such an oil must *flow* instantly on the coldest day. It must *lubricate* at all driving speeds. It must *stand up*.

Last Winter, over two million critical car owners found perfect freedom from starting and lubricating troubles by using Quaker State Winter Oils and Superfine Greases.

Another Winter is here. Why tolerate faulty starting and possible damage to your motor? You have heard your friends praise Quaker State's quality many times. Try it yourself, and learn the actual pleasure and economy of using the motor oil which gives you *"an extra quart of lubrication in every gallon."* That's why it is possible for you to go farther before you need a quart.

Quaker State Winter Oil is made in two grades to meet all Winter weather. Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Penn.

*Retail price, 35¢ per quart*



## CHANGE TODAY TO QUAKER STATE

## WINTER OIL

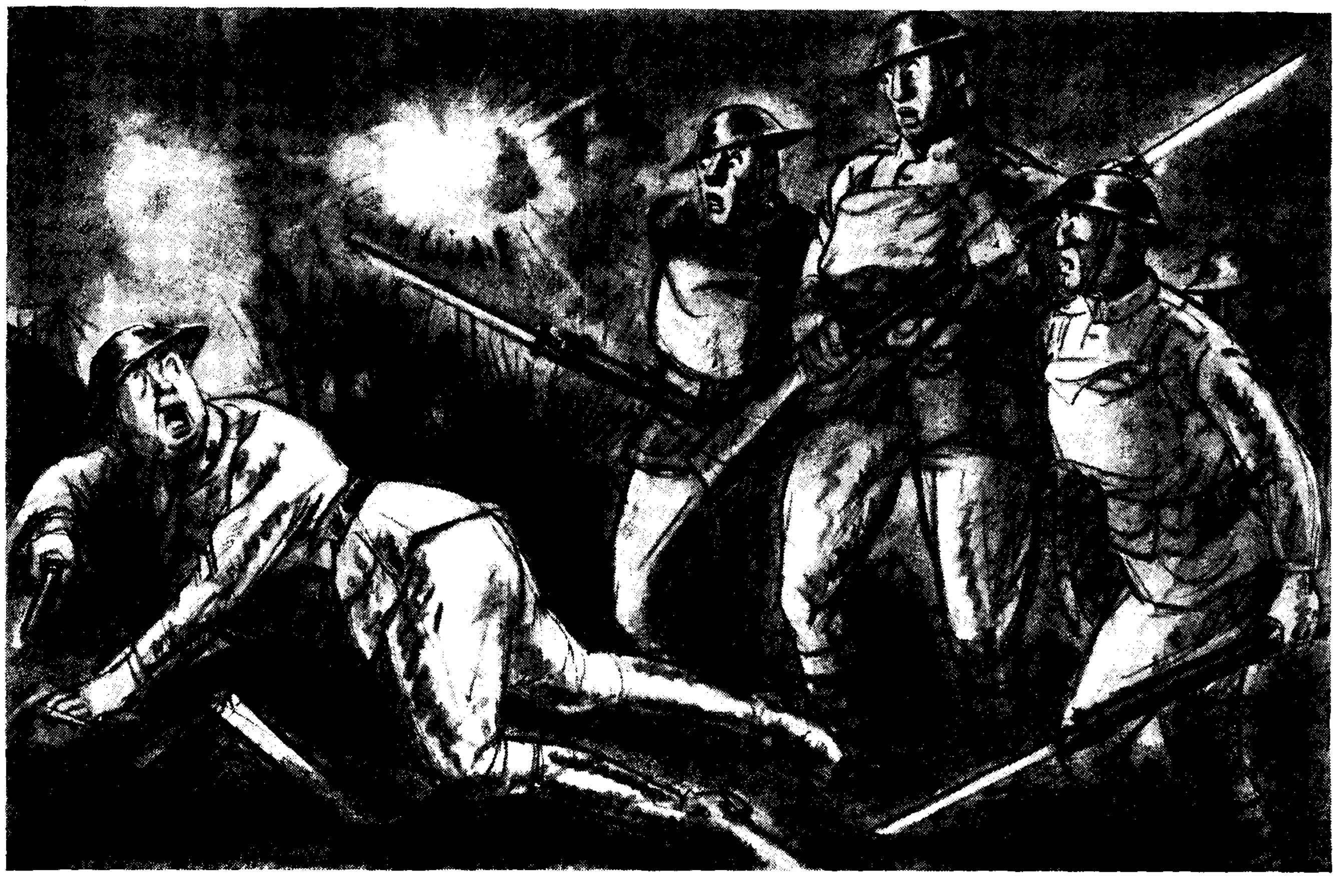
**AND SUPERFINE WINTER GREASES**

# The Hill of Gasquet

## By Max Brand

**What Fatty Earle's toothache did to some fighting Yanks in France**

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS PRISCILLA



The Brigadier said, "O'Leary, I don't need your help. I can carry my own blankety-blank fat belly"

DOWN there on the front between Mézigny and Gasquet everything was quiet except the right upper canine tooth of Private James (Fatty) Earle, which was aching so hard that it sometimes made him lift his right foot knee-high and set him hopping in a circle.

Except for Private Fatty Earle nothing had happened in this sector since the first murder days of 1914. After that the Germans dug in on one side and the French on the other and neither stirred for years. Generals and battalions in need of rest were slipped into this dull backwater for relaxation. A ticket to Gasquet was almost like home leave; and it certainly was a mistake that set the whole French army sighing when this halcyon spot was assigned to the Americans. Generally the Yankees took over with a savage enthusiasm to do or die and a naïve belief that the Old World, like its pugilists, knew how to start a fight but not how to finish one; but down there in Gasquet even Americans could see that it was a place where enthusiasm should be bated.

Everyone who glanced at those entrenchments could understand why. For the French lines, now occupied by Americans, lay across a marsh, the little concrete walls standing up and fairly asking to be knocked over by shellfire onto the heads of unfortunate soldiers. But the Germans opposite them were in just as bad a case, for their entrenchments were dug around the shoulders of the steep hill of Gasquet, with the bright village standing at the top, a little rat-eaten at the corners by the bombardments of 1914 but gradually healing its wounds with time. This to a layman's eye would seem an ideal position from which to pour forth a plunging fire, but as a matter of fact Gasquet stood up like the apple on the head of young Tell and any William with six-inch guns could not fail to knock it to smithereens. As for the trenches across the round of the slope, they were in even worse case, for the Hill of Gasquet is composed of loose rock and shale, and a small shell, exploding in this material, sent bursting, ruinous landslides down the pitch. A single explosion launched a thousand deadly, flying rocks, a sort of natural shrapnel with gravity taking the place of gunpowder.

FOR these double reasons the Germans in Gasquet treated the hostile lines with the utmost consideration, and the Americans were to the Germans as second cousins, at least. A friendly traffic sprang up in wine and beer, cigarettes, coffee, bread, sausages, phonograph records, newspapers, and other odds and ends. The atmosphere of Gasquet was such that a regiment of shock troops in a single day lost its war rage and settled down to the smoking of pipes.

In Gasquet such strange things were to be seen as laundry drying on barbed-wire entanglements, and in No Man's Land a little wilderness of shrubbery was growing up around the edges of the shell-holes of 1914. Rabbits, which grow up almost like grass everywhere, yearning to be stewed in France or pickled in Germany, appeared in this miniature wilderness and both sides set snares for them. These mild combatants gave a certain face to the state of war by not walking insolently forth in the middle of the day. Instead, they would set their traps in the dimness of twilight and make the rounds of their snares in the dawn.

And it was just at dawn that Private Fatty Earle, his eyes sharpened by the torment of his toothache, saw a figure in the field-gray of Germany plundering a trap which he, Fatty Earle, had set with his own hands the evening before. He stared, incredulous for a moment, but gradually it swept over his spirit—a savage anger, a blood-lust, which made him lift the rifle to his shoulder and follow the retreat of the German to the mound of the first trench. There Fatty observed two things. In the first place he saw that the rabbit was in fact a huge, fat, sleek beast, a real Santa Claus among rabbits; in the second place he was aware that the German had turned and was thumbing his nose at the entire Western World. At that moment also the tooth gave to Fatty a pain that thrust deeper than a plunging bayonet, and his soft forefinger closed on the trigger of the rifle.

THE German, at the report, jumped a foot into the air. He landed with his left hand clasping his right shoulder, then slipped down into the trench, from which a long, pealing yell of rage and astonishment rang across the lowlands and over the trenches of the Americans. An instant later a machine gun began to stammer like a drunken mistress; and the whole American camp roused from a dream of peace to find itself in a nightmare of war with the three-inch shells

(Continued on page 57)

CARBURETOR
U. S. Pat. No. 2,082,106
KAYWOODIE

A New Way of Burning Tobacco

This patented new way of burning tobacco does it *better*, *cooler* and *cleaner*. Carburetor Kaywoodie pipes take in drafts of air *from the bottom*—producing a new kind of smoke:

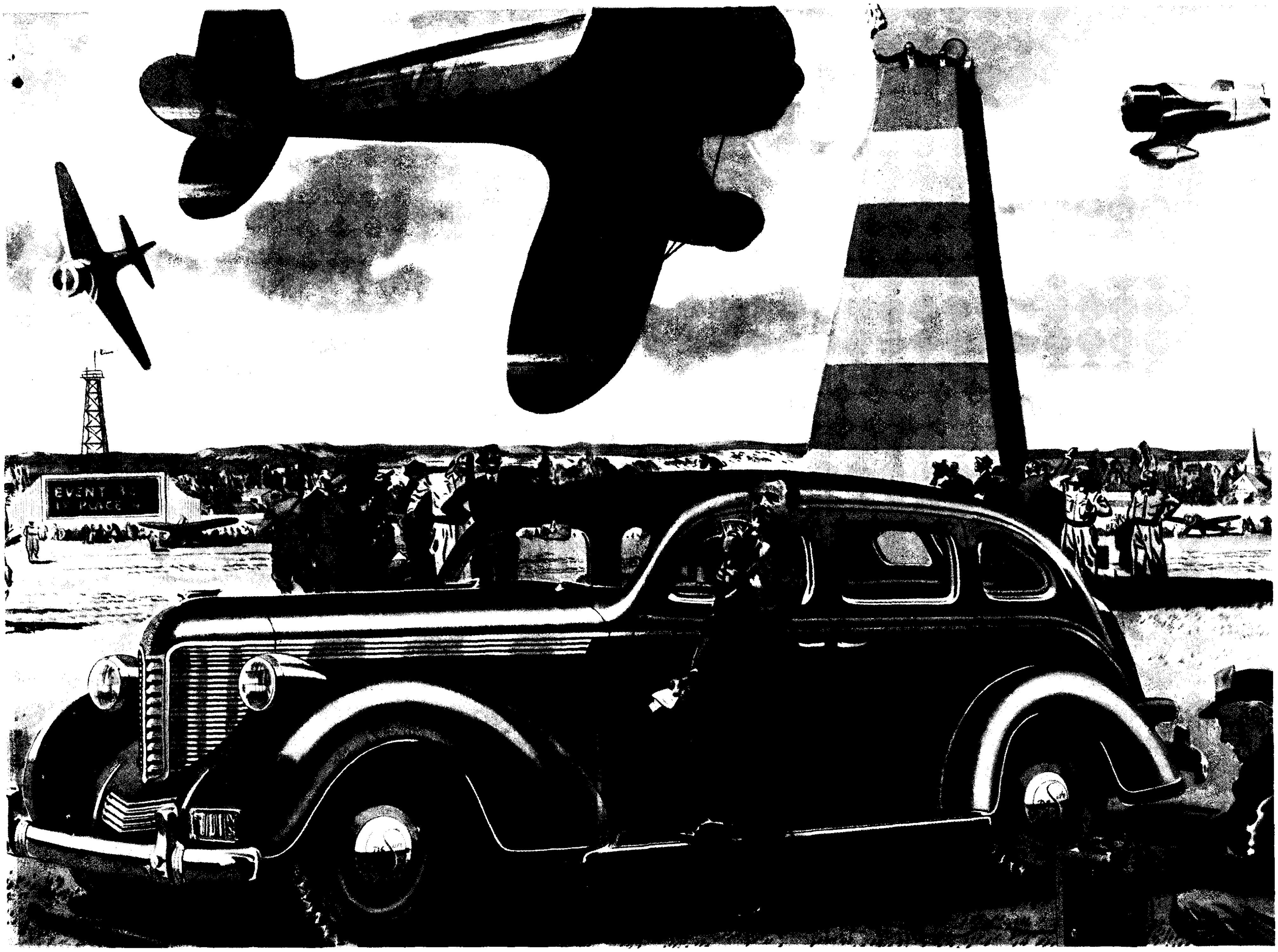
1. UPDRAFT keeps pipe-bowl absolutely dry inside.
2. PERFECT MIXTURE (of air and smoke) takes rawness out of any tobacco, makes it *mild*.
3. CARBURETOR ACTION burns tobacco evenly and completely, producing better flavor.
4. CARBURETOR ACTION keeps smoke cool at all times.

No change in appearance — Carburetor Kaywoodie looks just like other Kaywoodies —its Carburetor is hidden in the bottom of the bowl. It has the famous Drinkless Attachment in the stem. This Carburetor principle has endeared these pipes to thousands of men who find it adds much joy to pipe-smoking. Even cigarette-smokers like it because it's so mild. Try it! $4.00.

*Send for 1937 Kaywoodie Book in colors. Pictures 158 pipes. Enclose 10c for mailing.*

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
*Rockefeller Center*
NEW YORK *and* LONDON

# A NOSE FOR NEWS! THAT'S WHY LOWELL THOMAS PICKS DE SOTO AS CAR OF YEAR



## America's Ace Radio Commentator has a Big Story about his new De Soto Car

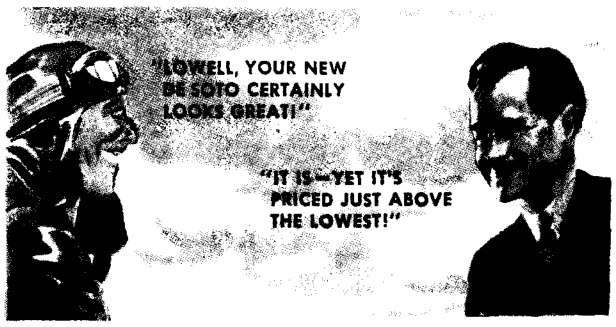
"IT'S AMERICA'S SMARTEST low-priced car!" That's the motor news of the year—flashed to you by De Soto-owner Lowell Thomas.

Here's what he says: "The great new De Soto is news because it *interests* people. It attracted thousands at the auto shows and it's being talked about all over America! I'm certainly sold on mine!"

No wonder! This great car is more luxurious than ever...both inside and out. Faster pick-up...easier handling...bigger, *genuine* hydraulic brakes...more comfortable Safety Interior...the year's smartest styling—every great new De Soto feature is a page one headline story!

And here's the best news yet: De Soto is priced just a few dollars above the lowest! This *big* car actually costs no more to run than most *small* cars!

It's easy to own! See your De Soto dealer. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.


"LOWELL, YOUR NEW DE SOTO CERTAINLY LOOKS GREAT!"
"IT IS—YET IT'S PRICED JUST ABOVE THE LOWEST!"

### IT'S AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR

QUICK FACTS: 1. "Lightning-fast" pick-up... Improved 93-h.p. "Economy Engine." 2. Patented Floating Power engine mountings. 3. Longer wheelbase...119 inches. 4. Bigger hydraulic brakes. 5. Easier shifting. 6. Safety-steel body rubber-mounted on a bigger, stronger frame. 7. Luxurious Safety Interior. 8. "Cushioned" ride with airplane-type shock-absorbers. 9. Easier steering...no "road-shock." Ask for Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—COLUMBIA NETWORK—THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

# SEE YOUR DE SOTO DEALER

FOR A
**GREAT CAR, FINE SERVICE**
AND A **SQUARE DEAL**

The old mill stream's curren

THE WORLD MOVES FORWARD WITH STEEL

TOILING HALF as hard as his ancestors, an American worker accomplishes 40 times as much. Housewives press buttons, no longer bending over brooms and tubs. Factories can draw their power from coal or water hundreds of miles away.

A single power system can serve 200,000 square miles. Borne on steel towers that are termite-proof, storm-proof and fire-proof, mighty networks carry the invisible servant that has transformed the modern world.

And each year that servant works for less. In the last ten years the average domestic electric rate has been reduced 32.7%; the average family's bill is now only 9 cents a day.

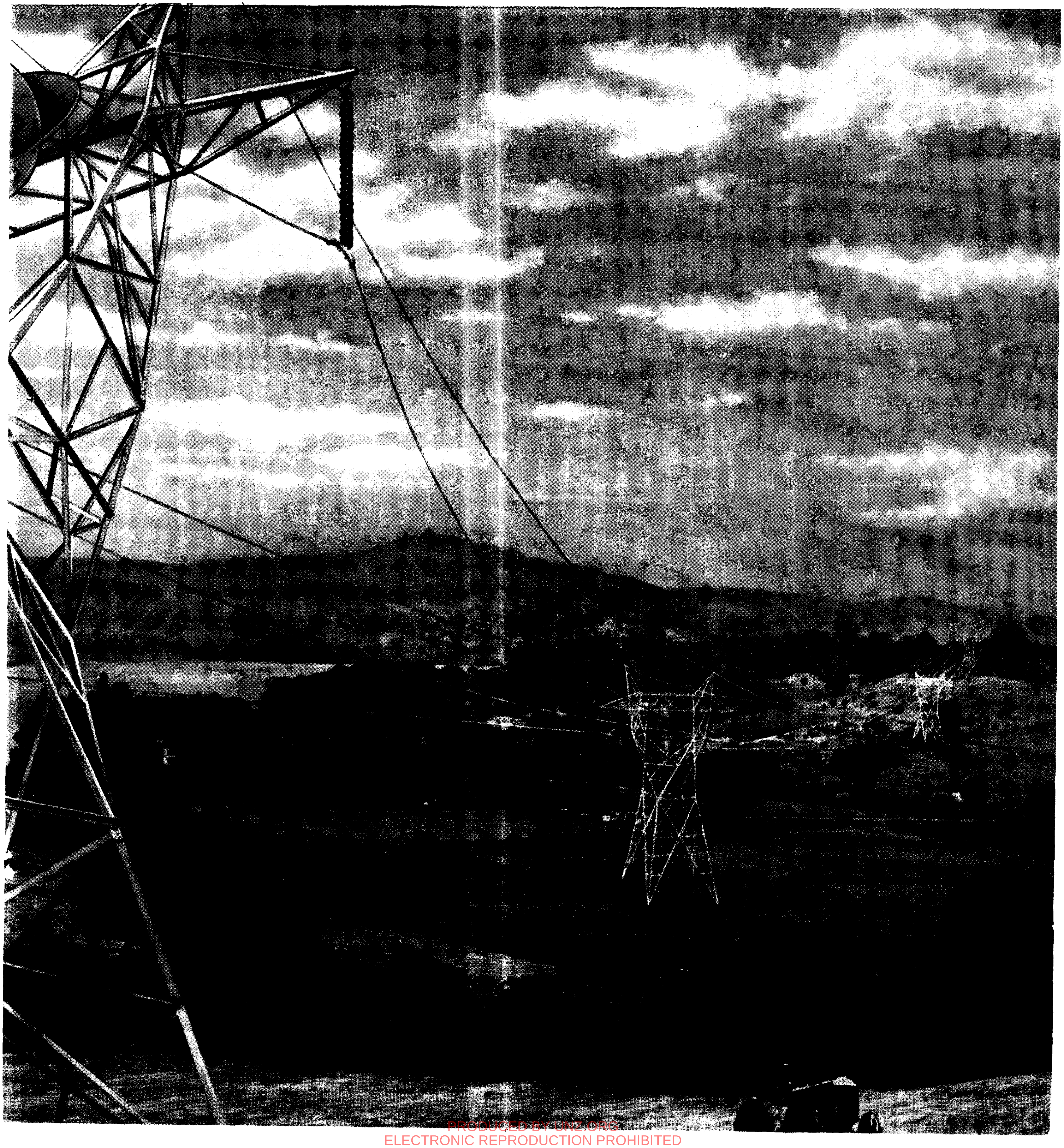
Steel has played a tremendous part. New alloy steels of great strength have made possible high-pressure steam boilers and turbines—cost-reducers. Steel has fashioned 200 million electric flat-irons, 10 million electric refrigerators, and 9 million washing machines. Not just ordinary steel, but specially developed steels from which can be stamped parts that are both light and strong—sheets that take and hold enamel well—stainless alloys that stay bright forever. New and better steels like these grew from the combined efforts of the men in United States Steel's 89 laboratories and the workers in the mills. If you have a steel problem in your business, we invite you to "put it up to Steel." Any of the Companies listed will welcome your inquiry.

USS

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · SCULLY STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · *United States Steel Corporation Subsidiaries*

UNITED STATES STEEL

# now flows through the AIR



You don't have to be Chinese to enjoy food like this. The melon in the center contains baked water chestnuts, mushrooms and bamboo shoots with smoked ham; at the left is a dish of sweet, pungent spareribs and at the right boneless chicken with Chinese vegetables. Tea, rice and a relish complete the setup

PAVELLE-JACOBS

# Try This on Your Chopsticks

FIRST off, we might as well get this Chinese egg thing straight. There is an American legend to the effect that a Chinese egg is an egg buried back in the Ming dynasty, to be dug up hundreds of years later and served at an Oriental banquet as the No. 1 appetizer.

As a matter of fact, the purple and brown eggs that sometimes turn up at Chinese feasts, with all the appearances of age and infirmity, are really only nice fresh duck eggs that have been overcoated with a mixture of mud, wheat chaff and strong tea and then baked for five hours. Plenty of them are eaten the same day they're laid, which is faster than most American eggs are eaten. But they will last for a long time, if necessary, without deteriorating.

Some Chinese like baked eggs a few months old, just as some Americans like cheese a few years old. But you can't get most Americans to eat old eggs and no Chinese would think of getting within five feet of a pound of vintage cheese. An Eskimo who never had been conditioned either to eggs or cheese probably would choose the egg—if he was pretty hungry.

Now that's settled, we can go ahead with the main idea, which is Chinese cookery and how to experiment with it in your own kitchen some day when you feel reckless and nobody that matters is coming to dinner.

The Chinese, who were food-preparation experts three thousand years before the Pilgrim Fathers pulled pinfeathers out of wild turkeys, have several basic rules about cookery and eating. It was the upstart whites, for example, who invented the idea of soup to nuts. The Chinese rule always has been just the reverse—starting with melon seeds and ending up with a clear broth.

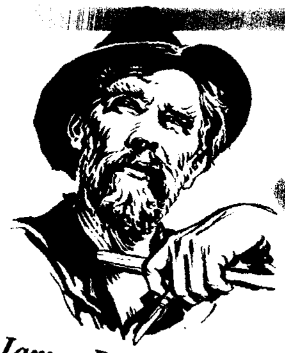
### By
### Peggy Marshall

**Chinese and Japanese cooking represents eight thousand years of experimentation. But it won't take you that long to learn its secret. Here's a choice of dishes, easy to prepare and not hard to take**

Another Chinese idea is that the dinner table is no place for the dissection of cooked birds or animals and that the study of anatomy or the wild struggles of a knife-and-fork wielder to carve up a duck or a roast of beef interfere with the benign delights of eating. The edged and pointed weapons with which foreign devils hack and stab their food after it is on the table have no place at an Oriental feast. Everything arrives ready to eat with spoon or chopsticks.

First thing that turns up at a Chinese table is a mound of steaming-hot, scented Turkish towels about a foot square. With these the host and his guests mop their hands and faces and so are ready to

# *Have you the eyes of a* GREAT ENTERTAINER?



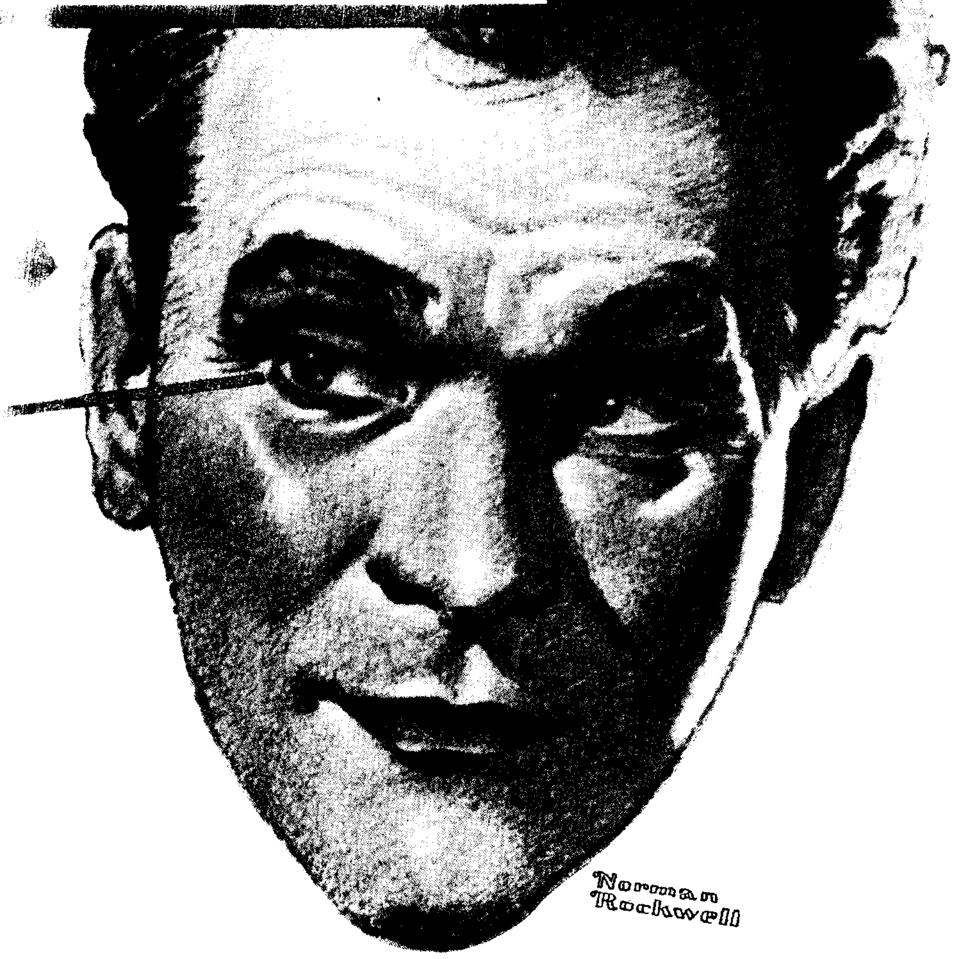
*James Barton in "Tobacco Road"*

. . . the great entertainer who heads the cast of the record-breaking theatrical success, "Tobacco Road". Mr. Barton, in the role of "Jeeter Lester", has looked across the footlights at no less than 1700 packed houses! Have *you* the eyes of a great entertainer?

**This is the Face of JAMES BARTON**

## EYES OF A GREAT ENTERTAINER

Large, clear and alert—customarily held in somewhat narrowed position. The brows are heavy and far apart, and grow closer to the eye at the inner edge than at the outer edge. Several horizontal lines are observed above the brows and also at the eyes' outer edges. These are the fascinating eyes of one—alert, gifted, sensitive, thoughtful, humorous, generous, understanding—the perfect entertainer!


Norman Rockwell

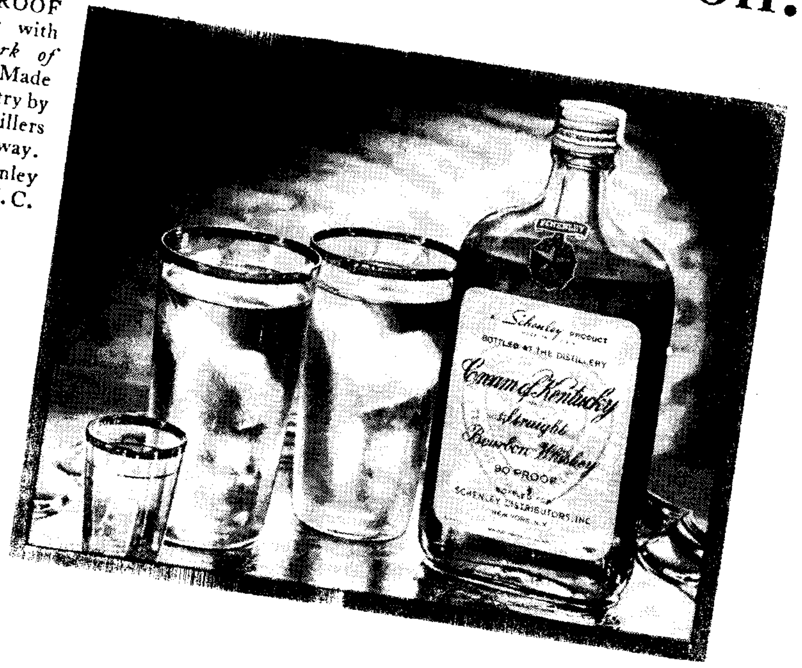
As a great entertainer you, too, will score a *hit*, if the next time you entertain, you give your guests the *"double-rich"* Kentucky straight Bourbon!

SCHENLEY'S

Cream of Kentucky

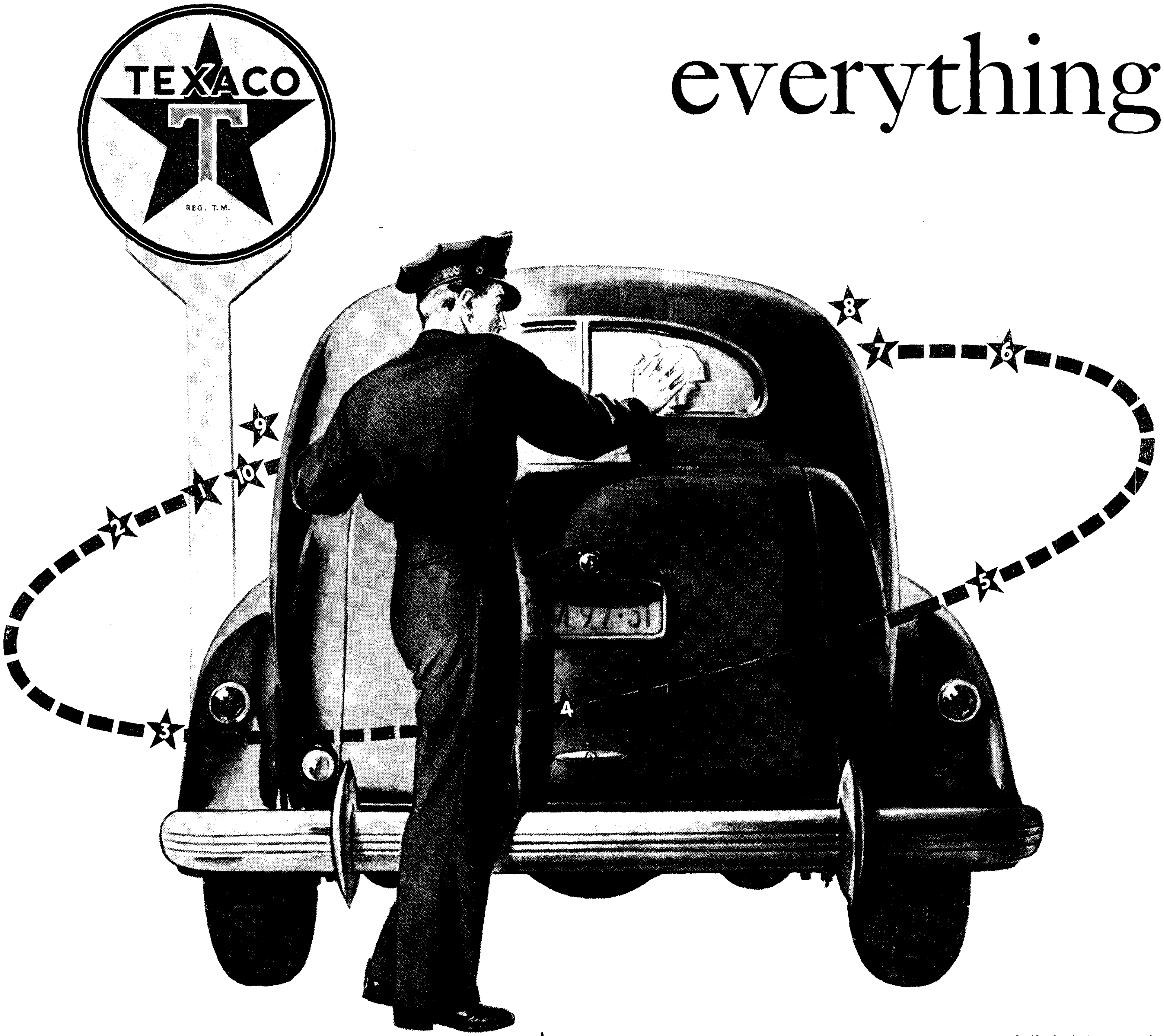
*STRAIGHT* BOURBON *WHISKEY*

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit.* Made in the Bluegrass Country by master Kentucky distillers the good old Kentucky way. Copyright 1937, Schenley Distributors, Inc., N. Y. C.


Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC.

# "Circle Service"

## everything



1. Polishes left half of your windshield—doing a quick, thorough cleaning job.
2. Greets you cheerfully, then offers you your choice of either "FIRE-CHIEF OR ETHYL."
3. Fills order for gasoline quickly and carefully, being sure not to overflow your tank.
4. Does a real cleaning job on the rear window and stop light.
5. As he circles your car he notes condition of the tires and remembers for your information.
6. Polishes right half of windshield and notes the condition of wiper blades and arms.
7. Cleans your headlight lenses. Checks the lights if you wish and replaces with new bulbs if needed.
8. Checks your radiator, adds water if needed, being careful to first check on your anti-freeze.
9. Checks your oil, using clean cloth or napkin . . . presenting the gauge for your inspection.
10. Reports on conditions observed and offers to service tires and batteries if you desire it.

Copyright 1937
by The Texas Company

# your car needs–*done quickly*

## QUICKER, MORE COMPLETE ATTENTION FOR YOUR CAR.

You want a sparkling clean windshield. You want your headlights cleaned for night driving. You want the assurance that your tires are in safe driving condition. You like to know as you drive that your oil has been recently checked. And the water.

So...we Dealers developed "CIRCLE SERVICE." It's a new systematic way to give your car these courtesy services... *quickly*... in one complete circling of your car. Thousands of Texaco Dealers have adopted it.

We're glad to render this thorough extra service and to deliver Fire-Chief gasoline to your engine.

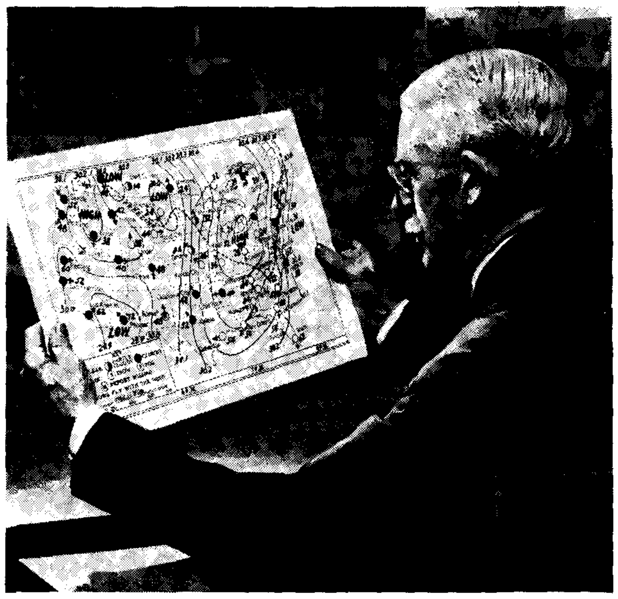
Fire-Chief gasoline is the only gasoline made differently in the four seasons to meet the temperature conditions in 24 different U. S. climate zones. The result is quick starts (*in less than 10 turns of the engine*), freedom from cold weather engine stalling, and a saving up to 30% on gasoline on short trips.

For "CIRCLE SERVICE," we urge you to:

*Try a Texaco Dealer next time . . .*

# TEXACO DEALERS

*This message is published in behalf of more than 45,000 independent Texaco Dealers by The Texas Company... Sponsors of Eddie Cantor in "Texaco Town." (On the air every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network)... Makers of Fire-Chief Gasoline, New Texaco Motor Oil, Havoline and Marfak. Also more than 350 Industrial Lubricants . . . More tourists use Fire-Chief than any other gasoline.*



"ZONED" FIRE-CHIEF. We studied 40 years of weather so that Texaco Fire-Chief could be made differently in each season to match the temperature variations of 24 different regions of the U. S. You get a livelier, quicker starting gasoline made for the exact locality in which you are driving.

TEXACO
REG. T.M.

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE COLD? Not your Texaco Dealer. He knows every cold snap wins new friends for Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline. Because Fire-Chief is *matched* to the cold weather...the only gasoline made to suit *your* winter starting requirements... no matter where you do your driving.

# Life Begins At 40

RESERVE BANK

## His "Retirement Age" Came at 65. He Starts a Second Career

*Alexander S. Kalischer*
*Left Federal Reserve Bank—*
*Starts in Printing Business*

IN THE PAST 44 YEARS Mr. Kalischer has probably handled more coins than any other man in the United States.

What a wealth of experience he has built up! And Alexander Kalischer is not sitting back as many men would. He is starting in on a *new* career in the printing business—and to it he will bring *an expertness in judgment, accuracy in detail, and proof against being fooled*—such as no younger man could possibly have.

Countless men of 40 and up have these same qualities in varying degrees. They are priceless qualities in business. If employers do not seem to value them enough, it may be because men often reach their fullest mental powers—just when many of them are beginning to slip *physically.*

*If you do not intend to be forced into a back seat, take stock of your health.* Some adjustment in diet, a little more sleep or exercise may be all you need, to start you on a new career—towards a new "top."

## They are Winning New Success—YOU Can, Too

### IN TOP-NOTCH FORM AGAIN

*Mr. George K. Durland, Jr.*

*Dear Life Begins:*

I am a buyer in a department store, on my feet all day. This is hard work, a nervous strain and requires good health. Sports kept me in good condition until a few years ago.

Then my digestion went back on me. A friend told me Fleischmann's Yeast straightened him out fine. I ate it for several weeks with definite improvement. The distress from gas stopped.

Now I can hunt or ride for four or five hours at a time, and spend three days shooting in the woods in perfect comfort.

As my digestive system got back to normal, I had no more discomfort. Now, I can strike a good bargain with the wiliest salesmen.

GEORGE K. DURLAND, Jr.

### HELPS SCOUTS

*Dear Life Begins:*

When I was about 40 or so, my health seemed to fail and I thought the dreaded fortieth birthday was an end to youth.

My digestion bothered me. *I had very severe headaches.* Someone suggested Fleischmann's Yeast, so I started to eat it.

Headaches and indigestion disappeared. I have energy to burn. Recently we moved to a three-story house. Running up and down stairs is no trouble with my *new* feeling of health.

*Best of all,* I am closer than ever to my children. All four of them are ardent Scouts. Working for their cause has made me one of them, and very *young.*

FLORENCE GRAHAM

*Mrs. George H. Graham, Jr.*

### BACK IN REAL ESTATE AT 51

*Mr. Ben Small*

*Dear Life Begins:*

I am a real-estate man. Some ten years ago, when the bottom fell out of Florida real estate, I lost everything. I had a physical collapse—my hair turned pure white.

The first job I could find was in the hotel business. But I had no interest in it and made no attempt to get back on my feet financially.

Then a friend advised me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast, instead of just going along sapping the little vitality I had left. I tried it, and in a short time not only my health but my morale was completely restored.

Now I'm back in my own line—real estate—in New York, and have made a definite success of it.

BEN SMALL

## When Digestion Slows Down You Feel Your Age

At 40, or soon after, the action of the gastric juices begins to be less efficient. Not only do they lose their full strength—they even flow less freely.

What your system needs at this time is a little help.

Fleischmann's Yeast gives this help. It *tones up* digestion by inducing a *fuller* and *more potent* flow of the gastric juices.

Also, Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in 4 important vitamins, which give an added tonic action.

Start eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day—one cake ½ hour before each meal—plain or in a little water. See how much better you feel!

**$25 WILL BE PAID FOR LETTERS of success after 40—so helpful to others we wish to print them. If you can truly credit to Fleischmann's Yeast some part of the health that made your success possible—write us—enclosing your picture. Life Begins, 420 Lexington Ave., New York. (Unused letters and pictures cannot be returned.)** Copyright, 1937, Standard Brands Incorporated

eat, refreshed and clean. Once you do this in the Far East you like it and wonder why American hostesses don't try it—just as, after you have grown accustomed to removing your dirty shoes before entering a Japanese home, you wonder why sanitary-minded Americans don't adopt that custom, too.

To get going on Chinese cookery in your own home you really need little you won't find on the kitchen shelves. You'll probably have to buy some peanut oil, soya sauce and ginger root. If you can't get peanut oil, any vegetable oil will do. Also, you'll need a bottle of cooking sherry, to do duty for the Chinese wine that's probably not available.

In most American cities you can buy canned bean shoots, water chestnuts, bamboo sprouts and other Oriental vegetables but if you can't you can get along without them by using native greenstuffs. You'll need polished rice, because that is, by legend, the staple food of all the Chinese. Actually, a majority of Chinese use wheat, millet and *kaoliang,* but almost a couple of hundred millions of them do eat rice, which is not a particularly good food after it has been cleaned and shined up.

### Experiment with Eggs

In your experimenting you might as well start with eggs—it is pretty hard to spoil an egg. For two people, the Chinese cook melts lard half an inch deep in a frying pan and before it gets too hot slides the eggs into it. When they're a nice brown they're folded over in the middle, like a roll, taken out, laid on a piece of paper to drain, peppered and served with soya sauce, instead of salt. If you like this, it's fine; if not, you're only out a couple of eggs.

Another egg dish is made by taking the yolks of five eggs, a cup of milk, a tablespoonful of butter and a cupful of chopped ham. Mix this all up and add the well-beaten whites of the eggs. About twenty minutes in a hot oven gives you something to talk about at the Afternoon Delphian Club.

With their breakfast the Chinese probably will have small doughballs steamed in a spider over a pot of boiling water, or else thin batter rings fried in deep fat. And tea. Despite a lot of talk about the mysterious process of making tea, the Chinese make it just as we do—tea leaves, boiling water and five minutes to steep.

There's nothing mysterious, either, about steaming rice, which you'll have to do if you experiment much with Chinese cookery. The Chinese take half a cup of the grain for each eater and wash it and wash it and wash it. Then they get a deep pan with a closely fitting lid, dump in the rice, cover it about an inch deep with water and bring it to a boil. As soon as it boils, the pan goes to the back of the stove to simmer for half an hour—or until the water disappears and the rice is flaky. The pan is left on the back of the stove, keeping the rice hot until it's needed.

In China ducks and pork take the places of chickens and beef—but they always arrive at the table, remember, cut up and ready to eat. Dodging such delicacies as orange duck or pineapple duck, you might start on straight Chinese fried duck, which is easy to cook and not hard to take afterward.

First thing you have to do is carve up a fat young duck and dust it with salt and pepper. Then you get half an inch of peanut oil sizzling in a big pan and fry your cut-up duck slowly until it's a golden brown. While this is going on mix half a cup of soya sauce with half a cup of water, add a piece of shredded ginger, half a cup of sherry and some green onion sprouts. Pour this sauce over your frying duck, slip a cover on the pan and let the whole thing simmer for half an hour. . . . Boy! Is that duck!

Great treat for Chinese children is duck feet, and you might experiment with the pair you chop off your next duck. Once you've tried this, you'll ask your duck man to save feet for you.

First, wash your duck feet well and boil them for five minutes. Then skin them and take out the bones. Cut each foot in two and fry about five minutes. Then add some water and some soya sauce and simmer until tender.

Every visitor to China has eaten and liked "sweet and sour pork." It's easy to prepare and you can have it steaming on the table in thirty minutes. Have your butcher chop up a pound of spareribs into inch-long pieces. Wash the pieces and dry them on a cloth. Dip them in flour—bean flour is best, but wheat flour will do—and fry them in deep, hot lard until brown. Then drain most of the lard from the pan and add a little vinegar, a pinch or two of ginger root, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a teaspoon of salt, a wineglassful of sherry, and the same amount of soya sauce and a little more flour.

Pour a cup of boiling water over everything and cook with the lid off until everything candies. You'll have enough "sweet and sour pork" for four people—and if you serve it in hot bowls, with chopsticks, and provide steaming towels before and after, that'll be a real Chinese feast. Hot steamed rice in separate bowls goes well with this.

In Japan the two favorite dishes are sukiyaki—"s'ki'aki" to the Japanese—and tempura. Tempura is merely fish cut into small pieces and fried in deep fat. The guests sit in a semicircle around the cook and the frying kettle. She takes the raw fish, with long chopsticks, and drops it into the boiling fat. Then she deals out the browned pieces until each guest has had enough. The record, in Tokyo, is 128 pieces—but eight are about enough for most people. Sometimes the fish is dipped in batter before being cooked, sometimes not—but there is always plenty of hot tea.

### Vaudeville Plus Cookery

Preparation of sukiyaki is half vaudeville and half cookery and the general foreign comment is that if there were more cookery and less vaudeville the result might be better. If you want to try it, Japanese fashion, here's how:

You'll need a pound of beef tenderloin, less than half a cup of lard, two thirds of a cup of soya sauce, half a cup of sugar, a cup of mushrooms, a few spring onions, one large onion, a pound of cabbage and some bamboo shoots. You can get along minus the shoots, if they're not available. There ought to be some steamed rice handy, though.

Then you get a chafing dish and maybe one of those big wooden platters you use for hors d'oeuvres. Slice up the tenderloin like rashers of bacon and cut each rasher in half crosswise. Arrange the slices in the middle of your platter, with the big onion, sliced, and the spring onions.

Slice up the cabbage and arrange it together with the mushrooms and bamboo shoots around the meat and onions. The Japanese go to all sorts of trouble to make all this raw material look artistic, because it sits right on the table before the guests.

The usual procedure is to serve each guest with *sake*—rice wine, hot—and a bowl of rice, to start with. Then the cook puts the lard into the deep chafing dish, waits until it's hot and then slides in half the meat and onions. This mixture is stirred up with chopsticks until the meat is cooked well. Then the cabbage, mushrooms and bamboo shoots go in. Few minutes later—you have to cook more or less by ear—half the sugar and soya sauce are added and the whole thing is stirred up. Then the cover is put on and the cook takes a couple of quickies from the *sake* bottle to recuperate.

If the sukiyaki gets too dry, a little water will fix it up. As it is ladled out to the guests, more of the raw materials are added, the idea being to serve the dish fresh and hot. Sometimes, it's mixed with the rice; sometimes a mouthful of each is eaten alternately. The Japanese usually mix up sukiyaki and rice and break a raw egg over the top, but most Americans will like the egg cooked right in with the meat and vegetables.

All Orientals regard mealtimes as free-and-easy social occasions. If your foot goes to sleep, you just get up and walk around. If you want to smoke or look at the view or do setting-up exercises in the middle of a ten-course dinner, you just go ahead. Nobody cares and it isn't even polite to say "Excuse me!" It's nothing unusual, either, to have games going all the way from nuts to soup.

### Scissors, Paper and Rock

Easiest game to play at your first Oriental dinner is the ancient scissors, paper and rock thing. In this a closed fist represents the rock; the opened hand means a sheet of paper. The opened hand, with the first and second fingers separated from the third and fourth—forming a V—represents the scissors. The players sit opposite each other and suddenly thrust out one hand each. If both hands are rocks, it's a tie. But if one hand is paper and the other scissors, the scissors hand wins—it'll cut paper. The rock beats the scissors, because they can't cut it. But the paper beats the rock, because it can wrap up the rock.

When three or four couples, all well lubricated with pork, rice, bean shoots, wine and melon seeds get to playing this along about Course Eight, it's quite exhilarating.

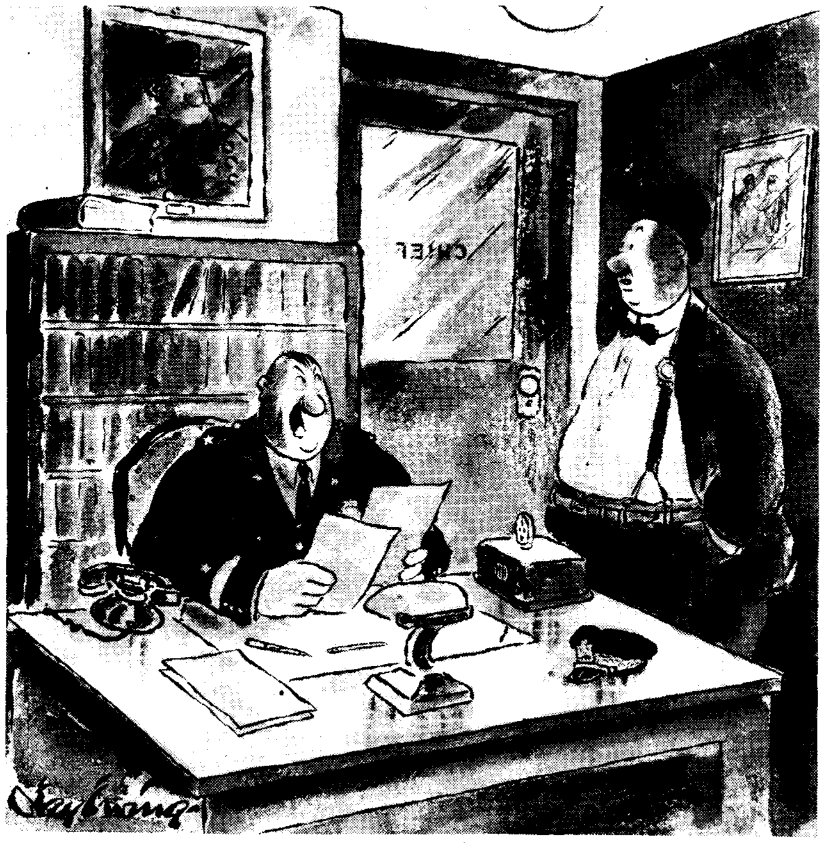
The Chinese, who have good heads for figures, also play Twenty-one during meals. The host counts one and then each guest around the table adds a digit. So the counting goes one, two, three, four, five, six—but seven must tap the top of the table instead of speaking his number. The numbers 17, 27, 37 and so on call for a tabletop tap, too. The guests whose numbers happen to be 14, 21, 28 or any multiple of seven, tap the bottom of the table. This sounds easy—until half a dozen or a dozen diners try it.

In China, the loser at table games always has to take a drink. In this country, he'd probably have to buy drinks for everyone else—but the Chinese are peculiar. Or we think they are. They think, for example, it's horribly bad luck to drop a chopstick. This is just a stupid superstition, of course, not to be compared with the enlightened and scientific operation of tossing salt over your left shoulder after spilling some.

The Chinese make fine soup with sprouts, using one cup of sprouts to two cups of stock. You boil this mixture for five or ten minutes, take it off the fire and stir in beaten eggs to suit your taste. Soya sauce—which takes the place of salt—and pepper are used for seasoning.

It's a matter of taste, but maybe the best Chinese dish of all is the way they cook chicken down around Canton and in South China generally. You take a young broiler, clean and dismember it. Then you mix up two tablespoonfuls of peanut oil, three tablespoonfuls of soya sauce, a spoonful of sugar, some pepper, a bit of garlic and some ginger. You anoint the chicken with this and lay it away after breakfast, if you're going to serve it for dinner that night.

For frying this, the Chinese use an iron skillet half full of sizzling peanut oil. After twenty minutes of frying, they add a couple of cups of soup stock, but plain water will do. Five minutes more of cooking and the chicken is lifted out and set back in a hot place. To the pan liquid are added another cup of water, half a cup of flour, a chopped onion and maybe some chopped mushrooms and green peppers. This all simmers for a few minutes. Then the chicken is arranged on a hot serving platter and the gravy poured over it. . . . And that's chicken and no foolin'.



"... So I followed 'im to th' movies. But I didn't go in, 'cause I'd seen th' picture"

JAY IRVING

How long since a pretty girl looked at You like this?

If you figure it's been too blooming long, then maybe your mirror can tell you the reason.

Do you look too old for your age?

Are your jowls and throat wrinkled a bit? Does your skin look rough? Troubled with ingrown hairs?

*Does your skin feel dry and tight after you shave?*

Then throw away old shaving methods. Get yourself a tube of Barbasol and get yourself a Barbasol Face.

*A Barbasol Face feels softer and smoother—looks more handsome and younger by years.*

That's because Barbasol does not rob the skin of its natural oils, does not dry it out or cause wrinkles.

Barbasol is a cream—cooling, soothing, refreshing. Gives the sweetest shave you ever had and leaves your skin as smooth and soft as that schoolboy complexion.

Try Barbasol for just ten days and see how it steals that aging look away. Large tube, 25¢; giant size, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades for 15¢. At all drug stores.

*For modern shaving*

Barbasol
Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Sanitary Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush, No Lather, No Rub In

*No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in*

PRIZES FOR GOOD GUESSERS

Are you good at guessing? If you are you may be one of the lucky prize winners . . . five cash prizes . . . and fifty $3 Barbasol Razors will be given away absolutely free every week. Be sure to enter the "Barbasol Guessing Contest". . . nothing to do, just guess right. For details tune in on radio's newest find, "Your Singing Cinderella" (WOR Mutual Network) every Friday evening. See your paper for time.

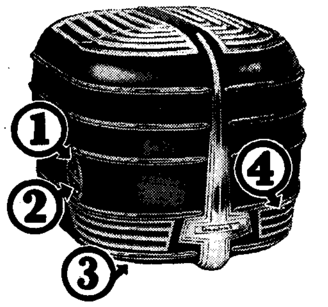
NEW-TYPE CAR HEATER
GIVES 4-WAY DOWN DRAFT HEAT

NO ICY WINDSHIELD
THROWS HEAT TO ENTIRE CAR
NO MORE COLD FEET

NEW HEAT PRINCIPLE ENDS "COLD SPOTS" The Goodrich Super De Luxe is an entirely new type of car heater. Its 4-way down-draft action forces heat to ALL parts of the car—assures comfortable *all-over* warmth even in coldest weather. Actually "heat-conditions" your car.

IT'S COMPACT . . . IT'S STREAMLINED—AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL HEATER

You'll marvel at the compactness and the beauty of this sensational Super De Luxe Heater. Plenty of leg-room, smoothly streamlined, there are no sharp edges to tear stockings. All moving parts are out of sight.



SEE HOW THIS HEATER GIVES YOU 4-WAY HEAT

1. Out to windshield defroster
2. Across to driver's feet
3. Down to passengers' feet
4. Out to entire car

When you can get this amazing new-type heater for only $18.95, why not enjoy this real *extra* comfort for winter driving? Before the first cold spell strikes, see your Goodrich Tire and Battery Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store, and equip your car with a Goodrich Super De Luxe Heater—fully guaranteed by Goodrich. Special defroster attachment available at slight extra charge, keeps windshield *free* of ice and snow.

OTHER GOODRICH HEATERS AS LOW AS $9.95

Goodrich
Super De Luxe Heater
ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

# Guiding Star

Continued from page 21

from the sea. There must have been a wreck. It was a ship's gun, fired in distress, which startled you and Doña Ysobel. Well, perhaps you can practice your 'I see the mouse—you see the mouse—we see the mouse' on him, eh?"

Fernanda made a grimace, and kissed Don Ramón again. They rode on side by side, without another thought about the man on Xavier's horse.

When they arrived at the hacienda, Don Ygnacio and men from del Mesa were already there. If it had not been for the pompous and gallant Don Ygnacio, the girl would have paid no attention to the unconscious stranger. As it was, she became very solicitous.

DON YGNACIO'S raised eyebrows brought from her, "He is a person of importance. What would his family say if they learned he went unattended?"

"He is a sailor," said Don Ygnacio. "His ship was wrecked, and, like all Yanqui men, he is part fish, and thus swam ashore."

"When he is recovered," Fernanda said grandly, "I will inform him that you called him Señor fish, and he will avenge the insult."

Doña Ysobel fluttered, "It is only Fernanda's heart of tenderness, Ygnacio. But, Fernanda, I myself will see to the Yanqui. It is not really proper for you to attend him, child."

"It is proper enough if I am there also," growled Don Ramón.

He went with her; he sat on a chair and watched while the unconscious man was placed in a bed, undressed between blankets, and then rolled in warm ones. He watched brandy being placed between the Yanqui's lips, and tried a glass or two of it himself. Soon, sitting erect in the chair, he was snoring.

Fernanda stood beside the bed. It was some time before she realized that the rescued man's eyes were open, and that he was looking at her. She had been thinking, "Why could not this Yanqui have been a handsome young officer from Spain? There is no man worth flirting with here." She saw, now, that the Yanqui was not old, but young; a little thin, yes, and very brown, but not what any girl could call ugly.

The Yanqui said, "Alive. Alive."

Fernanda thought of her book. I am alive. You are alive. We are alive. She smiled, and then said solemnly, "Good morning, Señor Extranjero," although it was not morning at all. Just for practice, she widened her eyes.

A servant handed her a bowl of soup. Fernanda said, precisely, "You eat the soup." The man obeyed, but, halfway through, his head slid down on the pillow, and he slept.

WHEN she returned to the great room, she found Don Ygnacio entertaining a teniente from the presidio, sent by the commandant there in response to Fernanda's request for assistance. The girl had heard enough to know that Ygnacio had been making light of her fears. So she wasted no time. "Don Ygnacio," she said, "the Yanqui gentleman has asked me to inform you that he prefers pistols. He is not, he says, a fish. In reference to yourself, he said you resemble a salamander. The distance for the duel," she added complacently, "is not material to him."

Don Ygnacio gasped, while the teniente chuckled. Fernanda did not wait for an answer. She did wonder, in her own warm bed, what the Yanqui would say to it all. If he were truly a man of honor, he would be insulted. However, so long as he was a guest Ygnacio could not challenge him nor could there be fighting. Instead, Ygnacio must stay away. Which would be delightful.

It was nine when Fernanda awoke and sipped her morning chocolate. She was given the little gossip of the rancho.

She dressed very carefully, taking so much time that her grandfather was at breakfast, and the stranger as well, before she came into the room. Don Ramón, as he ate generously of *carne asada*, eggs scrambled with a spiced sauce, and drank many cups of coffee made of roasted peas, questioned the American through Fernanda. So she learned that his name was Thomas Barton, and that he had not been a sailor but one-who-represented-his-father on the ship. The wrecked vessel had been carrying silks and spices intended for San Francisco. She learned also that Don Tomás had been in China, Spain, knew about guns but not swords, and had a mother, father, two brothers, one sister, and was not married. She asked the last question without prompting from her grandfather.

AFTER, Don Ramón took the former supercargo away with him, and whatever orders he gave must have been done with gestures. It was not until several hours later that Fernanda, wandering about as if aimlessly, found Barton working at the rusted wheel lock of an old gun, the barrel of which was etched, the stock magnificently carved and ornamented.

So there *were* guns about, and her grandfather thought enough of Don Tomás to allow him to repair them; perhaps the Yanqui even knew where the weapons were concealed. A little pique flooded through the girl, although she said only, "It is a long time since we, here, have seen a gun, Don Tomás."

The American smiled. "Don Ramón mentioned that," he admitted. He said next, "I am very grateful to you." She looked like a picture. Tommy Barton had never seen such creamy skin and dark eyes. "I am a very lucky man."

"Ah," said Fernanda, who didn't entirely understand.

"I've always heard that you Spanish didn't allow Americans on your ranchos," Barton said, flipping the wheel of the lock, and then continuing to file off a bit of rust. He looked at Fernanda. "I'm glad that isn't true."

She caught the sense of what he said. "Don Ramón," she said, "is—how you say?—of much sense. He knows you to be a caballero. If you were not," she went on calmly, "you could not fight Don Ygnacio with the gun, eh?"

"Why should I fight with him?"

Fernanda said, "He insult you. He say you are fish. Of cold blood." She struggled to explain, did the best she could, and at the end began to laugh. "You see" she said frankly, "in me there is no love for Don Ygnacio."

"So you'd use me to get rid of him? I can't go around offering to shoot men I don't know, not even for a girl—a pretty girl—who saved my life. If he troubles you, keep away from him."

Fernanda made use of her eyes.

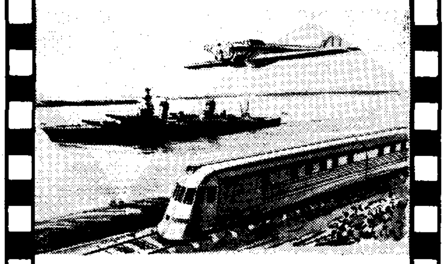
"You not do it—for me? No?"

Each day was the same. While Barton worked, Fernanda found excuse to stand near him; it was amazing how many things there were to talk about, and how much fun it was to do it. Barton enjoyed it as much as the girl; too much, he feared, for his own good.

Before long Don Ramón was teasing his granddaughter with, "If the Yanqui were not my guest, Ygnacio has said, he would drag him for miles behind a horse,

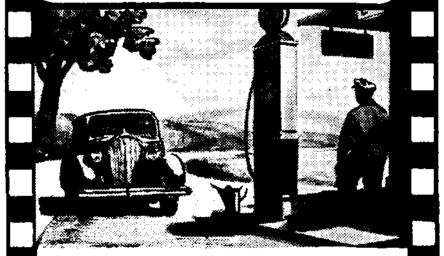
MORE POWER TO YOU

NEW-TYPE SUPER-POWER BATTERY GUARANTEED AS LONG AS YOU OWN YOUR CAR



SAME KATHANODE CONSTRUCTION AS USED ON BATTLESHIPS

Here it is! A Goodrich Battery that's built with the patented Kathanode construction—famous for use on battleships, airplanes and crack trains, where split second starts, steady brilliant lights, top efficiency performance are "musts," regardless of weather or climate. No wonder the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak is guaranteed never to cost you a cent for repairs or replacement as long as you own your car.



OUT OF GAS BUT HE REACHED FILLING STATION

Yes, and this new-type battery can pull you through many an emergency *on its own power!* In a sensational road test certified by Western Union, the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak propelled a 3,150 pound car 1,836 feet—*more than a third of a mile on battery power alone!*

TWO-WAY PROTECTION AGAINST POWER LOSS

There's nothing exposed—no way for trouble to get in or *super power* to escape. That's because the Goodrich Electro-Pak is the *only* battery with the Power-Saving Top Cover.

FREE! 6-POINT BATTERY SERVICE

Regardless of the make of battery in your car, your Goodrich Tire and Battery Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store will gladly give you this *free* 6-Point Money-Saving Battery Service.

LICK OLD MAN WINTER THE GOODRICH WAY

Goodrich
KATHANODE
Electro-Pak BATTERY

and then throw him into the ocean."

Fernanda sniffed. "Tomás would have something to say about that."

Don Ramón had been doing more than teasing. Doña Ysobel's flutterings really were beginning to worry him. He said, "It is Tomás now? And, I suppose, it is Fernanda when he speaks to you?"

"He calls me darrrling. A nice word, but not in my book."

"There are many words not in books," said Don Ramón. He went on, "I like him. He is decent. He is doing a something for me, I admit. But—amuse yourself, child. No more than that, eh? I will do better than Ygnacio for you, I promise. Up in Monterey there is the son of a commandante who—"

FERNANDA said, "I want no son of commandantes!"

"So," Don Ramón said, and, shrewdly, observed the hotness of Fernanda's cheeks. The thing was getting out of hand indeed. Although he was kindly, he saw to it after this that Doña Ysobel kept Fernanda close in the house.

He had a good excuse to keep her confined. Raiders, white men and half-breeds, seeing what could be done by the Hounds in San Francisco under the guise of ridding the country of everyone not American, were operating southward. He commanded Fernanda to remain in the house. He could not be cajoled from his stand.

Barton continued working on the guns, lonesome for the first time. He ate by himself now, and, in the evenings, instead of listening to Don Ramón's rumbling voice, and looking at the girl, walked outside. He was ready to tell the ranchero that he wished to go away, although he did not really want to leave. Not alone.

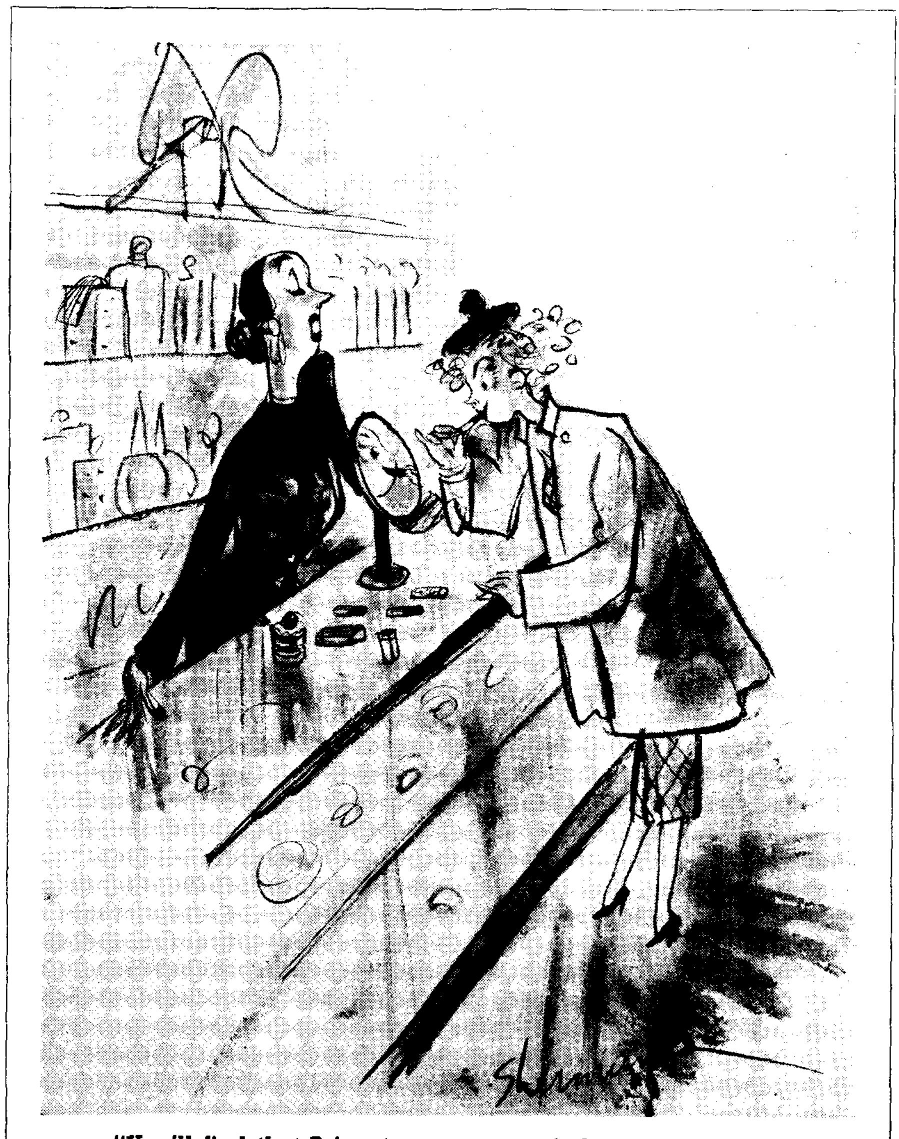
He felt, often, like the chained Indian sawyers who worked in the pit a short distance from the hacienda. These were natives declared by their own tribe to be possessed by devils, and condemned to be chained. Four of them, two at each end of a saw, spent their days laboring, their nights sleeping in chains. And, from the pit, Barton was able to watch the house, himself unobserved, for sight of the girl. The chained Indians, after the first few evenings, actually spoke to him, and were grateful for the bits of food he would bring.

His days became endless. They began with a dull sound as Indian women pounded corn, with the solemn distant lowing of cattle, the wild cries of *apartadores* hurrying in horses from the grassy flats—cries which grew nearer, until dust rose near the house. With the dust always came the tinkling of a bell, which swung from the neck of the old mare leading the *caponera*. Up to the shade of the hacienda the horses would race, the herders stopping them squarely before the doorway. The bell mare would stand before the door, while the other animals milled back and forth about her.

The herders, afoot, were dull savages, but, when riding, they seemed courageous, almost foolhardy. From the waist up they were as brown and naked as the men in the pit, but they wore deerskin trousers streaked with scarlet and yellow ocher, and, through their coiled hair, wore ornaments of sharp-ended red sticks.

Don Ygnacio, code or no code, began visiting the rancho again, explaining that since the Yanqui no longer ate and slept as one who was a guest, the rules concerning combat were no longer existing. He added to the sober Fernanda that it was obvious that the Yanqui had no taste for fighting, was merely a workman.

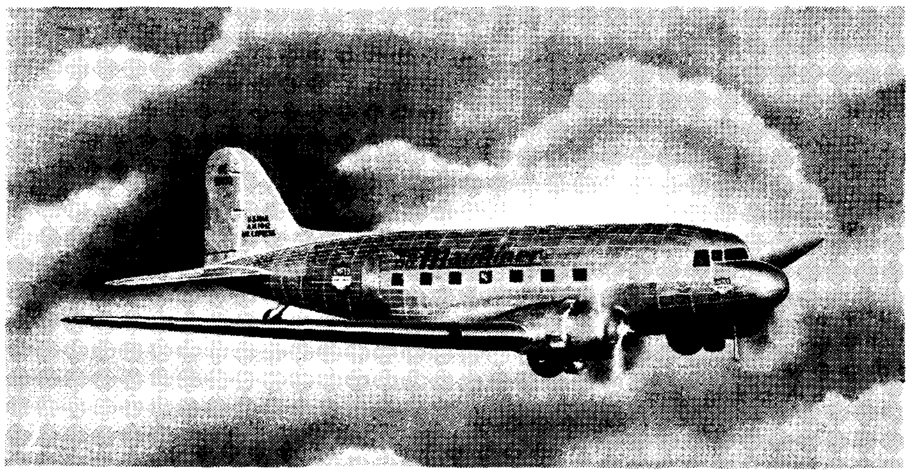
"Wait until he has acquired sufficient to buy a gun," Fernanda said, searching



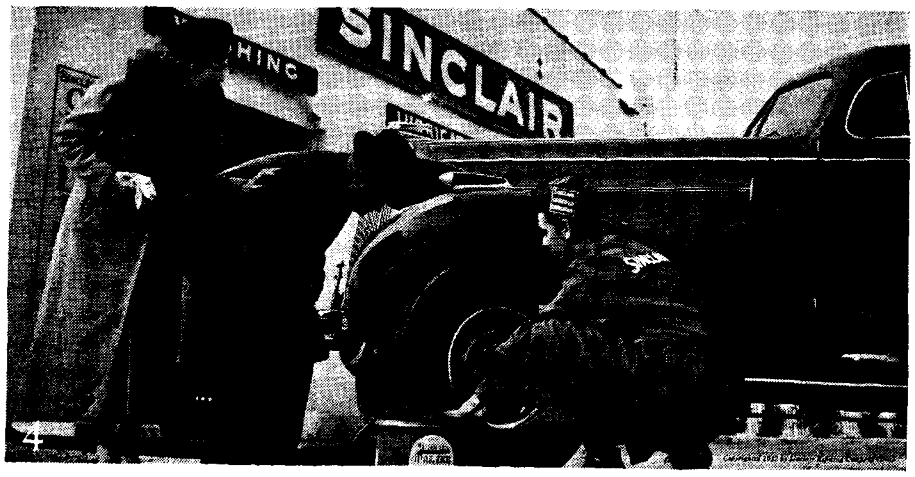
"You'll find that Princeton men, especially, are fond of it"

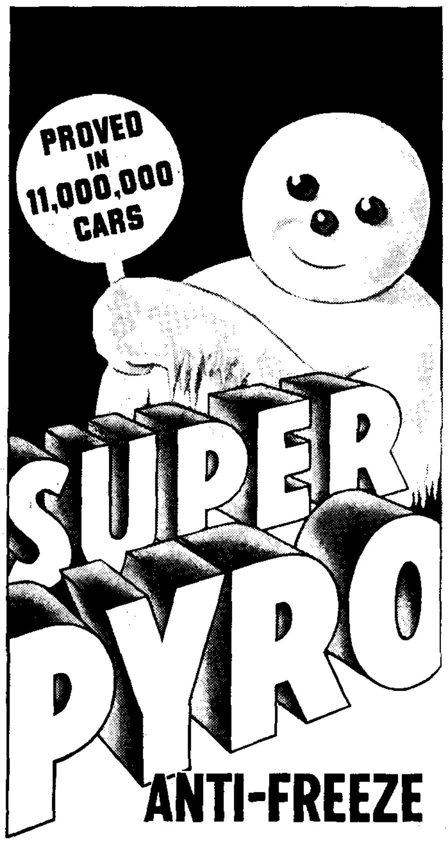
B. SHERMUND

Senior pilot of the world in point of service is Jack Knight, who has flown over 2 million miles since 1916. He is now piloting . . .


. . . a United Air Lines' "Mainliner." In an unsolicited statement this famous pilot says, "Airline pilots . . .

. . . must always practice every reasonable precaution both in flying and driving. For driving I sincerely endorse . . .


. . . Sinclair's Sinclair-ize-for-Safety program." Take a tip from Jack Knight and ask your neighborly Sinclair dealer to Sinclair-ize your car for winter now. You'll like the way he treats you.



*Why overspend?*

**At only 25¢** a quart, Super Pyro gives you every desirable anti-freeze quality at *rock-bottom cost.*

**Saves worry.** Saves costly repair bills. Provides *complete* anti-freeze protection. Keeps the cooling system clean and efficient by stopping all rust and corrosion. And it lasts longer, besides.

**These are facts** already proved in the radiators of 11,000,000 cars.

**So watch the weather** and your pocketbook. At the first hint of a freeze, look for the "Old Man Winter" sign and ask for Super Pyro. 90,000 dealers are ready and waiting to service your car in just two minutes flat.

**LOWEST COST PROTECTION**

SUPER PYRO
ANTI-FREEZE
Lasts Longer

**25¢ QUART**

30¢ WEST OF ROCKY MTS.

for an excuse and knowing the regulation which demanded that each duelist must use his own weapon. "Then, never fear, he will challenge you."

"I will sell him one for a kernel of corn," said Don Ygnacio.

"Don Tomás does not accept gifts from those who insult him!"

Which was how it was, each time Don Ygnacio came. Don Ramón, shrewd man, wondered if it might not be well to let the men fight it out, but had no liking for either possible ending. For Fernanda to marry a Yanqui, of unknown family, was not to be considered. However, he did not care for Ygnacio, either.

Then, on the first day of *matanza,* when the fattest cattle were being driven in toward the hacienda, he had what he believed was a stroke of genius.

He would go to the presidio and demand the most handsome teniente and a guard of men, because of the nearness of the raids, and perhaps Fernanda would cease going about as if she thought of entering a convent. A handsome teniente, well uniformed. It was true genius.

DON RAMÓN had this inspiration at breakfast, which, with Don Ygnacio present, was an uncomfortable meal. Outside, the herders and men were waiting to start the lassoing of cattle, which would only end when the great caldrons were filled with fat. Everything must wait, said Don Ramón, until his return. He himself, as usual, must be on hand to compute the *diezmo,* the tenth-of-the-increase which should go to the good padres.

Fernanda, after her grandfather had ridden off, knew when Doña Ysobel discovered the need of a different silk for her needlework that Ygnacio was about to plead with her, and the dapper hacendado had just struck an attitude when an Indian came racing into the room, drooling a little from his open mouth.

"Don Ramón," he gasped. "He was riding—away. A mile away. I saw! He fell from the horse. There is blood. Oh, blood!"

Fernanda, with Don Ygnacio at her heels, ran out of the house. The girl saw her grandfather's horse, seemingly riderless, and then saw the old man, being pulled along over the sand.

The Yanqui was beside her now; he whirled her into his arms and ran with her. Don Ygnacio, muttering, followed.

The Indian had seen correctly. Don Ramón's jacket was red and sticky.

Fernanda had her arms about him.

Then Don Ramón's eyes opened. He said, "Fernanda," and then, "I was riding. A shot. I fell. I could not rise. The horse stood. I reached the reins. He obeyed my command. Returned." In a sudden great voice the old man cried, "Fernando will save you all! He tells you where—"

Then his head drooped to the girl's breast, and he was dead.

Don Ygnacio squealed, "Who has done this?"

An Indian pointed toward the hills; dust rose, not far away, there. Savages? *Los Indios* did not make such a commotion. Raiders. Thieves, robbers, ne'er-do-wells, the men who had raided the ranchos to the north, inspired by the San Francisco Hounds' edict that all foreigners must be driven from California. . . .

Once again Fernanda, choked of voice, sent messengers hurrying for assistance, but even as Barton carried the dead Don Ramón to the hacienda, the cloud of dust grew larger, spread higher, nearer.

"We must all ride away," Don Ygnacio said, when they were in the cool great room again. "Horses! Make haste. Fernanda!"

Fernanda said, "I will not ride away."

Barton half understood, half guessed, the swift Spanish. He said, "They will catch you if you go."

"Here," Don Ygnacio stormed, sensing Barton's agreement, "there can be no defense. Where are guns? Eh?" He stared at Barton. "Guns! Guns!"

Tommy certainly knew that word.

Where were the guns? Don Ramón had brought them out one at a time. Where were they kept? He glanced about; there were seven or eight Indians in the room, the best of the lot. The hacienda, without guns, was certainly without defenses.

The cloud was nearer. An Indian, mumbling, sneaked from the room.

"Tomás," said the girl, and came close to him. She repeated, fighting to speak slowly, what her grandfather had said. She said, "Fernanda," and touched herself; then she said, "Fernando," and pointed to the painting of Fernando de Rivera. She pulled Tommy toward the door, showing how the eyes followed.

Then Fernanda hurried him across the room, and Barton, watching the painting, saw how curiously the eyes followed him, directed him, guided him—and, just before he reached the wall, became painted eyes, blank and lusterless.

The guns couldn't be concealed in the wall. Not according to the eyes.

He stamped on the floor, hard, exactly where the eyes of the painting lost life. The boards were thick. He seized an ax from an Indian, and, with it, began to shatter them. Twice the blade bit deeply; the third time it went through; and Barton wrenched at the board. It held; it gave. Instead of hard clay, there was a space. The guns were wrapped in cowhides. Along with them were doubly wrapped tin canisters, sealed with grease.

Don Ygnacio exulted, "Now we will give it to them!"

"You give it to them," Barton said, understanding the simple words.

He picked out four guns, and handed one each to three *apartadores;* scooped out powder and ball. Then, more swiftly, he grabbed up a canister, a bag of shot, and four more of the clumsy weapons. Don Ygnacio was already distributing guns to the other Indians. Fernanda, having gone to fasten shutters, turned just as Barton was leading his three Indians out of the door.

"What do you do?" she demanded.

Her heart beat faster when she saw how Tomás smiled, although he said nothing.

BARTON stepping out hastily, heard the sound of bars being dropped behind him. The slits in the shutters were slid open, also with little clicks, and the guns thrust out. Barton could see the raiders now, horses and riders, twenty or thirty of them. Far too many to stand off with ancient weapons. What he had to explain to the Indians was not easy, but since so much was to be done through action, his own gestures managed it.

The Indians ran off, low to the ground, leaving Barton to follow, carrying his burden of weapons.

Inside the hacienda, Don Ygnacio took charge. While Fernanda crouched beside Doña Ysobel, the firing began. A bullet crashed through a shutter; an Indian dropped, writhing. Fernanda went to him. Don Ygnacio's gun was knocked out of his hands; Fernanda gave him another.

What was Tomás doing? The raiders were working ever closer. The Indians, Don Ygnacio, would be killed—the fiendish bullets of the raiders were able to penetrate even the heavy shutters!

Another of the defending Indians fell; outside, a raider rose, lifting his rifle as if signaling attack. At the same instant shots roared from the sawyers' pit, and the marauder leaped, contorted, and dropped in a heap. Raiders turned on their bellies, and fired in sudden confusion. As some crept forward, another

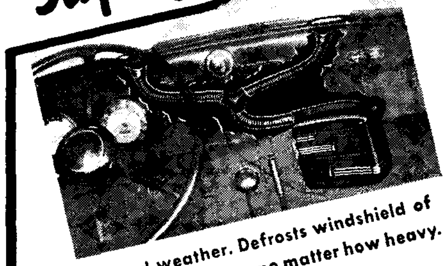
*Comfort*

Ample heat for all occupants circulates throughout the entire car.

*Protection*

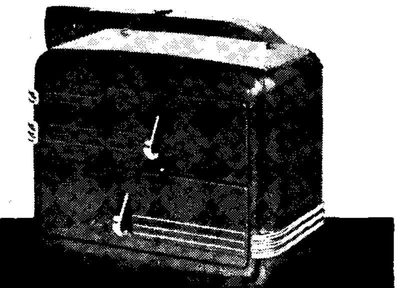
A flow of warm air directed to the driver's feet prevents the danger of faulty operation due to numbness from cold.

*Safety*



For bad weather. Defrosts windshield of snow, ice and sleet, no matter how heavy.

**Only in Twin Air do you get this complete comfort, protection and safety. Insist on TWIN AIR—the genuine E A product. If your dealer isn't supplied, send us his name.**



**"TWIN AIR" CAR HEATER**

A PRODUCT OF

EA

E. A. LABORATORIES, INC.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

volley knocked up clay about them, again fired from the pit.

Fernanda was positive that the Yanqui, and the *apartadores,* were in the pit, and she could see that fully a dozen raiders were creeping toward it.

The attackers halted their assault on the hacienda, although many kept firing at it, until this unexpected counterattack could be silenced. Minutes passed, during which the raiders crept closer, losing two, three, of their number.

Then, for the first time Fernanda heard a new sound, like a bell, clear and soft. Had she imagined it? She went slowly toward a slit where an Indian lay, and then, throat tight, as she looked out, brushed her hands before her eyes. No! It was no vision. It was real!

Men were coming. Oh, hundreds of men, riding furiously toward the circle of raiders, toward the men creeping toward the pit. She saw one of the herders, Miguel, from the red on his forehead, rise in his saddle and fire. . . .

Oh, Miguel was leading an entire army.

THE raiders, after one look, tore for their own animals, and raced pell-mell across the dunes, certain that word had been taken to the presidio to the South. Not one turned to look back in the face of what they had seen in the first glimpse of pounding horses. Not one knew that three Indian herders were driving in the thousand horses of the Buena Esperanza herd, nor that at Miguel's saddle was tied the little bell usually attached to the wise old mare, which all Nueva California horses will follow at the bell-mare's speed. . . .

Barton himself, while Fernanda stared about for him as the horses milled up to the doorway, climbed out of the sawyers' pit. With gestures, by touching their chains and making motions as if severing them, he had induced the chained Indians to use the guns he had taken there, in order that the raiders should think that at least a half dozen men were firing at them. He had been right in guessing that he had to create a diversion to give Miguel and the herders time to round up the horses.

Fernanda held out her arms; she cried as if she would never stop, and, when Barton kissed the top of her head, she cried more.

Don Ygnacio saw what he saw. After all, however, he was still alive!

He said, "Don Tomás, if I have done you, thoughtlessly, an injury, I regret it. You are no common man. You must have been at least captain of several ships. Admiral, eh? Although the name of your particular vessel escapes me at the moment."

Fernanda, parrotlike, repeated this, in Spanish, and then tried doing it with the addition of those English words which she knew.

"The name of the ship," Barton said, "was the Guiding Star."

The Guiding Star. A year out of Salem, with silks and spices and tobacco to be traded for Spanish doubloons and hides and tallow, such as was produced at this rancho. The Guiding Star was wreckage. He, Tom Barton, had been wreckage also, and this girl had saved him. And, strangely, she must love him, love him greatly.

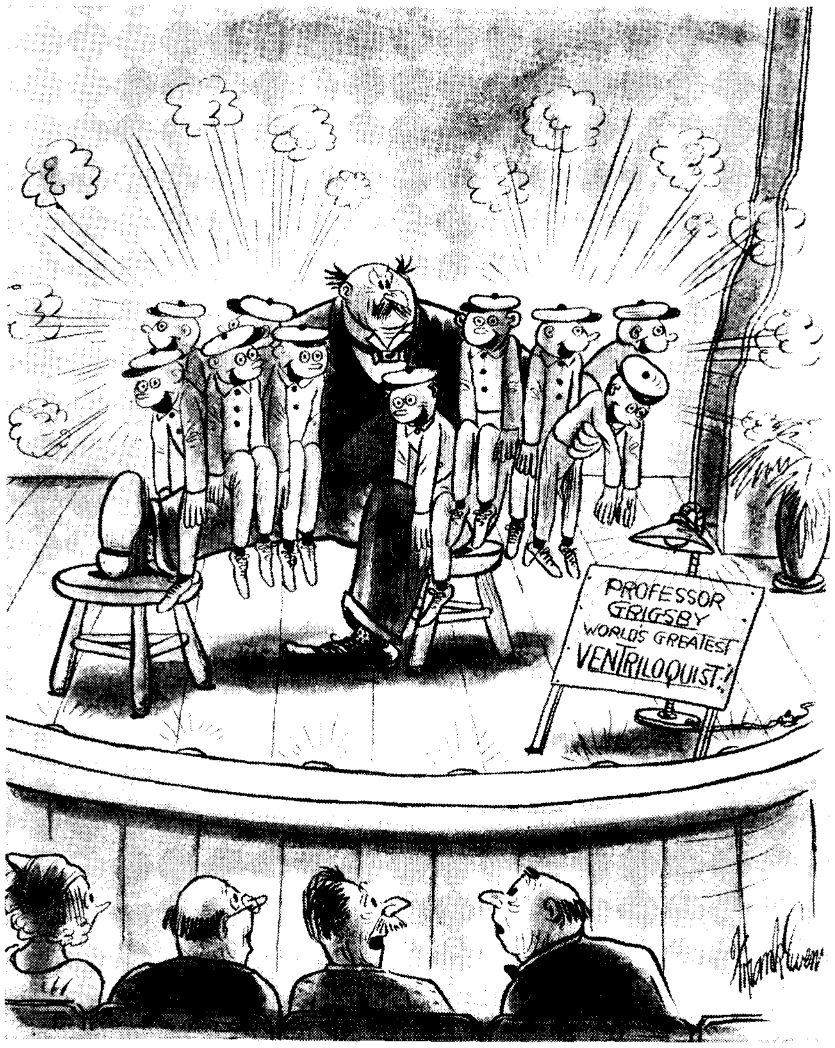
Tommy Barton suddenly remembered the fierce eyes of the painted warrior in the hacienda. Guiding eyes. He repeated, "The Guiding Star was the name."

Fernanda shook her head, unable to translate or understand.

"Say 'darling'; it is a far better word," Barton said.

"Darrrling," said Fernanda. It was a lovely word, although she was not certain what it meant. "Darrrling."

Yes, it was a lovely word, for, in spite of Doña Ysobel's frowns, Fernanda's lover bent and kissed her.



"Boy! That guy sure can talk!"

FRANK OWEN

"Mummy, wouldn't Daddy have loved my new dress?"

*Before he died, her father had earned an average of only $3500 a year during ten years of work. Yet he had found the way to make modest savings buy that best of all bargains—security for his family after he had gone.*

Half the joy of being a father is in dreaming of the years to come. That little daughter—what a knockout she is going to be! That sturdy lad—what a grand start he is going to have! And that valiant partner, their mother—after the youngsters have grown, life is going to be very good to her.

Wise dreams they are, and wholly worth while. But how much wiser and more worth while to make sure right now that they will *come true*—through the Northwestern Mutual Family Income Plan.

Under this plan you use only a small part of your income—now, while you're getting it—to guarantee for your family the kind of future you want them to have. If death should step in and stop your earnings, the Northwestern Mutual will pay your wife $100 a month or more while the children are growing up; and a continued income for her lifetime after the youngsters are out on their own. If you live—as you fully intend—you will have a lifetime retirement income for your own old age.

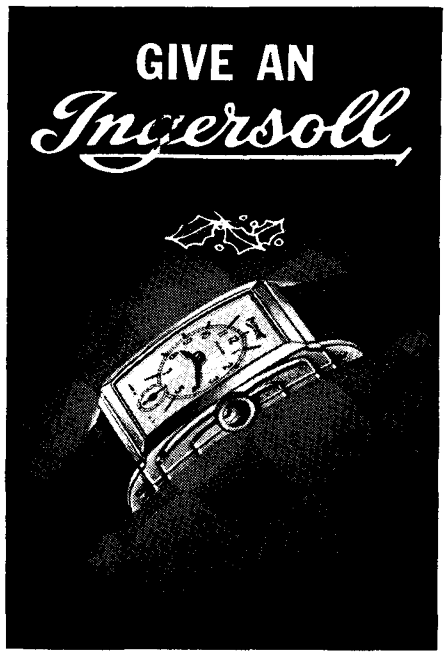
One of the best things about this excellent plan is the strong 80-year-old company that offers it—the Northwestern Mutual. You are protected by its billion-dollar assets. You benefit by the low cost of its insurance, for which it has an enviable record.

Here, for a modest sum regularly set aside, is that priceless secure tomorrow for you and yours. You'll feel vastly more comfortable right away, when you put this plan into operation. A booklet, "Increased Protection for Your Family," explains it. Send the coupon.

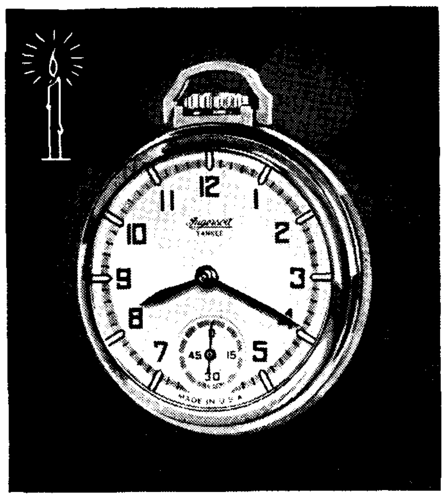
The Northwestern Mutual
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
A Billion Dollar Estate
MILWAUKEE·WIS.

No. D-XE 21959-A
The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company
Milwaukee, Wis.
PAY 100 DOLLARS A MONTH FOR LIFE
To the order of
Fill in your wife's name here
Mrs. ____________
Address ____________
City ________ State ________ Your Age ________
PRESIDENT
TREASURER
SPECIMEN
C-12-4-37

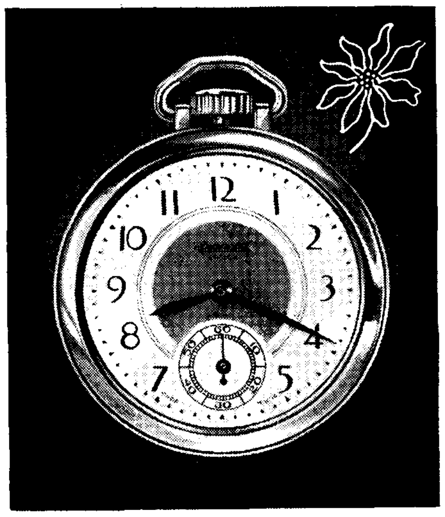
GIVE AN Ingersoll



**RIST-ARCH $3.95** Its *jeweled* movement is thoroughly dependable. Its curved case (chrome finished) is the very latest style. Leather strap or metal band. Unbreakable crystal.



**YANKEE $1.50** A thin, small, good-looking pocket watch with a beautiful airplane type dial and an unbreakable crystal. Makes an ideal watch for a man or a boy.



**ENSIGN $1.25** A sturdy watch in a handsome case. Has an unbreakable crystal. Makes a splendid work watch for a man or a school watch for a boy.

*Ingersoll Alarm Clocks from $1.25. Ingersoll-Waterbury Co., Waterbury, Conn.*

# Peel that Apple

Continued from page 22

In addition to the recruits he found at the Fordham, Mr. Murray haunted all ballrooms having dance contests and invited the winners to try out for the Big Apple units he was forming. As a consequence the lofty matrons and doughty old gentlemen who twist a slight leg at the Murray establishment in the way of exercise and development of the social graces were a bit astonished at finding the corridors filled with young ladies wearing socks, flat-heeled shoes, tams and leather jackets. These were the Big Apple contingents, all prepared to stomp the building down when the master gave the word.

While the master continued his search for talent, Mrs. Murray and a limber young dance instructor named Tommy Gallagher began training the Big Apple units. They decided on ten dancers as a good number for a single combination and, with the South Carolina experiment as a basis, they began to extend, simplifying and clarifying the business. At first they gave hotsy names to the new routines they worked out—the Razzle-Dazzle, the Doo-Dod Cross—but they soon stopped that and confined most of the new movements to the Big Apple itself. Hence, Peel that Apple; Cut that Apple. After a time the thing was worked out to a point where the routine went something like this:

Swing low. Swing high. Truck around. Give your gal a whirl. Double stomp, and cut the apple. Peel the apple. Susy-Q. Peckin' and posin'. Organ grinder. Praise Allah. London Bridge. Kick the mule. Shag.

### You May as Well Surrender

These numbers are danced by the whole outfit and the circle of hoofers can be just as large as the room will hold. The Murray groups confine it to five couples for stage reasons but the whole essence of the dance as general entertainment is that everybody can get in on it. In every group there is a leader to call the numbers exactly like the gentleman in the old square dance. At intervals he gives the word for Johnnie and Maggie or Mrs. Arbuthnot and Mr. Hartzell to "shine" and the rest stop, gather about in a circle (preferably sitting down or bending on one knee and clapping the hands to keep time) and the individuals mentioned proceed either to astound the world with their versatility or to make a spectacle of themselves. This is the great chance for fame, and the couples who have practiced faithfully have generally worked out steps calculated to distribute the body in several directions at any miscarriage in plans.

The fundamental of the Big Apple, as Mr. Murray is patient in pointing out, is the shag, which will assuredly remain with us when the Big Apple has gone the way of the Bunny Hug and the Turkey Trot.

"Hop, hop, one-two," he explains.

You can do it either to the side or front and back, or up and down, but it is always the shag. Hop, hop, hop-hop.

What gave the Big Apple its metropolitan start was a four-weeks engagement at the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center.

"The troupe got no pay for that but it was worth it in publicity," says Mr. Murray.

It was a shock to the patrons of the skyloft to see the boys and girls from the Fordham, looking exactly as they would at the Fordham and having the time of their lives. With that experience behind him, Mr. Murray began introducing the new feature at country club dances around town and soon had the middle-aged gentry hopping around like mad.

"People like to lift their heels," says the great Murray out of a great knowledge; "and everything is faster these days. Instead of the rumba, they're now dancing the conga, which has twice the speed. It is a hectic era we're living in; it is indeed."

It must not be supposed that the Murray effort was the only Big Apple success. The Roxy Theater in New York brought up a group from South Carolina, which showed how the original routine had been done.

"A lot of noise," reported the Fordham addicts acidly; "but not so much variety."

To which the South Carolinians merely retorted that what they were doing was the Big Apple and not a Broadway dance act. However, the Broadway dance act continued to grow in popularity and there were cries from sections as little ordinarily given to mania as are Boston and Providence, and the Murray hoofers departed on a missionary tour to those distant points. The results were surprising, because the thing seemed to be fatally attractive. Even in Boston, it appeared, the natives were not averse to lifting the heels. In New York such directors as Nils T. Granlund were putting Big Apple units in their night clubs and there was every indication that the disease would spread.

The Murray groups are made up of young people who would be dancing it for pleasure even if they weren't paid for it. They get twenty-five dollars a week and all expenses when on the road, spend most of their days practicing new steps and have all the appearance of something that has been wound up and will never get run down. They have different histories: "I was a soda jerker," "I was studying to be an actress," "I was sick at school last year and got a leave; don't tell anybody or they'll yank me back," "I was a lifeguard and this girl of mine, who's dance-nuts, she tells me about this Big Apple thing and it looked easy." "I was working at Macy's and if this thing blows up where'll I get another job? It's fun while it lasts, though."

The Big Apple was scarcely more than a rumor when Tin Pan Alley started writing Big Apple music. There are two principal tunes: Big Apple and The Big Apple, showing what imagination can do when allowed to run riot.

An indication of the furor the thing has caused was seen when a manufacturer immediately appeared with a Big Apple dress and there is also the Big Apple hat for dames, that little skull-capped nonsense with the peak. If your daughter is older than twelve and under nineteen, you may as well surrender first as last. That will only be a start. If she comes home with a wild glint in her eye and the bedraggled look of one who has but lately recovered from typhus, you will know that she has been doing the Big Apple and will quit only when collapse overtakes her.

Mr. Murray thinks something's in the air.

### The Impending Colic

"I was reading Havelock Ellis the other day and he was talking about the coincidence that all great wars have been preceded by a frenzy of dancing. Well, I don't know, but I was around in 1913 when the Vernon Castles were leading the riot and this is even worse."

Beyond this Mr. Murray will say only that the Big Apple has almost run him nuts and he is getting out of it. He loses money when his units go out on tour and if there is anything he doesn't want to be in the world it is a booking agent, and gradually he is drawing in his horns and trying to forget that he has aided the country in becoming high-fevered.

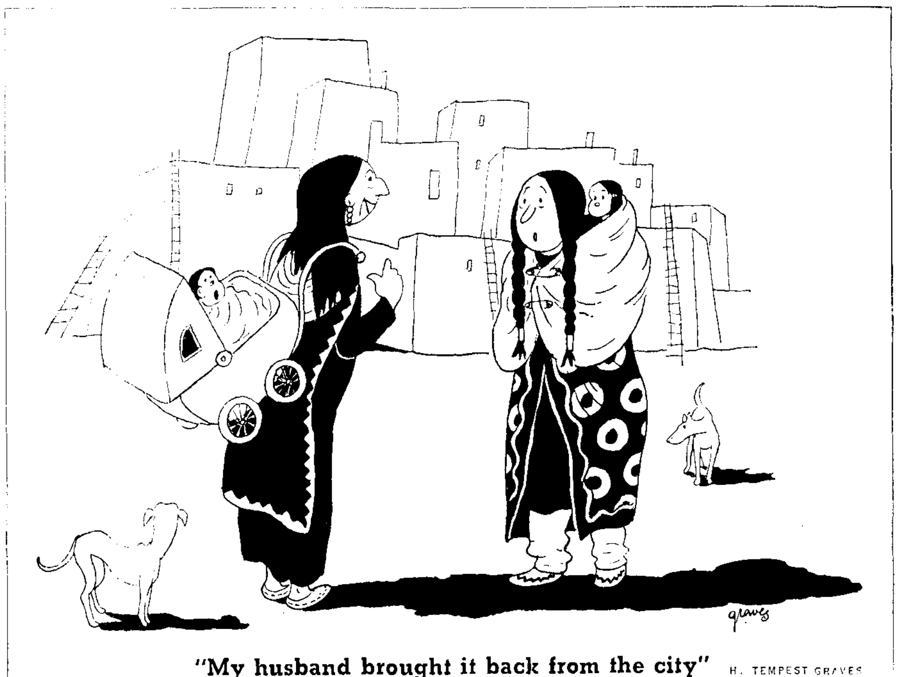
"One more Big Apple," says he pathetically, "and I get the colic and maybe die."

But whether Murray is in it or out of it, it will go on with fury for a short time at least. It is now circulating about the country at large. From schoolhouses holding the Saturday night dance, from hotel ballrooms in Cincinnati and Omaha, from roadhouses outside Albuquerque and Oskaloosa, they are beginning to rage with this pure fury of nonsense.

"Circle around. . . . Reverse. . . . Swing low. . . . Swing high. . . . Stomp around and Susy-Q. . . . London Bridge. . . . Praise be to Allah. . . . Cut that apple. . . . Peel that apple. . . . Peckin' and posin'. . . ."

Writhing, trucking, shagging, shining; snap those fingers; wiggle that thing; praise Allah (the old Hallelujah of the South), one-two-three— Go!

Grown-up people. . . . *Imagine!*



"My husband brought it back from the city" H. TEMPEST GRAVES

# *Three* NEW MODELS *and a* FULL LINE ½ TO 12 TONS

Built to shoulder loads not practical for lighter trucks, GMC's new ¾-ton, new 1-ton, and new 1¼-ton models are stoutly framed, amply powered, and equipped with the biggest standard bodies (panel, pick-up and stake) that trucks in this class afford! GMC now offers longer-life trucks in the "light heavy-weight" class—sized for every specific haulage requirement—and all with GMC traditional high quality—all priced down near the lowest!

## GMC *Announces* FOR 1938

**IMPROVED DUAL-TONE APPEARANCE**

**GREATER DRIVER COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE**

**BIGGEST STANDARD BODIES IN THE INDUSTRY**

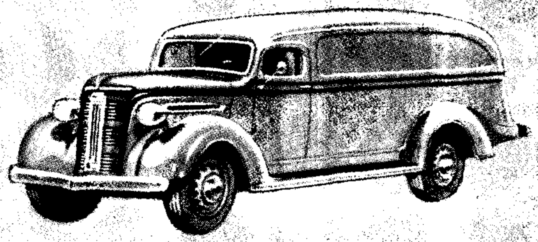
**MECHANICAL BETTERMENTS**

**GMC PRICES STILL CROWDING THE LOWEST**

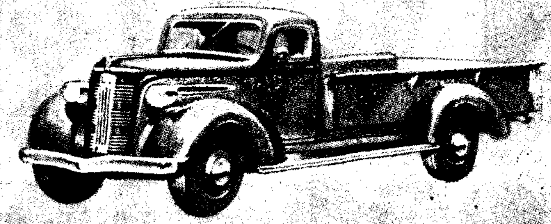
**LOWEST PRICES FOR STANDARD CAB-OVER-ENGINE MODELS**

GMC offers for 1938 three new fast-duty models, a new ¾-ton, a new 1-ton—and a stalwartly built 1¼-ton model. GMC introduces a long list of mechanical betterments, notably improving its extensive line. GMC unveils a new stream-style dress, a still finer evolution of its already famous "Dual-Tone" design. And GMC offers all models ½ to 12 tons *at prices that are still crowding the lowest!* See your GMC dealer.

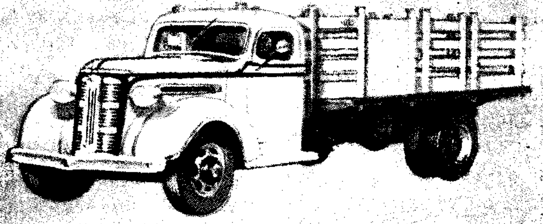
THE TRUCK GMC OF VALUE



*new* 3/4-TON



*new* 1-TON



*new* 1¼-TON

[illegible] & TRAILERS

Mobiloil
Arctic
Mobiloil
Arctic
FILPRUF

# MOBILOIL ARCTIC makes all cars start Easy..run Sweet—in Frigid Weather

# CHANGE TODAY

120
110
100
90
80
70
60
50
40
30
10
10

*"Better One Week Early—than One Day Late!"*

## WINTER-PROOF YOUR CAR AT YOUR MOBILOIL DEALER

**START QUICK** with Mobiloil Arctic—world's largest-selling winter oil.

**SHIFT EASY** with Mobiloil Gear Oil. No more fighting with your gears.

**RIDE QUIET.** Winter Mobilgreases end nerve-racking squeaks.

**PREVENT RADIATOR FREEZE-UPS** with Mobil Freezone—new anti-freeze.

THE PICTURE above is a warning to *you!* COLD SNAPS COME SUDDENLY...IT PAYS TO HAVE YOUR ENGINE READY WITH MOBILOIL ARCTIC!

Mobiloil Arctic is absolutely the finest winter oil for easy starting. It flows freely in a *split second,* yet protects fully when your engine is *hot!*

That's what you want, isn't it?...quick starts—and a *safe* engine. Change to Mobiloil Arctic today.

# MOBILOIL AND MOBILGAS

**SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.**

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM
GARGOYLE
Mobiloil

# A Queen's Ransom

Continued from page 11

anyway, with possibly my life at stake."

"Or fifty thousand dollars."

"Much more likely my life. I haven't an idea where I'd get fifty thousand dollars."

In the following silence the leisurely beat of the surf, like the delayed tempo of a tango, came to them. Out at sea some birds called hoarsely. The air was oppressive.

Essex said, "I'm not joking. Dad left everything tied up in trust for me and Camelia. We get an allowance, but mine goes a lot faster than it comes."

"AND you couldn't get extra money if it meant your life?" asked Crane.

"Oh, sure, if the trustees thought my life was *really* in danger. But they wouldn't be apt to pay fifty thousand dollars to anybody who threatened me."

"Would you pay it on the strength of these notes if you had it?"

"Hell, no." Essex's pointed jaw was set stubbornly. "I'm worried, but I'm not that scared."

"How much is your allowance?"

"Camelia and I each get two thousand a month."

"That's not so much," said Crane calmly, "when you consider the upkeep of this place and the Long Island estate."

"Oh, no. All that's paid by the trust company. Even the food and the servants. The allowance is for our personal use."

O'Rourke, still leaning against the door, let his breath run through his teeth. "A fellow could struggle along on that."

"Not this fellow." Essex's expression was petulant. "I keep just one jump ahead of the bill collectors. It's terribly annoying. Yet the trust company won't listen to any hints that my allowance should be increased." His voice was bitter. "You'd think it was their money, the way they hoard it."

Crane was looking at the third note. He read, "The time nears when you must pay your debt." He glanced at Essex. "Do you owe somebody?"

Essex's voice didn't sound convincing. "No. No, I don't. Nothing but small debts . . . clothes, and hotel bills, and liquor bills. I don't suppose any of them run over a couple of thousand."

"You don't know what the note means by 'your debt'?"

"No. Unless, of course, the fellow thinks because I inherited money I owe a debt to society. There are some people who think like that, you know."

"So I've heard." Crane put one of the unopened beer bottles between his knees, jerked off the top with the metal opener. "Have you any enemies?"

"I suppose there're lots of people who don't like me, but I'm sure none of them is gunning for me."

"No people with shotguns?" demanded Crane.

Essex's head jerked upward. "What do you mean? What have you heard?"

Crane deliberately poured the pale beer into his glass, allowing it to foam. "What am I supposed to have heard?"

"Nothing." Essex fastened angry eyes on the beer. "Nothing. The trouble is there's always so much gossip about me. It gets under my skin. I thought maybe you'd heard some of it."

"No," said Crane.

O'Rourke said, "Open a bottle for me."

As Crane tugged on the cap, Essex said, "I think somebody's trying to scare me into paying him fifty thousand dollars. Probably some racketeer. If he knew me, he'd know I couldn't get my hands on any such sum."

"I don't know that 'somebody' would have much chance to stick notes in your hand while you're asleep," said Crane.

"That's so. Unless he had an accomplice in the house. Do you think . . . ?"

"I don't know, but it could be possible." Crane took a long drink of the beer. "Is that the whole story?"

Essex nodded.

"No more notes?"

"No."

"No attacks made on you?"

ESSEX'S face expressed mild alarm. "No."

"And you're sure you can't think of a reason for the notes?"

"Yes."

"Well, what do you want us to do?"

"Oh, I suppose the usual thing." Essex relaxed in his chair, allowing his chin to sag toward his chest. "It wasn't so much my idea bringing you down here as it was old Hastings'." He caught the inquiry in Crane's eyes. "He's president of Union Trust and an old friend of Dad's. He was worried about my safety, thought the fellow might be a crank."

"We're not bodyguards," said Crane; "we're detectives."

"I don't expect you to guard me; I've provided for that. You're to see about The Eye . . . collar him if you can."

Crane complacently drank his beer. "I wouldn't worry much about anybody who signs himself The Eye."

"He sounds like he's been reading bad detective stories," O'Rourke said.

In three jerky motions, arms raising his body, legs taking the weight over, arms shoving him into a balancing position, Essex came out of his chair. "I can take care of myself." His face was angry. "You get The Eye, whoever he is."

As he neared the door, Crane asked him: "What are we supposed to be? Friends of yours?"

"Yes. Only Camelia and the trust company representative know you are detectives."

Crane asked, "Is that the fellow who sent us a wire telling us to be here yesterday or we'd be fired?"

"Yes. Major Eastcomb. He's still furious over your telegram in answer."

"I only said 'Nuts'," Crane said innocently.

"Well, you *are* a day late." He opened the door with his left hand. "I'll tell everybody I met you both in New York and invited you down here. That's all right because Camelia's giving a sort of house party."

Crane let the last of the beer slide down his throat. "I accept with pleasure."

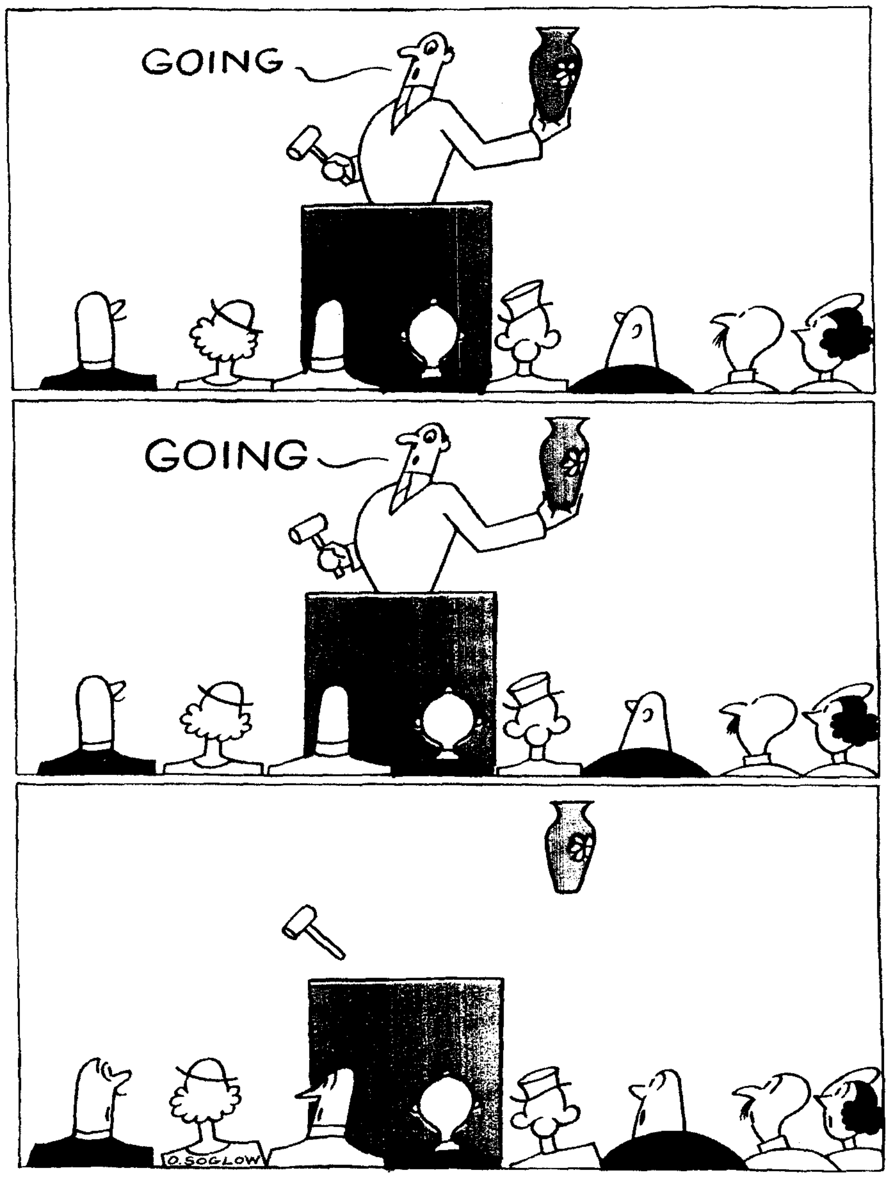
O'Rourke said, "Me, too."

"IT LOOKS nice," Crane said, padding across the beach after O'Rourke.

They waded through green-and-silver breakers, digging their feet in the sand against each impact, and swam in the darker water beyond. The water was luke-cold; the morning sun was warm. Where it was deep there was no surf and the waves came like great wrinkles in a bedspread, gently lifting them on rounded crests, then lowering them into hollows.

"It is nice," O'Rourke said.

In either direction, as far as they could see, ran a wide beach the color of Camembert cheese. Oases of palms, lean-



WINTER CURSE ATTACKS!

- YOUR CAR
- YOUR POCKETBOOK
- YOUR DISPOSITION

AND YOU CAN

End it WITH AN ALKOSAVE

The worst curse of winter driving—radiator freezing—damages your car, costs you money and destroys your good humor. Now, for a few cents, you can install an ALKOSAVE and prevent alcohol loss due to evaporation as well as objectionable alcohol fumes. With an ALKOSAVE and your car in good running condition *one filling* of alcohol will give you positive anti-freeze protection all winter—without costly refills. Now you can use low priced alcohol as an all winter anti-freeze. The ALKOSAVE is quickly installed on the lower end of your radiator overflow pipe. Buy it at any garage, gasoline station or accessory store.

LIST PRICE
89c

EVANS

EVANS PRODUCTS CO.
392 BROAD STREET
NEWARK, N. J.

For real flavor—just try this spice-rich Adams Clove Gum! Never hot or bitey—just luxuriously spicy and refreshing! It leaves such a pleasant, clean taste in your mouth—and it's a delightfully sure way to keep your breath pure and sweet!

ADAMS
CLOVE
CHEWING GUM

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

ing away from the ocean, made bright green breaks in the shoreline, but inland the color was dull; gray-green where mangrove jungles covered swamps, brown in the distance where the Everglades began.

O'Rourke dog-paddled toward Crane. "What do you think about this business?" he asked. "Some of the servants trying to knock off a piece of dough?"

"I don't know." The sun warmed Crane's face. "I don't think our employer's telling all he knows."

"He's scared, though. Damned scared."

"Threatening letters scare most people."

"I wouldn't know." O'Rourke sank under the water, then emerged vertically, like a Japanese bobbing toy. "I never got any threatening letters," he said. "They just come and take a swing when they're mad at me. They don't bother to write."

Crane said, "You must have very informal friends."

O'Rourke made a noise with sea water and his cupped hands, then said: "That Eye guy wouldn't scare me."

"Nor me," said Crane, turning toward shore. "He sounds like a guy in a melodrama. He sounds phony."

They half swam, half coasted in on foam-smeared waves until their feet touched the sand bottom. The backwash pulled at their ankles, making a sucking noise and picking up milky clouds of fine sand. On their chests and shoulders the sun had already evaporated some of the moisture.

As they reached the strand of damp, brown, firmly packed sand at the water's edge, a flamingo ran around the left-hand corner of the house and came toward them. Behind the bird was a blonde in a tight white bathing suit, running like a boy. Her legs were slim and brown and her hair, cut in short curls, was bleached the shade of pine shavings.

"Head him off," the girl called, still running. "Send him back this way."

Crane obligingly ran toward the patio, but the flamingo suddenly cut loose with a burst of speed, lifting its feet off the ground with quick thrusts of its wings, passed him by a good three feet and vanished around the other side of the house.

"Oh, too bad," cried the girl, coming to a halt. She turned to face a tall young man in blue wool trunks who had just rounded the first corner. "No use, Tony," she called to him. "Abelard went through tackle for a touchdown."

CRANE examined her while she waited for Tony to come up. She was a small girl, not much over five feet tall, but she was not as young as he had first thought. At least she was well developed. Her hips were curved and her breasts were round under the white suit. Under her arms, in the V between her breasts, on the circles of her thighs where the suit had been pulled up by running, her skin was perfectly white, contrasting with the golden tan of her legs and arms.

O'Rourke, coming to a halt beside Crane, said in his ear, "I'm beginning to be glad I came."

The girl and her companion came toward them. "Thanks for the gallant effort," she said to Crane, her teeth white behind red lips. Her eyes matched the sky.

"I'm just as glad I was too late," said Crane. "I've never tackled a flamingo."

She said, "Nobody ever has. We've been trying for years."

Her companion had short-cut black hair. He was very tall and thin, and his long face was quite handsome. Crane did not think he liked him, but he realized that this was possibly due to the fact that he did not care for the name Tony. The name always suggested a smooth guy to him; a sort of gigolo.

The girl said, "I'm Camelia Essex. You're Penn's friends, aren't you?"

"I'm William Crane," said Crane, "and this is Thomas O'Rourke."

"And this is Tony Lamphier."

The young man's expression was glassy. "H'lo," he said. He looked over their heads, suddenly thrust out a hand at O'Rourke and shook hands with him. "Enjoyed your party very much, sir," he declared. Abruptly, he started for the ocean.

Miss Essex laughed, uttering a sort of flutelike giggle which made Crane regard her closely. "He's a little tight," she said.

"So early in the morning?" asked Crane in astonishment.

"Oh, no. We're just rounding out the evening."

"You must have had some evening."

"Oh, yes. We went to Tortoni's." Her eyes turned from Tony Lamphier, struggling with the breakers, to Crane. "You're the detectives, aren't you?"

"Yes."

Her face serious, she looked up into O'Rourke's eyes. "You can help Penn, can't you? I'm really frightened."

"Sure," said O'Rourke. "Don't worry at all."

SHE put her hand on Crane's arm. Her fingers were hot. "This may be the only chance I'll have to speak to you alone." Her words were hurried. "Penn's lost a lot of money gambling . . . twenty-five thousand dollars. . . . Tortoni holds his I O U's and has been trying to collect. He's a dangerous man."

"Cam! Oh, Cam!" Tony Lamphier was shouting from a point fifty yards out at sea. "Come and see the sharks."

"Coming, dear." She tightened her fingers on Crane's arm. "Penn doesn't know I know about it, but I thought you ought to be told. He doesn't intend to pay the debt, says Tortoni's wheel is crooked." She took her hand from Crane's arm.

"Wait a second," said Crane. "How did you find out about this?"

"I overheard Tortoni threatening Penn in New York. . . ."

From the ocean came a petulant shout. "Caaaaam!"

"You mustn't tell Penn how you found this out." Crane nodded his head and she ran toward the surf. "Here I come, Tony." Breast deep in water, she faced the shore for an instant. "See you this afternoon."

Crane shouted, "It's a date," and watched her dive through a comber and swim vigorously toward Lamphier.

"Well, that gives us something to think about," said O'Rourke.

"In what way?"

O'Rourke glared at him in mock disgust. "You have a low mind."

"Perhaps I have, thank God," said Crane.

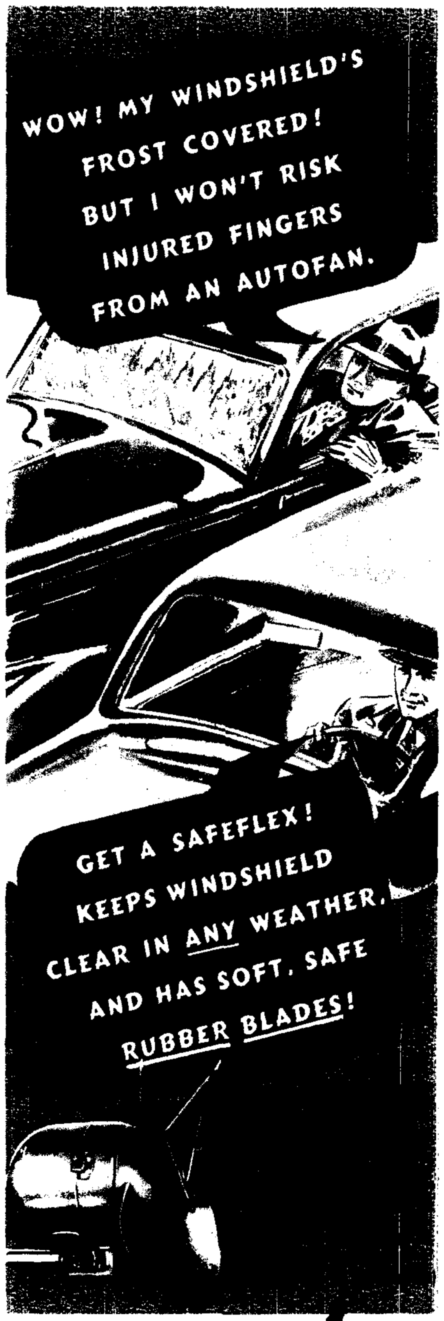
They went up to their rooms and turned on the water in the green-tiled shower. The connecting bathroom was a large one, gay with chromium, bright tile and highly colored tropical fish painted on the walls, and Crane shaved while O'Rourke took his shower. Thick sunlight, reflecting from the branch of a coconut palm, cast a greenish-yellow scar along his jawbone.

"How's your black eye?" asked O'Rourke, turning off the shower and seizing a green-trimmed bath towel. "Better?"

Crane cocked his head, said, "It's beautiful. Sort of Kelly green, like mildewed pork." His razor made a sandpaper noise against his chin. "We better go out tonight and see if this Tortoni's wheel is really crooked."

"What will we use for money?"

Crane doused warm water on his face. "Maybe we could write I O U's." He buried his face in a towel, spoke with a muffled voice: "But we don't have to.


WOW! MY WINDSHIELD'S FROST COVERED! BUT I WON'T RISK INJURED FINGERS FROM AN AUTOFAN.
GET A SAFEFLEX! KEEPS WINDSHIELD CLEAR IN ANY WEATHER, AND HAS SOFT, SAFE RUBBER BLADES!

SAMSON
Safe-flex
AUTO FAN
WITH
RUBBER BLADES

Can't injure even a baby's fingers!

Avoid the peril of a frost-covered windshield! A Safeflex electric Autofan makes windshield ice-crust vanish...keeps windshield crystal clear in even sub-zero weather! Also banishes windshield "steam and fog" in rainy weather. And air-cools car in summer.

[illegible]

Whirling metal blades, in a sedan, are a menace to fingers . . . especially children's! Safeflex has *soft rubber blades* that can't injure even a tiny tot!

[illegible]

Clamps on steering post, or convenient headerboard of car. Streamlined; smartly styled. Installed in a jiffy.

Safeflex is the original, *rubber bladed* Autofan. (U. S. Patent No. 2,095,223). Assure satisfaction. Accept no infringement.

FOR CHRISTMAS . . .
Safeflex is an unusual . . . an intelligent gift for every car owner.

We got dough." Marching into his room, he returned with a pigskin wallet. "The colonel gave us a grand for expenses. Look!" His right hand drew out the contents of the wallet. "Well, for Pete's sake!"

Amid the lettuce-green hundred-dollar bills was a folded sheet of paper. He opened it, noted the red ink, read aloud:

"Messrs Flatfeet:

"You got till 12 noon today to get out of here. . . . This is no joke. . . . Get out or the gators back in the swamps will be fatter. . . . You get the idea. . . .
"THE EYE"

Crane's voice died away.

O'Rourke said, "The Eye's some little letter writer."

"I bet he's the guy who wrote Nellie, The Beautiful Cloak Model," Crane said.

HE WENT into his room and compared the new note with those he had received from Essex. The ink was the same shade of red and the angle at which the sheet had been torn was identical. He put all four notes in his wallet, took a white linen suit from the closet.

When they finished dressing, Crane looked at his wrist watch. It was ten minutes past nine.

"I suppose we ought to look up Essex," O'Rourke said. "The Eye may be about to throw him to the alligators."

"The Eye's a phony," Crane said.

There was a faint noise of laughter outside and they went out on the balcony in time to see Camelia Essex and Tony Lamphier cross the patio and enter the house. The girl's face was gay.

"She doesn't act much worried about her brother," said O'Rourke.

"No, she doesn't," said Crane. "Let's have breakfast."

They went down the curved marble stairs with the wrought-iron balustrade into a tile-floored hall. A serving man in white came toward them. "Good morning," he said. "If you like, breakfast will be served in the patio."

A stocky red-faced man in gray flannel slacks and a black-and-white checked sport coat was reading the Miami Herald at a round table by the side of the swimming pool. His hair was flecked with gray; there was a white line on his neck at the point where his collar halted; he was eating liver and bacon.

He didn't bother to get up. "The energetic detectives?" he said. His voice was hoarse and vigorous and his accent might have come from England or from Boston's Back Bay.

"Major Eastcomb . . . ?" Crane inquired.

The man nodded. "Time you got here." His face was brick-red, sullen. "Past time."

"I'm sorry about that wire," Crane said. "I didn't know who you were."

"You might have been more civil."

O'Rourke spoke to the approaching servingman. "Scrambled eggs."

"The same," said Crane, "and a Scotch-and-soda."

"Make it two," O'Rourke said.

The major grunted. Crane leaned confidentially toward him. "We drink because our lives are forfeit."

The major blinked bloodshot eyes at Crane. "You got one of those damned notes?"

"The Eye gives us until noon to get out of here."

O'Rourke was drinking iced tomato juice. "Or else we are trun to the alligators."

Major Eastcomb demanded, "How did the fellow know you were detectives?"

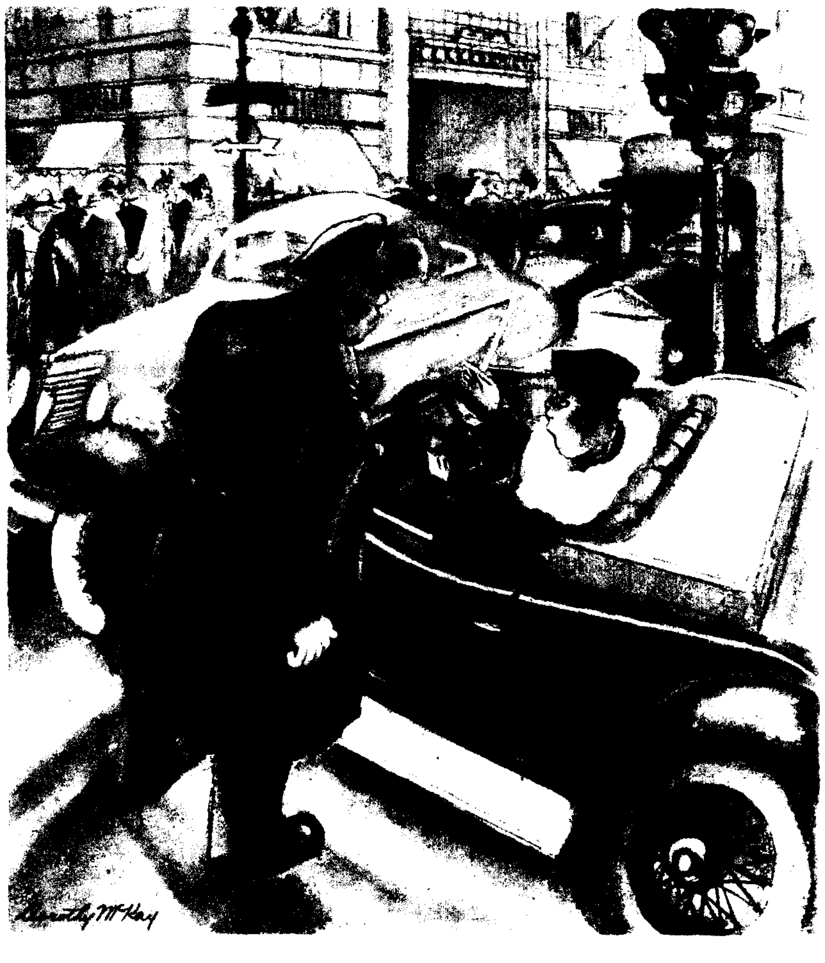
The servingman appeared with a bottle of whisky. Major Eastcomb took the bottle from him.

"I'll manage, Pedro."

He mixed a drink in one glass, set the bottle on the table.

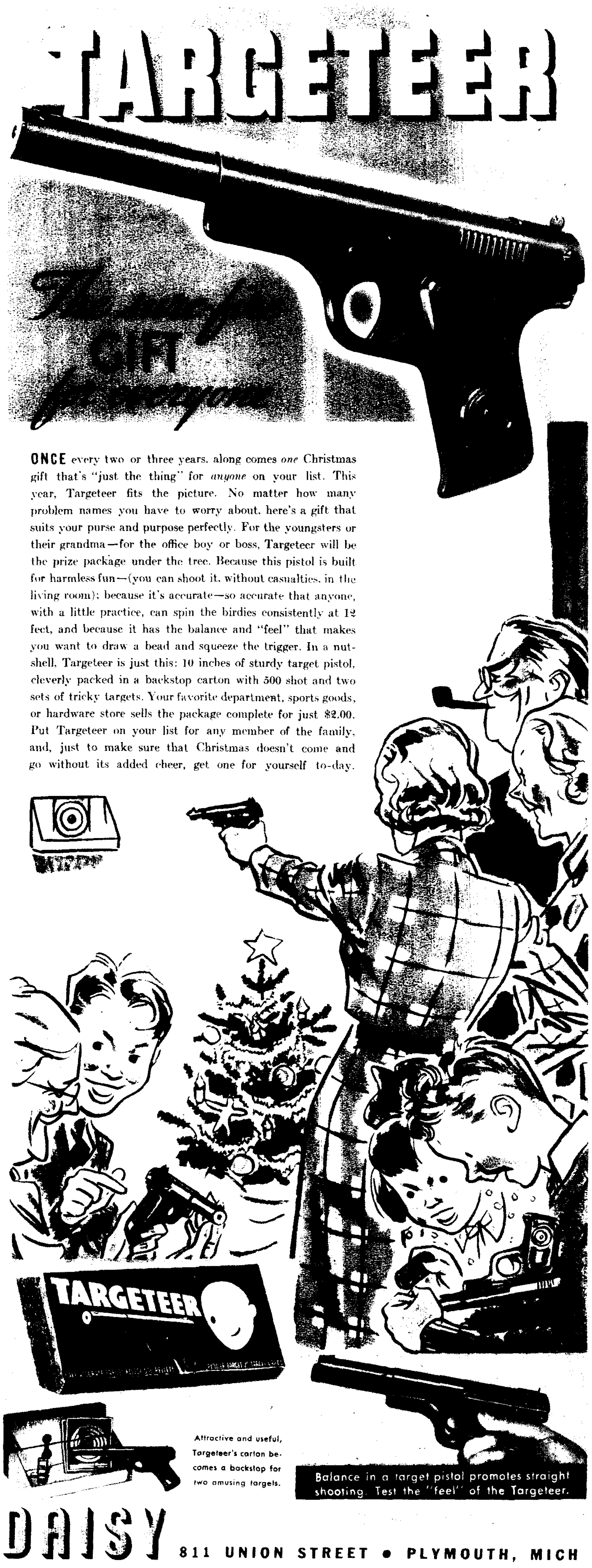
The detectives stared at him in surprise. "In a way," he said, "you are under my orders. Any payments to your agency must have my approval.",

O'Rourke looked at him blankly.



"Can I make it up by stopping at a green light at the next block?"

DOROTHY MC KAY



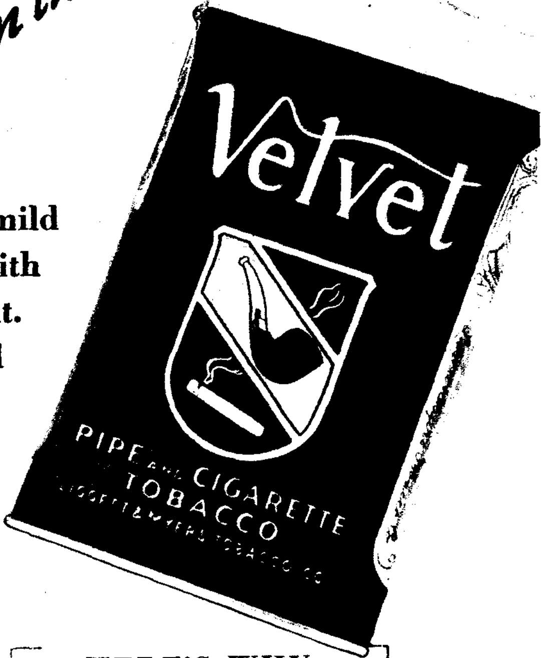
**ONCE** every two or three years, along comes *one* Christmas gift that's "just the thing" for *anyone* on your list. This year, Targeteer fits the picture. No matter how many problem names you have to worry about, here's a gift that suits your purse and purpose perfectly. For the youngsters or their grandma—for the office boy or boss, Targeteer will be the prize package under the tree. Because this pistol is built for harmless fun—(you can shoot it, without casualties, in the living room); because it's accurate—so accurate that anyone, with a little practice, can spin the birdies consistently at 12 feet, and because it has the balance and "feel" that makes you want to draw a bead and squeeze the trigger. In a nutshell, Targeteer is just this: 10 inches of sturdy target pistol, cleverly packed in a backstop carton with 500 shot and two sets of tricky targets. Your favorite department, sports goods, or hardware store sells the package complete for just $2.00. Put Targeteer on your list for any member of the family, and, just to make sure that Christmas doesn't come and go without its added cheer, get one for yourself to-day.

Attractive and useful, Targeteer's carton becomes a backstop for two amusing targets.

Balance in a target pistol promotes straight shooting. Test the "feel" of the Targeteer.

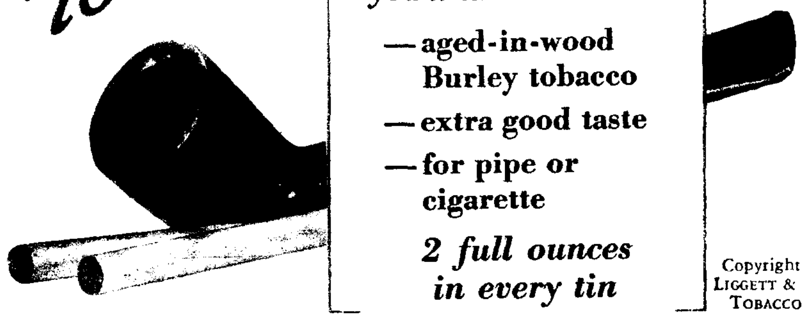
DAISY 811 UNION STREET • PLYMOUTH, MICH

-this Christmas you hit it right on the nose, Dad



Here's sweet mild Kentucky Burley... with a flavor that's different. Try Velvet... you'll like it.

better smoking tobacco



HERE'S WHY
*you'll like* VELVET

- aged-in-wood Burley tobacco
- extra good taste
- for pipe or cigarette

*2 full ounces in every tin*

Copyright 1937, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

"What about our drinks?" he asked.

Crane said, "I don't believe we want any liquor."

"That's better," said the major. "You men are on a job, not a drinking bout." Crane saw that his eyes, in addition to being flecked with blood, were very small. "I've heard stories of your alcoholic tendencies." Crane thought the small eyes made him look like a pig.

"That's the way we work," O'Rourke objected. "We always combine pleasure with business."

"While you're working for the Essex Estate you'll stick to business."

"Okay." Crane looked away from the whisky bottle. "No pleasure."

The major's eyes gleamed in triumph. "Now I'll tell you about young Essex . . ."

While the whisky diminished in his glass, he recounted the more important episodes in Essex's life—the Ruby Carstair breach-of-promise case ("Devilish fortunate to settle for ten thousand"); his deportation from Japan for booing the Mikado; the Lido Club row in which a Broadway columnist was blinded by a thrown bottle; many others.

"There's more . . . a wild lad if ever . . ." The major tossed the remainder of his drink down his throat. "But you've an idea. Only pertinent thing is his debts. Yes, his debts. Especially a bloody big one to Tortoni, the gambler."

Crane's eyebrows lifted. "So?"

"Don't know how much it is," confided the major. "Penn denies it altogether. But Tortoni tried to collect from me in New York. Cheeky beggar! Had him shown out of the office."

"You think Tortoni's behind the notes?"

"I don't know. Suppose I ask you a question. What do you propose to do?"

Crane said, "Keep our eyes open."

They sat in silence while the servingman put plates before them, ladled out eggs and bacon from a silver-covered platter, passed thin slices of dry toast, poured coffee.

When the man had gone, O'Rourke asked the major, [illegible] any ideas for us?"

The major ignored him. "I understand your office's keeping tab on that fake count of Camelia's," he said to Crane.

"Count Paul di Gregario? Yes, I guess they are."

"Waste of time. They're washed up."

"Maybe," said Crane.

The major glared at him.

Craig the butler entered. "Good morning, sir," he said to the major, ignoring Crane and O'Rourke.

The major grunted, "Morning."

USUALLY, Crane thought, butlers looked pompous, ponderous; Craig looked alert and nasty. Under heavy talcum his beard glistened, blue-black, and his eyebrows met over his nose. His eyes were beady. "I have the accounts ready for you, Major," he said.

"I'll be along in five minutes."

"Very good, sir." The butler turned from the table, his small eyes passing over Crane and O'Rourke without a change in their expression. Crane said, "Craig." The butler halted. "Will you have my roadster brought around? Mr. O'Rourke and I are going into Miami."

The butler's eyes gleamed. "Shall I pack your bags, sir?"

The major was absolutely motionless. Crane demanded, "What makes you think I want my bags packed?"

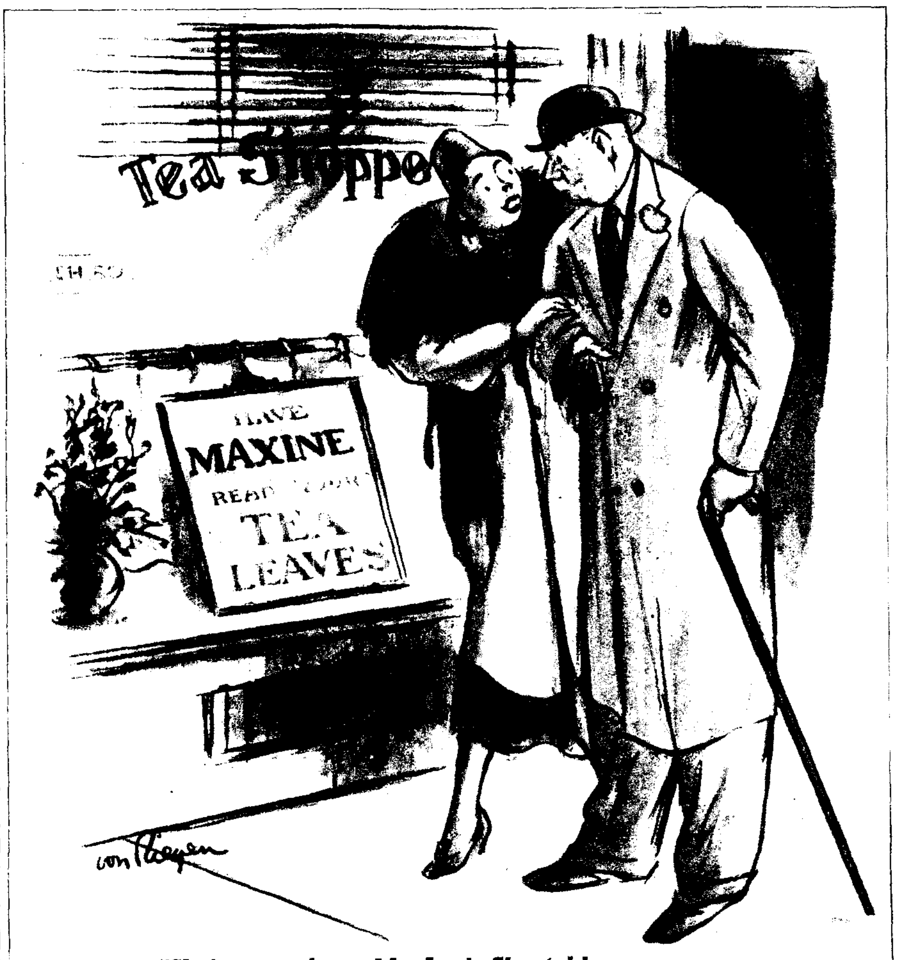
"I thought possibly you were leaving."

"Craig"—Crane leaned across the table toward the butler—"when we decide to leave you shall be the first to know it."

The butler left them. The major grunted, said, "No one, except Penn and me, knows that you are detectives. I suggest an improvement in your manners." He grunted again and went toward the same door the butler had used.

Making a circle of his thumb and forefinger, O'Rourke held it to his left eye, monocle-fashion. "Pleasant beggar!" he observed.

(*To be continued next week*)



"She's marvelous, Mr. Lee! She told me someone is giving me a diamond bracelet . . . you darling!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

# How to Pick the All-America

Continued from page 14

are now far in the lead on Collier's official teams. Yale is well ahead with 88 entries. Harvard is second with 78. Princeton brings up in third place with 59 and Pennsylvania follows with 38. These four universities have a display of 263 names, a little more than half of the entire list.

Against this the entire South, excluding the Southwest, has only 24 names to offer—and the Midwest, including Notre Dame, only 83. The Pacific Coast comes in with 23, led by Stanford and Southern California.

Here is the college or university record for the All-America players from a total of 54 institutions:

| | |
|---|---|
| Alabama | 4 |
| Amherst | 1 |
| Arkansas | 1 |
| Army | 15 |
| Auburn | 2 |
| Baylor | 1 |
| Brown | 6 |
| California | 4 |
| Carlisle | 4 |
| Carnegie Tech | 1 |
| Centre | 3 |
| Chicago | 9 |
| Colgate | 7 |
| Columbia | 4 |
| Cornell | 10 |
| Dartmouth | 12 |
| Duke | 1 |
| Fordham | 1 |
| Georgetown | 1 |
| University of Georgia | 2 |
| Georgia Tech | 3 |
| Harvard | 78 |
| Illinois | 8 |
| Iowa | 4 |
| Lafayette | 3 |
| Louisiana State | 2 |
| Marquette | 1 |
| Michigan | 22 |
| Minnesota | 18 |
| Navy | 9 |
| Nebraska | 6 |
| New York University | 1 |
| Northwestern | 4 |
| Notre Dame | 9 |
| Ohio State | 8 |
| University of Pennsylvania | 38 |
| Penn State | 5 |
| Pittsburgh | 15 |
| Princeton | 59 |
| Purdue | 4 |
| Rice | 1 |
| Rutgers | 3 |
| Southern California | 7 |
| Southern Methodist | 2 |
| Stanford | 8 |
| Syracuse | 6 |
| Tennessee | 3 |
| Texas Christian | 2 |
| Tulane | 3 |
| Vanderbilt | 1 |
| Washington | 4 |
| Washington & Jefferson | 2 |
| West Virginia | 1 |
| Yale | 88 |

Yale, Harvard and Princeton dominated the All-America teams of 1889 and 1890. In 1891 Adams of Pennsylvania broke in at center. He was the first player outside of the old Big Three to crash the eleven elect. Thayer of Pennsylvania was the next outsider in 1892 but in 1894 Pennsylvania added three more stars in Gelbert, Knipe and Brooke.

It took the Midwest ten years to make the All-America grade when Herschberger, Chicago's brilliant kicker, was named at the fullback's job. Seneca of the Carlisle Indians arrived in 1899; but the South, the Southwest, the Missouri Valley and the Pacific Coast still had a long way to go. It was not until 1918, 29 years after Walter Camp picked his first team, that Day, a center from Georgia Tech, turned the spotlight on the South. Three years later Brick Muller, California's big forward-passing end, finally gave the Western coast its first member of the All-America. By 1915 Harvard, Yale and Princeton men had begun to disappear from it and in 1924, when Mr. Camp picked his last All-America, the old Big Three for the first time failed to place a player on the honor roll.

You have most of the change in American football in these few statistics: On the first six Collier's All-America teams there were 61 nominations from Harvard, Yale and Princeton. On the last six Collier's All-America teams there have been only four from these universities which over forty years ago dominated the game. There's the answer to football's phenomenal growth and its spread all over the map of the United States.

From the 47-year-old group only three men ever made Collier's team four successive years. They were Hinkey, Yale's star end, who from 1891 through 1894 wrote football history; Truxton Hare, Pennsylvania's star guard from 1897 through 1900; and Gordon Brown, Yale's big tackle from 1897 through 1900. Willie Heston of Michigan broke into the line-up in 1903 and came back again in 1904. Walter Eckersall of Chicago entered the picture in 1904, 1905 and 1906, the only Westerner except Red Grange of Illinois to make the team three years. Colonel John Reed Kilpatrick, now head of Madison Square Garden, was given All-America membership as a Yale end in 1909 and 1910. It was not until 1920 that Notre Dame entered the all-star parade with George Gipp. Jim Thorpe was on hand for Carlisle in 1911 and 1912.

### Stars of Yesterday

The list is spotted with remembered names from Pudge Heffelfinger in 1889 to Kelley and Frank of Yale in 1936—47 years of memories for those who can go back that far. And you might be surprised to know how many there are who still can.

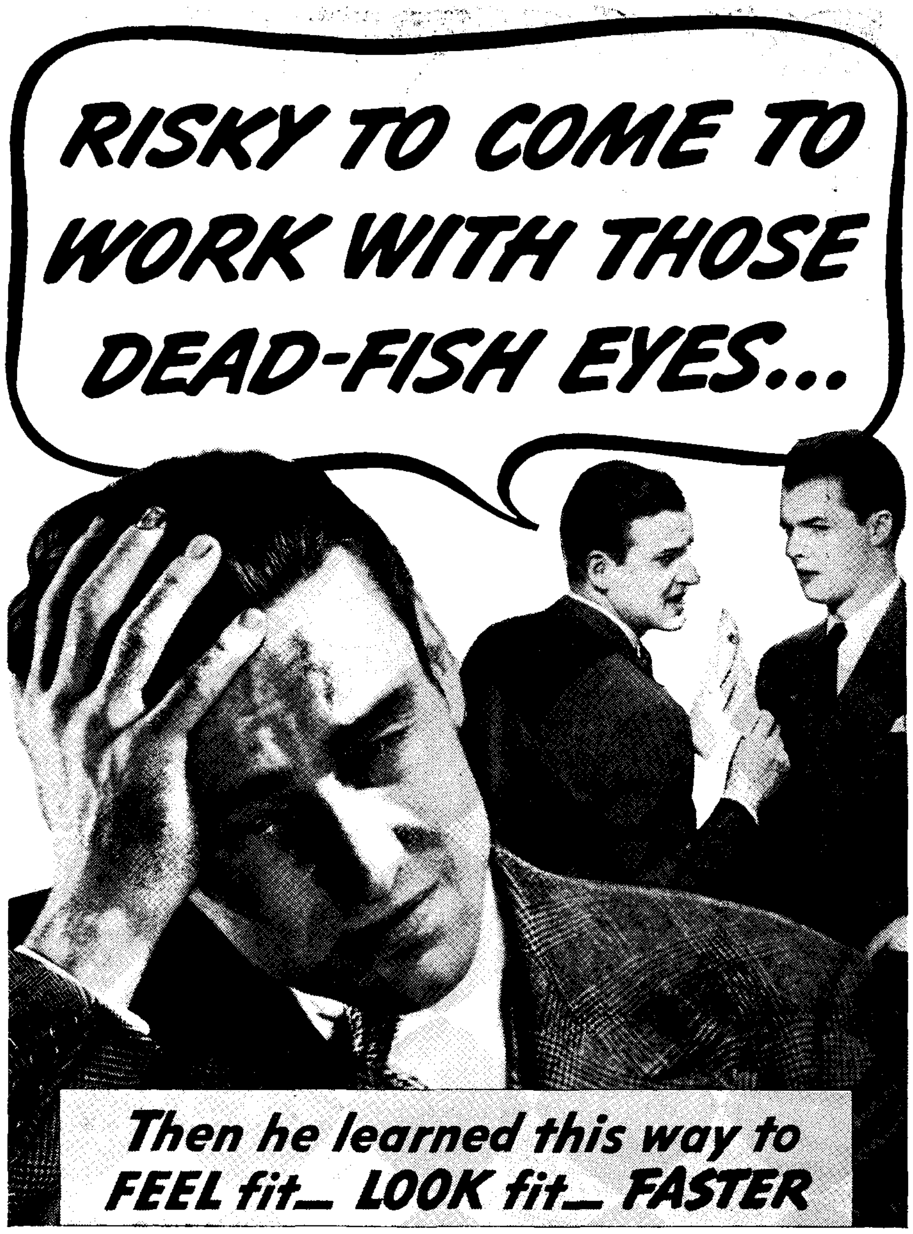
For example, we were checking over Camp's and Collier's first 1889 team. Here is the line-up selected then:

End—Cumnock, Harvard
Tackle—Cowan, Princeton
Guard—Cranston, Harvard
Center—George, Princeton
Guard—Heffelfinger, Yale
Tackle—Gill, Yale
End—Stagg, Yale
Quarterback—E. A. Poe, Princeton
Halfback—Lee, Harvard
Halfback—Channing, Princeton
Fullback—Ames, Princeton

That was a rugged and enduring cluster of stars. From that first eleven only Arthur J. Cumnock, John S. Cranston, William J. George and Knowlton (Snake) Ames are dead. Seven still survive and all seven enjoy fine health.

Alonzo Stagg at the age of 75 is coaching the College of the Pacific. This is his 48th year on the coaching job and this fall the biggest squad he has ever had reported for practice. Mr. Stagg arises at 6 A. M. and plays an hour of tennis before breakfast and he is far from inactive on the coaching field. In fact, he is one of the liveliest men on his own squad.

Pudge Heffelfinger, considered by many the finest guard that ever played, is now living in Minneapolis. Pudge


RISKY TO COME TO WORK WITH THOSE DEAD-FISH EYES...
Then he learned this way to FEEL fit— LOOK fit— FASTER

GOSH, PETE, DO I LOOK AS BAD AS I FEEL?
YOU'VE CERTAINLY GOT A MORNING-AFTER LOOK! IT WOULD PAY YOU TO TAKE SOME BROMO-SELTZER
VERY SOON
BROMO-SELTZER SURE FIXED ME UP! I'M READY TO FACE THE WORLD—AND THE BOSS
YES, IT WORKS FASTER. DOES MORE, TOO. CLEARS THE HEAD—HELPS JITTERY NERVES—SETTLES THE STOMACH

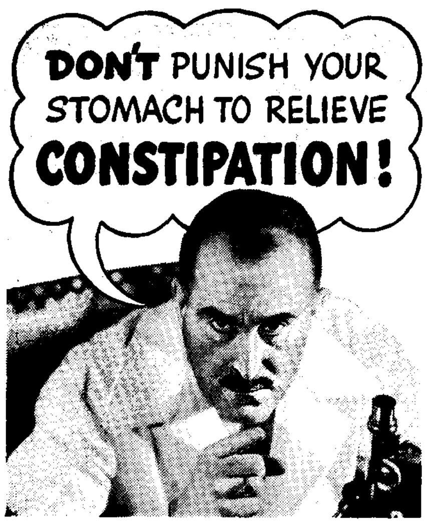
Alkalizes—Makes you feel fit FASTER!
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

● Hangovers may endanger *your* job! Snap out of them with Bromo-Seltzer.

It stops HEADACHE—*faster*, doctors proved, than anything else they tested. Calms jittery NERVES. Settles the STOMACH. It ALKALIZES—reduces excess acidity overindulgence causes.

At drugstores—soda fountains—everywhere. Keep it at home, too!

**BROMO-SELTZER**

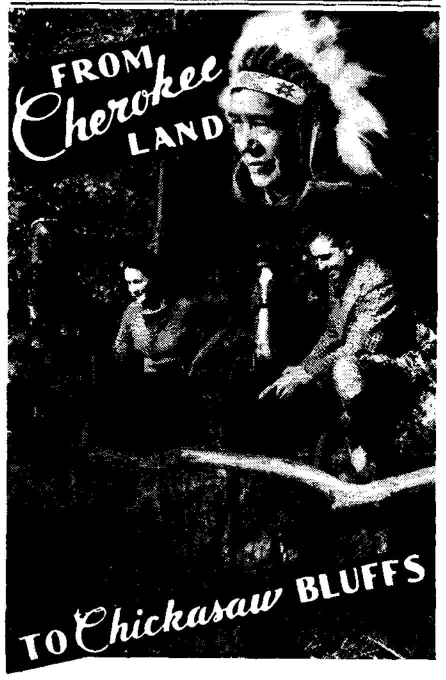

DON'T PUNISH YOUR STOMACH TO RELIEVE CONSTIPATION!

When you're dull, tired, upset, headachy due to constipation, don't take chances on making bad matters worse! Remember, no other type of laxative CAN do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does! It safeguards against trouble in 3 special ways:

1. **NO STOMACH UPSET**—you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there's nothing to burden your overworked digestion.
2. **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—the chewing increases the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
3. **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—in the intestines—*not* in the stomach.

Both youngsters and adults like this tasteless laxative medicine in delicious chewing gum. You'll *enjoy* taking FEEN-A-MINT. Try it—and discover for yourself why more than 16 million people have already changed to this remarkably *different*, modern laxative! At your drugstore, or write for generous FREE trial package to Dept. 6, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

NO OTHER TYPE OF LAXATIVE CAN DO EXACTLY WHAT FEEN-A-MINT DOES



From mountains, so rugged that civilization flowed around and left unspoiled, to historic bluffs where DeSoto first gazed upon the broad expanse of the mighty Mississippi, lie five hundred miles of scenery unsurpassed in beauty and variety. And you travel this scenic land over broad, smooth motorways among a friendly people extending a real Southern welcome wherever you care to linger.

Send for **FREE** copy "Trails of A Thousand Thrills"—24 pages of illustrations—many in natural color photography—your preview of a State you must visit on your way to and from the South's Winter Playgrounds—it's yours for the asking.

**Room 453**
**DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION**
**Nashville, Tennessee**

Scenic State of TENNESSEE

came back to help coach Yale in 1915, 24 years after leaving New Haven. At the age of 44, playing on the reserves against the first team, he almost wrecked the first line. Baldridge left the field with a broken collarbone while Cupid Black and one or two others were badly battered up by the hard-charging Pudge, who still played full periods when he was past 60. How many Staggs or Heffelfingers have we left today?

The Rev. Charles O. Gill, a tackle on that same team, resigned from the First Congregational Church at Hartland, Vermont, in 1929 and went in for farming. He can still do a good day's work.

Hector W. Cowan, rated as one of the greatest tackles that ever played, became an ordained minister. Later he became professor of physical culture and chapel director at the University of Kansas. In 1906 Cowan retired to his farm at Hobart, New York, where he now lives. Edgar Allan Poe, a great-nephew of the famous writer with the same name, is a Princeton trustee and a well-known lawyer in Baltimore. He held the office of attorney general of Maryland for four years.

Roscoe H. Channing, Junior, became a mining engineer and is now president of the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company in New York. He also served with Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba in 1898. One might remember that when Channing starred on one of Princeton's greatest teams he weighed only 137 pounds.

James Lee is a well-known New York lawyer. Snake Ames, one of the most brilliant of all college football and baseball stars and one of the country's ablest businessmen, died only a few years ago.

Picking an All-America in the early days of football was simple enough, you may say. But how is it possible even to approximate a correct selection in this modern period when almost the entire terrain of the United States is covered with ball carriers, blockers, forward passers, kickers and hard-charging forwards? I will be more than pleased to uncover Collier's system and let you be the judge.

### A Look Behind the Scenes

Walter Camp died in 1924. Only a short while after this I had a conference with Collier's editors and we decided to use a new set of plans. The game had begun to cover entirely too many square miles for any one man. With this idea in mind we decided to select an advisory board of leading football writers, able and experienced, fair in their judgments and opinions, who in turn were in close touch with all the coaches and all the teams in their different sectors.

It was decided that even the highest type of coach could also be prejudiced in favor of his own men, a natural human trend. In place of naming a coaches' board, Collier's selected the following for its advisory group: Always-dependable Braven Dyer of the Los Angeles Times and Dink Templeton of Stanford, in the Far West; C. E. McBride, the veteran observer from the Kansas City Star—an able official and writer of thirty years' experience; H. G. Salsinger of the Detroit News for the Middle West, one of Walter Camp's most dependable assistants in other years, dating back to Heston and Eckersall; George White of the Dallas News, who carries the complete confidence of this strong football sector; O. B. Keeler of the Atlanta Journal, a veteran in the world of Southern sports with the support of every Southern football coach: Bill Cunningham of the Boston Post and Quentin Reynolds of Collier's, former Dartmouth and Brown stars, whose records and names are too well known to football fans to need any further comment.

By way of adding further intimate details each member of this board scans and scouts his own section thoroughly, sending in weekly reports on the progress of leading stars. This check includes the quality of opposing teams, the number of minutes played, all-round ability, spirit and sportsmanship. Last fall, for example, we checked over two hundred names. Near the end of the season we were down to twenty-two outstanding favorites. This involved a matter of more than 85,000 words of comment and statistics. Included in this was the opinion of every coach in every section.

Now the final decision must be made. We are letting you into more inside stuff. The main argument always concerns the backfield. They write most of the newspaper headlines. Last year I had before me the names of Sam Francis and Cardwell of Nebraska, Sammy Baugh of Texas Christian University, Clint Frank of Yale, Ace Parker of Duke, Ray Buivid of Marquette, Biggie Goldberg of Pittsburgh. John Meek of California, Dickens of Tennessee, Uram of Minnesota—so I wired every coach whose team had opposed any of these men to get his angle.

**Charles O. Gill, tackle, Yale, was on the 1889 All-America. Above, the Rev. Gill, of Hartland, Vermont, today**

The reply was almost unanimous. Clint Frank and Sam Francis were far in front. Every coach playing against Yale labeled Clint Frank as one of the best men they had ever seen, not even barring Coy or Thorpe. He could do everything. Jock Sutherland of Pittsburgh paid just as fine a tribute to Francis of Nebraska. Every team or coach that had played against Texas Christian University was solidly back of Sammy Baugh, one of the greatest passers, kickers and all-round stars, offensively or defensively, in football's long history. Sammy Baugh in the professional league lost no time in proving his place. Ace Parker of Duke and Ray Buivid finished close. But Buivid's support from opposing coaches was unanimous whereas Dickens of Tennessee ran Parker almost an even contest in the South.

Where candidates run fairly even the quality of the opposition they faced all fall gets important consideration. A candidate who has played well for three seasons gets consideration over another who has played only one year or two years, when the margin grows thin and additional factors must be considered.

### Where They Are Today

It has been often asked—what becomes of All-America stars? How do they make out later in life? How many are successful when the noise and general fanfare of their gridiron days are over? Here is a cross section from the collection that tells its own story—you'll remember most of these names—Eddie Mahan is an instructor and football coach at Newman's School in New Jersey. Jim Thorpe lives at Hawthorne, a suburb of Los Angeles, with his wife and three children, where he picks up odd jobs from the motion-picture industry. Ernie Smith plays with the Green Bay Packers and sells insurance in Los Angeles.

Tad Jones is in the coal business in New Haven. Larry Kelley is teaching and coaching at Peddie Institute, New Jersey. Red Grange is assistant coach for the Chicago Bears. Willie Heston is a judge in Detroit. Huntindon (Tack) Hardwick is in the brokerage business in Boston. Bobby Dodd of Tennessee is a football and track coach at Georgia Tech. Ken Strong is playing professional football. Bronko Nagurski is a wrestler and a professional football player.

Bob Peck was athletic director at Culver until his death three years ago. Tom Davies is in the insurance business in Pittsburgh, and coaches at St. Thomas. Ira Rodgers is assistant football coach and varsity basketball coach at West Virginia.

Joe Donchess coached at Pitt and Dartmouth, but resigned to join the staff of Boston Hospital. Joe Skladany is a district manager for a large oil company and end coach at Carnegie Tech. Ken Ormiston is athletic director at the Metropolitan club in Pittsburgh.

Brick Muller of the University of California, first Coast man picked on Camp's All-America, is an optician in Oakland and attends most of the California practices. He played in two Rose Bowl games against Ohio State and Washington and Jefferson. He threw that long pass against the Buckeyes. Brodie Stephens, who caught it, is a doctor in San Francisco.

Aubrey Devine is a lawyer in Los Angeles, plays a lot of golf in the seventies and does some football scouting for Howard Jones. Eddie Kaw is with Fox Movietone in Los Angeles. John Thurman teaches school in Pasadena. Babe Horrell is assistant to Bill Spaulding at the University of California at Los Angeles during his spare time away from business.

George Wilson is a wrestler. F. H. Wickhorst is assistant to Stub Allison at California and does a lot of scouting for the Bears. Morton Kaer lives at his home town, Red Bluff, California, where he runs a gas station. Pest Welch is assistant to Jimmy Phelan at Washington. Ernie Pinckert sells sporting goods and plays some professional football.

Hitchcock plays ball with the Oakland club of the Coast League. Cotton Warburton is in the cutting department of the MGM studio and plays softball, evenings. Aaron Rosenberg is an assistant director with Warner Brothers. Bobby Grayson is assistant to Tiny Thornhill at Stanford. Bob Reynolds is playing professional football with the Detroit Lions.

# The Hill of Gasquet

Continued from page 34

already singing soprano notes at their ears and the five-inch guns knocking the tar out of those silly, upstanding concrete entrenchments as though they were the walls of so many sheepcotes.

The Brigadier said: "Who the blankety-blank has started this blankety-blank business? These blankety-blank trenches are going to be blankety-blank slaughter pens. Who started it?"

When a general speaks there is always an aide-de-camp capable of giving an answer. It was an aide of the Brigadier who now said: "Company K, sir. Commanding officer, Captain Ellis."

"I hope that blankety-blank Ellis has his blankety-blank head knocked off," said the Brigadier. "But if we both live through it I'm going to make him think that hell is cooler than Coney Island. What are we going to do in these blankety-blank trenches now?"

One of his aides saluted and said: "We must leave them, sir."

"We must," said the Brigadier. "Give me that blankety-blank telephone."

But before he could issue orders effectively the battle was taking its own course. Rifle bullets were whistling like sharp little bird notes everywhere; machine guns were sweeping the trenches with invisible scythes; and the big guns commenced to bark like hungry, roaring dogs in the distance.

In fact, it was obvious to every private, every noncom, every officer in the American lines, that the trenches were not tenable for a moment. They had to leave the crumbling concrete walls which were tumbling in upon them, and leave them they did, with a rush. Being Americans, not yet taught sufficient caution by bashing their heads against four years of trench warfare, they followed their impertinent Yankee natures and went forward. And as they crossed No Man's Land they caught hell.

In some places they carried the trenches immediately before them. But in many other places they were stopped, and the reason they stopped was that they were dead. They were dead in scatterings, where big shells tossed them; they were dead in heaps where rifle fire snagged them at converging angles; they were dead in beautiful, even lines where the invisible scythes caught them and mowed them down in regular swaths.

THE Brigadier saw part of this, heard part of it, and got the rest over the telephone wires before they were cut to bits. The General was a large man who played a strong hand at poker and who knew how to add up the values of chance; but just at that moment he was thinking of his battalions as he last had seen them on a parade ground, the companies marching in long lines in review, the men dressing anxiously to the right, the little fellows lengthening their legs, the big men bending their knees to make shorter steps, and every chin drawn in until neck and shoulders were numb with rigidity. The Brigadier thought of that picture and a great stroke of sorrow fell upon his heart and rang a booming bell in his mind, and it seemed to that profane old man, for the moment, that all these lanky boys were older brothers of his boy Sammy, back there at home reading baseball dope and sneaking cigarettes and learning how to box, and in general brightening the whole blankety-blank world with his smile. When the Brigadier thought of these things, all in that thunderstroke of grief, he completely lost his head and threw in all his reserves at a single wallop.

That was not the way to play the game. It was crazy. Suppose the attack failed—and it was failing now—he would be all used up and the Germans would march through him as fast as their boots could trudge across the marsh. And then the High Command would sit in a stiff-necked inquiry, and the Brigadier would be washed up for life. His resignation might be accepted, or worse things than this might happen.

And the Brigadier, as a matter of fact, even had time to think about this, also; but being a poker player he felt that this might be the moment to bluff. So he threw in everything and smashed the rules of the game to a thousand bits by doing so. And as long as he was smashing precedent, he went ahead and did a complete job of it. For he not only threw in the reserves in one solid lump, but he threw himself in with them.

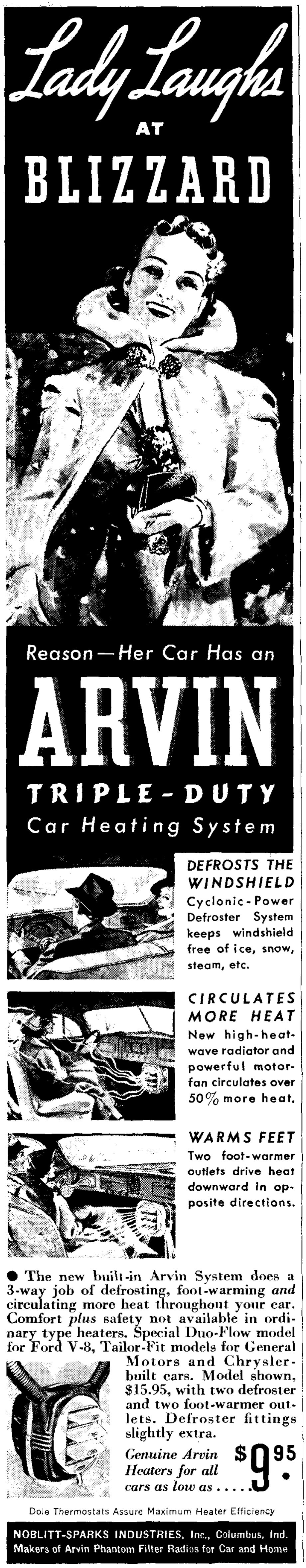
THE truth is that the Brigadier, if this stroke failed, did not care a blankety-blank about living. So many of those beautiful battalions already were being chewed up into forcemeat that he hardly cared to live anyway, to review some day the skimped ranks and the broken companies.

Of course he should have remained in the rear, because everybody knows that in modern war the general must fight with his brains and keep to the rear of the action; but the Brigadier started forward on a run, with a big service automatic in his fist and terrible language on his lips.

The truth is that the Brigadier was a good deal of a joke. He had no real talent for battle. All his aides-de-camp laughed at his various follies. His colonels looked at one another behind his back, and their lips often twitched with amusement. And the majors simply had no time for him. But when it came down to the captains and lieutenants, who always are great geniuses of war, they seriously felt that such a silly old fool ought to be left behind in Washington but not sent out where he could ruin the name and honor of a great nation with his blankety-blank foolishness.

But now, in spite of the smashed telephone lines, in spite of the hell-brew of noise that was rocketing out of the marshes and up the slope toward Gasquet, which a battery of big American guns had hold of and was knocking the frosting off of, . . . in spite of all the sweating and straining and confusion, in spite of the wounded men who sat down and stared at their own blood, and those who ran forward faster than ever, driven by pain; in spite of the dead men they stumbled over and the wounded who kicked and screamed on the ground; in spite of the whole ruction of the battle, a murmur strangely lived in the air and reached those fighting men, and the murmur said: "The damned old fool of a general is leading us . . . there he is, now . . . no, that's not him . . . that's not fast enough . . . why the hell don't he stay back where he belongs? What kind of a man's war is this, anyway? . . . There he is, the damned old fool! . . . He's down! . . . No, he's up! . . . He's up and still going! . . . Oh my God, he's gunna go and get himself done in. . . . Hey, Bill, Jim, Mike! . . . Come on and get going before the dirty Boches do in that damned old fat-faced fool."

In the books they say, "The cheering troops, inspired by the example of their beloved commander . . ." but the Yankees of those battalions spat white as they cursed and toiled up the slope to Gasquet with the barrage eating the hill before them the way a stream of water eats a sand-pile.


Lady Laughs AT BLIZZARD

Reason—Her Car Has an ARVIN TRIPLE-DUTY Car Heating System

DEFROSTS THE WINDSHIELD Cyclonic-Power Defroster System keeps windshield free of ice, snow, steam, etc.

CIRCULATES MORE HEAT New high-heat-wave radiator and powerful motor-fan circulates over 50% more heat.

WARMS FEET Two foot-warmer outlets drive heat downward in opposite directions.

● The new built-in Arvin System does a 3-way job of defrosting, foot-warming *and* circulating more heat throughout your car. Comfort *plus* safety not available in ordinary type heaters. Special Duo-Flow model for Ford V-8, Tailor-Fit models for General Motors and Chrysler-built cars. Model shown, $15.95, with two defroster and two foot-warmer outlets. Defroster fittings slightly extra.

*Genuine Arvin Heaters for all cars as low as* . . . . . $9.95

Dole Thermostats Assure Maximum Heater Efficiency

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, Inc., Columbus, Ind.
Makers of Arvin Phantom Filter Radios for Car and Home

BETTER SIGHT Guard against eye-strain by using proper light

BETTER LIGHT Use reading lamps that bear the I·E·S Certification Tag

BETTER VALUE New improvements now offer more light for your money

Mazda Lamps MADE BY Westinghouse
The name that means everything in electricity

# HEALTH WANTED

**A message to men and women who want to regain intestinal health...and youthful regularity**

"PEOPLE who really feel healthy rarely think about health." Sufferers from habitual constipation do not often enjoy that kind of care-free well-being. They fall into the habit of thinking about themselves. They worry.

Does that describe your own state of mind? Then consult your doctor about trying Saráka.* This is a new-type laxative which has been signally successful with cases of constipation. Many users recall their healthy youth when constipation was a thing never thought of.

## LAZY MUSCLES

Sufferers from constipation usually have intestinal muscles that have "gone soft". In civilized life, we get too little exercise—eat rich, over-refined food. Result—our intestinal muscles generally become weak and flabby. Saráka helps correct that condition. Saráka gives intestinal muscles the exercise they need—*internal exercise.*

The principal ingredient in Saráka is bassorit (sap of a tree found in India) in the form of tiny granules. After passing into the intestines, these granules absorb water. Gradually they e-x-p-a-n-d. They turn into soft, smooth BULK.

This extra bulk is the secret of Saráka's "exercising action". It encourages the lazy intestinal muscles to get busy. It gives them something to exercise on—encourages them to do their duty. The results are not violent or purgative. There is no embarrassing urgency. That is why so many users say "Saráka isn't always reminding me that I have taken a laxative."

In addition to its bulk-producing bassorit, Saráka also contains a specially-prepared cortex frangula (bark of a European shrub) which mildly stimulates the intestines to keep waste products in motion. So you have Bulk Plus Motility.*

## HOW TO USE SARAKA

You will find this laxative very pleasant to take. The tiny granules are easily swallowed with water. Usually it is not necessary to increase the dose. In fact, since Saráka tends to strengthen intestinal muscles, many users find that the quantity can be gradually cut down.

The coupon below will bring you a free trial-size tin of Saráka. While you are waiting for it to arrive, we suggest that you ask your family physician for his opinion of this laxative—and be guided by his advice. Mail coupon today.

▪▪▪▪▪▪▪*TEAR OFF AND MAIL*▪▪▪▪▪▪▪

**SCHERING CORPORATION**
**Dept. 379, Bloomfield, N. J.**
Canadian Address: Schering (Canada) Ltd.
P. O. Box 358, Montreal, Que.

Sign below for a free trial-size tin of Saráka. Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.

NAME..............................................................

ADDRESS..........................................................

Good Housekeeping Bureau 4853

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright 1937, Schering Corporation

The Germans, playing the game with scientific care, waited until the last moment, wisely sacrificing the advance trenches and their occupants and preparing the counterstroke which would roll the silly Yankees back down the hill. And when the exactly proper moment came, that reserve streamed out of the ruins of Gasquet and moved in a solid mass over the brow of the hill.

It was a beautiful maneuver, beautifully timed, beautifully executed, theoretically correct and admirable in every imaginable way. But just as that solid wave started moving the heavy artillery spotted it, and the three-inch guns joined in, and together they stamped on the top of Gasquet Hill, and when the dust settled the German reserve was no more.

The Brigadier, in the meantime, went down once on his knees with a bullet through his left shoulder; but when they tried to take him away he knocked their blankety-blank hands away and staggered on, saying: "There's fifty pounds too much of me, anyway. This'll thin me down. I've got to take up that blankety-blank golf. I've got to cut out the starches. . . . O'Leary, I don't need your help. I can carry my own blankety-blank fat belly."

THEN he went down again, flat on his face, and hundreds of gasping, sweating, spent doughboys saw that fall and halted as though they had run against a wall.

But it was only a bit of a fragment of a shell that had scraped the Brigadier's head and he got up to his feet again and said: "Blankety-blank good shots, those German blankety-blanks; but they can't ring this old bell!"

The running blood blinded him in one eye so that he hardly knew where he was until he found himself stumbling over the ruins of a village, the wind still blowing the powdered stone away.

Then the Brigadier stopped. He said: "Well, boys, here we are. I guess this is a blankety-blank victory!"

When they got some bandages on him, and after he had knocked the spots out of the counterattack, he said: "Get Company K's commander. Get that blankety-blank Ellis up here."

Captain Ellis said: "A certain Private Earle fired the shot which . . ."

"Get Private Earle," said the Brigadier. "He's got to be decorated on the field of battle . . . but I hope he's dead when you find him. . . . What's left of your company, Ellis?"

"About half, sir," said Ellis.

"Company K was the best blankety-blank company in your battalion," said the Brigadier.

Captain Ellis was not able to speak. The dust of the battle, perhaps, had choked him.

The Brigadier thundered: "It's the best blankety-blank company in the whole blankety-blank army."

"Yes, sir," whispered the captain.

"Get Earle and bring him here," said the General.

They led Captain Ellis away.

When Ellis got back to his men, as they lay on their backs with their arms thrown out crosswise, he said to the remaining lieutenant: "What happened to Private Earle?"

"The blankety-blank-blank-blank sprained an ankle, and couldn't keep up. He's back there," said the lieutenant. "But how's old Fat-face? How's the Brigadier?"

"He's going to take up golf and give up starches," said the captain, and tried to laugh; so did the lieutenant, but neither of them succeeded. "Get Earle. The General is going to decorate him on the spot," said the captain.

The lieutenant said to a sergeant: "Get Earle. The General is going to decorate him on the spot."

The sergeant said to a corporal: "Get Earle. The General wants to decorate him on the spot."

"The blankety-blank old fool!" said the corporal.

He took his squad and they went back and found Private Fatty Earle.

"Get up," said the corporal. "The General wants to decorate you on the spot."

Fatty Earle stood up. He did not limp very badly on his sprained ankle. The corporal looked at him and at the lame foot for a long time.

"It seems to me, boys," said the corporal, "that Fatty don't look dressed up enough to be showed to the General. It seems to me that if I was to leave you alone with him here, down in this hollow, you might be able to do something about it. You might improve his looks a lot. I leave it to you. You've got five minutes to work in."

Fatty Earle was saying: "I'll tell you how it was I saw him grab that rabbit right out of a trap I'd set myself, and then I said to myself, 'No German blankety-blank is gunna put one over on me like that,' so I took and drew a bead on him, and I got him right in the sights, and I held him there, and then . . ."

The corporal had turned his back and taken three steps. He heard the sound of a blow. The voice of Private Earle stopped bragging. A loud yell started, and was knocked back down the throat of the screamer. There were confused sounds. For five minutes the corporal stood and looked at his wrist watch. For five minutes the confused sounds continued.

Then the corporal turned and saw what had been Fatty Earle dripping from the hands of the sweating squad members. But in spite of their labors, they seemed refreshed.

"That's better," said the corporal. "He looks a lot more like a hero, now. Anybody would know that he's been through a battle. Anybody could guess that he's a hero. . . . It's a fact that he can't walk, now. So carry him up the hill to the General and let him get his blankety-blank medal."

THE Brigadier recuperated in Paris, drinking the wine of the country and reading newspaper clippings and excerpts from speeches made by sagacious senators and revered representatives in Washington about the battle of Gasquet Hill.

One day he got his official commendation and his step-up in rank. He read the thing aloud to O'Leary until he came to the part which said: "The profound care with which the stroke was planned was equaled and surpassed by the manner in which you delivered the attack, and the perfect timing of the secondary attack with the reserve, to say nothing of the personal heroism with which you executed . . ."

The General dropped the letter to his knee. It slid off his knee to the floor and lay there unregarded.

"Profound plan—perfect timing . . ." said the Brigadier, dreamily.

"Yes, sir," said O'Leary.

"O'Leary, don't be that way," said the Brigadier.

"No, sir," said O'Leary.

"Anyway, let's have another drink," said the Brigadier.

They had another drink.

"What are you now, anyway?" said the Brigadier. "A captain or what?"

"A major, sir," said O'Leary.

"The hell you are!" said the Brigadier.

"You laid it on rather thick in your report, you know," said O'Leary.

"Did I?" said the Brigadier. "Well, I want to tell you something."

"What is it?" asked O'Leary.

"That was a blankety-blank steep hill," said the General.

# LAUNDERED SHIRTS STAY *Fresh and Clean*— IN SYLVANIA CELLOPHANE

CAREFULLY PACKAGED in transparent SYLPHRAP—Sylvania Cellophane—the crisp cleanliness of your shirts, shorts and handkerchiefs is sealed in until using time.

Your laundry is clean when it arrives—still clean when you put it on. Of course you prefer this kind of service!

Insist on this protection for your personal linen—just as modern manufacturers do for the protection of their quality products.

**SYLPHRAP**
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
**SYLVANIA CELLOPHANE**
*"Quality's Best Attire"*

MANUFACTURED SINCE 1929 BY
**SYLVANIA INDUSTRIAL CORP.**
AT FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA
Executive and Sales Office, 122 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

# Smart Girl

**Continued from page 19**

you find him, let me know." Barney glanced at his watch. "I'm supposed to be meeting him here at eleven-thirty."

"It's a quarter of twelve," Eric said.

The senator, chewing on his cigar, said, "Barney, I just heard a rumor that you're engaged to Coral Mayberry."

Sally had stopped feeling faint and dizzy. She had seen the brief squall ruffle the remarkable composure of Barney's face when he recognized her. She knew he was doing the thing he did so well, and the thumping of her heart, the pain in it, settled to a steady torment. She felt ill. She knew that this was irrevocably the end of everything between them. He would never trust her again. She thought: "He's got to believe me. We've got to build things back up again. It's worth fighting for. Oh, the darling."

Guy Van Arden's telephone began to ring. He reached out for it.

"It's Lafferty, Mr. Van Arden. I'm phoning from a delicatessen across from the Hey Nonny No Club. Senator Larsen, Eric Larsen, Miss Porter and Barney Teel, the Globe reporter, are there. Teel just got there."

"Okay, Lafferty."

SALLY became aware that the senator had asked Teel a question. Was there anything in the rumor that he was engaged to Coral Mayberry? It acted as a dash of cold water on the seething confusion in her brain. Barney's face became clearly focused. His brown eyes, with surprise in them, were regarding Senator Larsen. And she knew what that meant. She knew his moods so well. He wasn't furious for a moment. He was really surprised. More than that, he was a little pleased.

"Really?" he said.

"I heard it, too," Eric said.

"Of course," Barney said, with his quick smile, "the last person a rumor reaches is the one it concerns."

"Is it true?" Sally said sharply.

Barney looked at her with his sparkling eyes. He was enjoying an experience. And Sally saw that he had no intention of denying a rumor so important, so exciting and profitable. He wasn't doing it as an act of petty revenge because she was listening; he was thinking in terms of his career.

She was, the second time today, so disappointed in him she could have cried.

GUY VAN ARDEN found Lolita Monterey in her dressing room drinking beer. He shut the door and said: "I've got another job for you."

He was wondering if he could really trust her with a job that was so important. Looking at her face, he saw no character, merely a certain amount of ambition and measured charm and weakness. She was vicious. She was merely grasping. And she had always been competent.

"How much is there in it, Mr. Van Arden?"

"Five thousand dollars. Perhaps more."

She put her glass down and looked up at him with wide black eyes and a startled red mouth.

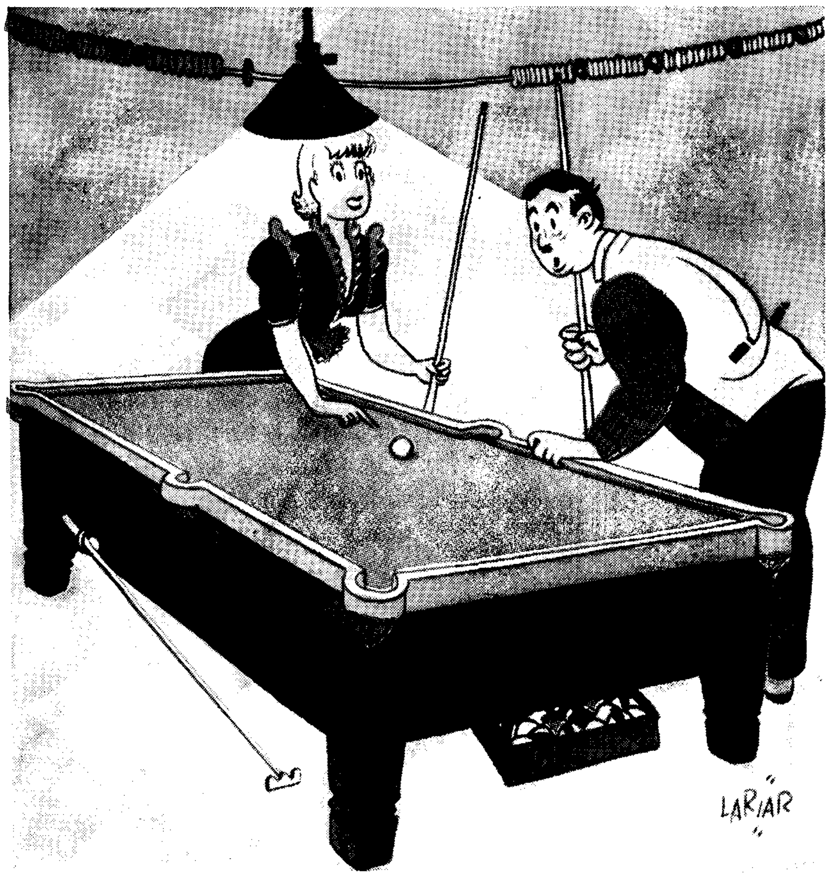
"Oh, a dangerous job."

Lolita Monterey came smiling across the dance floor to the senator's table. Eric saw her coming before the others did. He was impressed by the gemlike alertness of her eyes. She walked with an undulation, as Latin women of a certain class will when they have fine figures.

She stopped beside the senator and placed her hand almost caressingly on the back of his chair. The senator looked up and his mustaches stood out and his eyes crinkled with pleasure.

"Mr. Schilling told me you were here," Miss Monterey said.

The men stood up. Her eyes were soft. Her poise was a confident reflection of



"I hit them with this one like you said and they all disappeared somewhere!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

EVEN AT 215° BELOW

"Zerone" anti-freeze would protect!
ZERONE

SCIENTIFIC TESTS prove that "Zerone" anti-freeze can keep water from freezing solid even at 215° below zero. You'll hardly meet weather that cold, but you may be sure that "Zerone" can protect your radiator no matter how cold it gets. "Zerone" is so effective you need *less* of it for complete radiator protection. Just follow directions on chart or can.

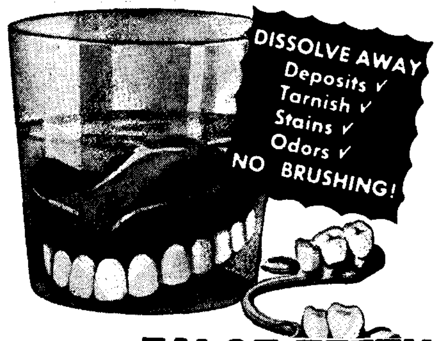
Tests also show that a mixture of "Zerone" and water passes off engine heat better than water alone, actually *improving* engine performance.

What's more, in a clean cooling system, "Zerone" conditions the metal parts, prevents the formation of rust and corrosion.

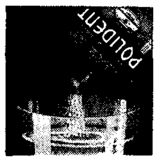
Made by Du Pont . . . Only $1 a gallon, 25c a quart. Drive in where you see the "Zerone" banner that tells you the dealer is "Glad to serve you!" Let him give you complete radiator protection. Du Pont, "Zerone" Division, Wilmington, Del.

COSTS ONLY
$1.00 A GAL.
SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF ROCKIES
MADE BY
DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ZERONE - The fastest-growing anti-freeze



Make FALSE TEETH
AND REMOVABLE BRIDGES
LOOK LIKE NEW!
- - WITH POLIDENT



Even the worst old stains, tarnish and deposits are dissolved away — right before your eyes. Simply put plate or bridge in half a glass of water, add a little Polident—and it is not only cleaned, but actually purified.

**LOOK MORE NATURAL**

Thousands of dentists recommend Polident to everyone who wears a plate or removable bridge. It makes the gums appear more "live" and natural. It dissolves the hard mucin-scum that brushing seldom removes —prevents any chance of "denture breath."

**A BLESSING FOR COMFORT AND HYGIENE**

Daily use of Polident makes your denture look and feel better and last longer. Just leave it in Polident solution a few minutes—rinse and use. No acid or danger. A long-lasting can of Polident costs you only 30¢ at any drug store.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

ASK YOUR DENTIST!
POLIDENT

GO *to* ART SCHOOL

A complete training in Fine and Commercial Art. Our two-year course is equivalent to the usual four-year course and qualifies you as a professional artist. Individual instruction enables you to enroll at any time. Intensive practical training equips students to fill positions capably and turn their talents into money. Day and night classes. Send for free book "Art As Your Career".

MEINZINGER FOUNDATION
Dept. 59, 4847 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.
Free CATALOG

STARS OF SPORTING WORLD USE
AQUA VELVA
AFTER SHAVING

| | |
|---|---|
| LOU GEHRIG | BILL TILDEN |
| LAWSON LITTLE | VAN MUNGO |
| LOU MEYER | LES PATRICK |
| "STRANGLER" LEWIS | "LEFTY" GROVE |
| "PEPPER" MARTIN | BENNY FRIEDMAN |

● And millions of us ordinary mortals, too, use and enjoy Aqua Velva. It closes skin pores . . . fights off sore spots. Leaves the face feeling cool, clean as a mountain breeze. Send for a FREE trial bottle. Use after ELECTRIC shaves.

FREE
*Good only in U. S. A.*

Williams
AQUA VELVA

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. C-21.
Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.

Please send me a trial bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's largest selling after-shaving preparation.

Name ____________________
Street & No. ____________________
City & State ____________________

the poise of others. Her smile had a touch of cynicism that made it alluring. She looked around at the others.

"Aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

The senator said blusteringly, "Of course, my dear, of course! This is my son, Eric; and his fiancée, Sally Porter; and Barney Teel, the reporter."

The soft, dark eyes went to Eric. "Yes," she said, "I'm so pleased to meet you, Mr. Larsen. Your father's talked about you so much to me."

The senator's pleasure vanished. He looked startled. "Aren't you mistaken?" he said gruffly. "I'm sure I've never met you before."

The night-club girl was staring at him with surprise which became hurt, then contempt. "Ah, I see. You don't know me when you're with these people, and I've embarrassed you."

There was a strained look in her face now. Suddenly she said with intense sincerity, "I'm truly sorry." She caught her lip in her teeth, lowered her head and, turning, walked quickly away.

Senator Larsen was making rumbling sounds of indignation.

Eric said, "Why, Senator!"

His father blustered, "Don't be a fool! As far as I know, I've never even seen the woman before tonight!"

Barney was smiling sympathetically, but there was an underlying note of malice in his voice when he said, "It's obviously a case of mistaken identity."

SALLY, looking rather puzzled, was sure she saw Guy Van Arden on the other side of the room and turned pale and tense. Eric was studying her with an expression of speculation. It was all very tense. The senator was still blustering, and Barney, still with that faint note of malice, was soothing him.

"She simply wanted to be seen at your table. Two columnists besides Sally are here tonight. Some of these girls will stoop to anything for a little free publicity."

Sally said faintly, "I've got to go home. Tomorrow's a short day."

The senator paid the check. Barney, deciding that Pop Kresco had changed his plans and wasn't coming, went out with them. When their taxi reached Sally's apartment, she opened the door, said good night and, before Eric could move, got out and ran across the sidewalk.

They drove on to Barney's apartment, and dropped him off, and Eric and the senator drove on to the Savoy-Carlington.

The senator was still fuming. "I don't understand it, Eric."

"How about coming clean about it?" asked Eric.

The senator said explosively, "Don't be a blithering idiot!"

"All right, Dad. But there are times when even the most—"

"You're ridiculous!"

"No. And I'm not joking. This may not be a trifle."

"Eric," his father said, no longer angry, but painfully patient, "I never saw that woman before in my life."

"Okay, Senator. I only wanted to make sure. I'll have Featherly check up on her."

Eric dismissed the cab at the Savoy-Carlington and walked home. He found his bed turned down and his pajamas laid out. There was a note on his bedside table.

Mr. Larsen:
Mr. Polgreen called again, asking if you had read his play. Harry Seifert called. Also Mr. Featherly. Both will call later. I have gone to bed with a sick headache. Beer and sandwiches in the icebox in case of more parsnips.
Respfy.,
DOUGLAS.

The telephone rang when he was undressing. It was John Featherly. He said in a low voice: "I'm phoning from the kitchen, Eric. Listen. Zorane has been busy writing and busier drinking all evening. Something is on his mind. Something is going to bust wide open. What's new?"

Eric mentioned the Lolita Monterey incident. And Featherly said, "Van Arden isn't letting any grass grow. What are you going to do about it?"

"Take the senator out to Long Island tomorrow, for the week end," Eric answered. "I had the house opened a week ago, thinking he'd be through with this investigation by then. I want him away from a hotel, in his own home, where we can keep things under control."

"I'll send out a query on Lolita Monterey at once."

Eric finished undressing. He opened a window, put on his pajamas, got into bed and turned out the light. His conscience had never felt guiltier. He was asleep almost at once.

SALLY was in her kitchen making some strong black coffee when the telephone rang. The jangling bell sent jolts along her nerves. She was so tired she felt ill. She couldn't, she told herself, stand one thing more.

She went into the living room, hoping the bell would stop before she could reach the telephone, hoping it was a wrong number, and only faintly hoping it was Barney demanding further explanations.

She said, "Hello," faintly.

The rich voice of Stefan Zorane, with its musical overtones, said, "Miss Porter, will you please come to my apartment at once on a matter of the most urgent importance?"

Sally waited for him to elaborate. When he said nothing more, she asked, "Can't you explain?"

"Not on the telephone."

She sighed. "I'll come at once," she said wearily. She waited a moment, then telephoned for a taxicab.

BARNEY TEEL, entering his apartment, saw the telegram lying on the floor a few inches inside the door. He sailed his hat to a davenport across the room, picked up the envelope and opened it

So sorry to disappoint you.
PAPPY.

The reporter stared at the message and the color slowly left his face. He crumpled the sheet of paper into a ball and hurled it across the room. He picked up the telephone from his desk and started to dial a number. He changed his mind and put the instrument back. He started to prowl aimlessly about the room. He was trying to control a temper that had been driven, finally, too far. He had to do something violent. The blood was hammering in his head and strange electrical twitchings were jerking the muscles in his arms.

He picked up an ash tray that was the sawed-off base of a 75-millimeter cartridge and cuddled it in his palm. He put it back. He crossed the room almost at a run, snatched up his hat and went out.

He yelled at a prowling taxicab, jumped in slammed the door and gave the driver Sally's address.

A half block from Sally's apartment, he saw her cross the sidewalk and enter a taxi. The taxi turned around and went east.

"Trail that cab," Barney said.

Sally pressed the button twice, waited, pressed it three times, waited again, and pressed it twice.

The round-faced, brown-eyed, gray-haired man opened the door on the

LOSE BAD BREATH -
keep your friends

In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

So keep regular. And if you need to assist Nature, use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This mild laxative brings relief, yet is always gentle. Extremely important, too, *is the mild stimulation it gives the flow of bile from the liver, without the discomfort of drastic, irritating drugs.* That's why millions use Olive Tablets yearly. Get them at your druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

SELECTING A TOOL GIFT MADE QUICK AND EASY

If you like tools, you know how others will appreciate quality files. If you do not use tools, you can rest assured that any tool lover will say "thank you" *and mean it* for Nicholson Files.

You will find them attractively displayed and plainly labeled in hardware stores. Each one is wrapped in cellophane. It comes to the user "factory new".

New display contains the most popular types and sizes; each one an inexpensive but very acceptable gift for any man or boy.

Make this Christmas the start of better home craftsmanship for some friend. Give him a set of Nicholson Files. Nicholson File Co., Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

NICHOLSON U.S.A.
Patented
A File For Every Purpose

chain. Featherly said, "Oh, yes, Miss Porter," undid the chain and opened the door.

She went into the living room and she did not see Featherly again. Stefan Zorane was standing in the middle of the large green room, smoking one of his strange, twisted cigars. He was smiling with what she took at first to be uncertainty. Then Sally saw that his smile was a little shiny, that his eyes were longer-lidded than usual, that their color was not blue but gray, and that their pupils were contracted to tiny black dots. His face was flushed. But he was not drunk. He was just a little tipsy, and he was in full possession of his faculties.

He said in his fine, melodious voice, "I am delighted to see you again." He looked at her for several seconds, slowly letting his gaze slide down the green chiffon dress. "Seeing a girl like you only once in two days is not enough, Miss Porter."

Sally suddenly felt wearier than she had all evening. "What did you want, Mr. Zorane?"

He put the cigar into an ash tray on the table. She saw that he had been not only drinking but also writing. A fountain pen, uncapped, was lying on the blotter beside a loose pile of small sheets of paper, all filled with lines of writing.

HIS movements were a little badly timed, and his co-ordination was somewhat poor, but he wasn't drunk.

"You are very beautiful," he said, and his voice went to a lower register than she had ever heard him use. It was like the deep, after-vibration of a large bell. "You're the loveliest thing I ever saw. I suppose a great many men have told you that. I suppose many men have told you your hair is just the color of sunset light on a field of golden poppies. And I suppose lots of men have told you how slim and beautiful your body is."

Sally said firmly: "Why did you send for me, Mr. Zorane?"

He smiled and waved his hand faintly in a dismissing gesture. "But very few men have held you in their arms, and no man has really kissed you."

"Why," Sally said sharply, "did you telephone me?"

"I'm getting to that. I've been thinking about you continuously since I saw you yesterday, and because of your beauty and your charm I've decided to give you the most wonderful chance you ever had."

He had maneuvered her between two chairs. Without making an issue of it, she could not get out without moving one of the chairs and sliding along the wall behind it. She didn't want to make an issue of it. Her only possible strategy was to pretend that there wasn't an issue.

She said steadily, "What are you talking about, Mr. Zorane?"

"I'm getting to that, too, my beautiful Sally. You see before you a man who has arrived at the crossroads of his career. I have decided to follow a strange, enticing road, a wrong road, perhaps, but a different road from any I've ever followed before. And you and I are going to benefit thereby. I know all about you. You are clever and successful. I'm sure you'll be not only delighted at what I am about to tell you, but that it will be the beginning of—shall I say—a partnership?"

He was moving slowly, almost imperceptibly, toward her, and Sally, retreating, was stopped by the wall.

"Since you came in here yesterday, with the rain sparkling in your lashes, and your eyes so large and so deep, deep blue, I haven't been able to get you out of my head. You're such a lovely thing."

He lurched between the chairs. Before she could push either chair away, he had her by the shoulders. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her. Sally pushed against him, escaped from his arms and slipped out behind the chair nearest the door.

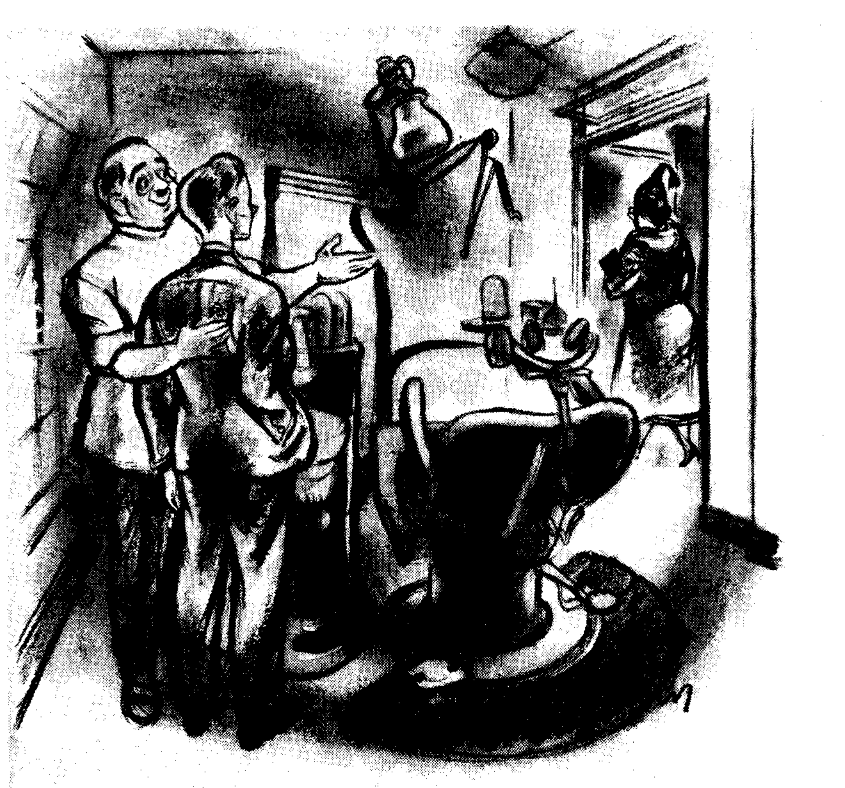
The doorbell rang. She heard it, in sharp, angry peals, behind the closed door into the kitchen. She ran to the door and opened it, with Stefan Zorane just behind her, saying angrily, "Don't open that door!"

Barney Teel, white-faced, with eyes so black and so staring that she was doubly alarmed, came in. He stared at her rumpled red hair, her wan, frightened face and said thickly, "What the hell's the matter?"

She wailed, "Oh, Barney!"

He pushed her out of his way and said, "You get out of here. This is my party." He pushed her into the hall and slammed the door.

Stefan Zorane said, "Oh, so it's you, you two-for-a-nickel pip-squeak. I'm



"Son, there goes Mrs. Puttle, the lady whose calcium deficiency is sending you through college" COLIN ALLEN

IT'S THE
Little Things
THAT COUNT

*Just a boy who sells papers but he has learned the value of friendly service. With every sale there's a smile that makes and keeps customers. A little thing, perhaps, but mighty important in serving the public.*

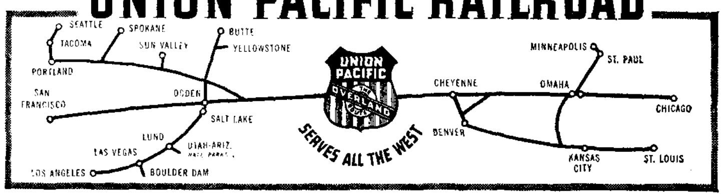
Union Pacific knows about the "*Little Things*"

A steady stream of people traveling across country—East to West—West to East. The railroad's first responsibility is to see that they are delivered swiftly and safely to their respective destinations. UNION PACIFIC has the equipment to do that job *adequately*.

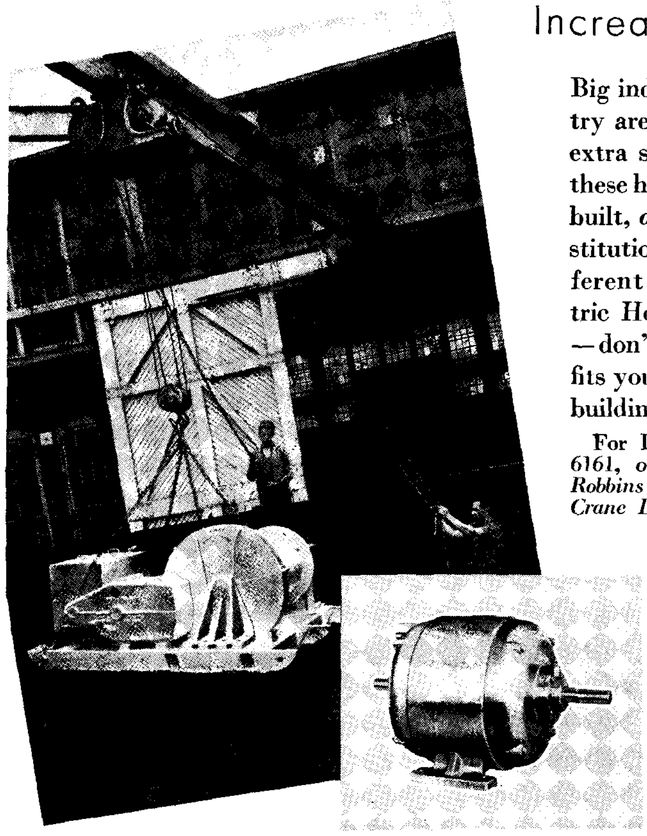
But our service doesn't end there. We are not content until we have made people happily satisfied that they have chosen UNION PACIFIC. And that's where *little things* count.

Little things like the cordial "Good morning" of the dining car steward . . . the smiling service of an attentive waiter . . . the thoughtful attention of a Registered Nurse-Stewardess. Little things reflecting the spirit of a railroad that welcomes and treats each passenger as an honored guest.

THE PROGRESSIVE
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD



*Road of the Streamliners and the Challengers*



LABOR SERVING
Electric Lifting Betters Working Conditions . . . Increases Efficiency

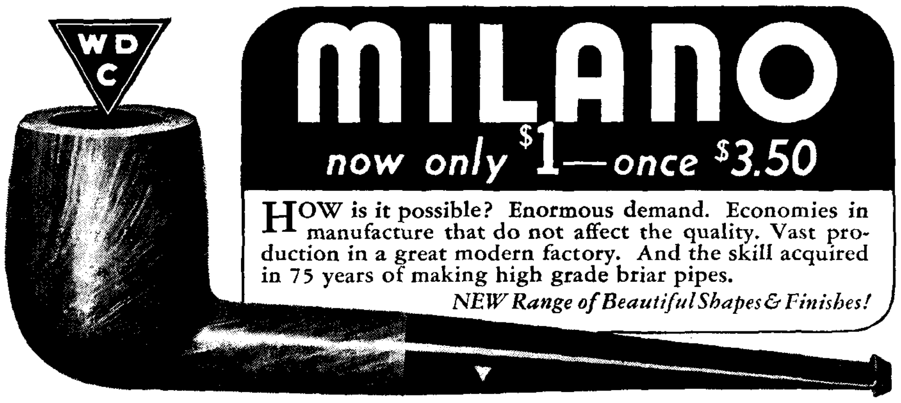
Big industry and little industry are learning that there is extra service, less trouble, in these hoists that are designed, built, *and motored* by one institution. If *two thousand* different kinds of R & M Electric Hoists—hand hoists too—don't include the one that fits your need, we'll see about building it to order.

For Hoist and Crane Bulletin 6161, or any information, write *Robbins & Myers, Inc., Hoist and Crane Division, Springfield, Ohio.*

●

From husky 60-tonners to nimble ¼-ton Bantams, R & M Electric Hoists are powered with ever-reliable R & M motors. . . . ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT MANUFACTURERS: Let R & M specialists help solve your motor problems.

ROBBINS & MYERS *Hoists*
HOISTS • CRANES • FANS • MOTORS • PUMPS • FOUNDED 1878



WDC
MILANO
now only $1—once $3.50

HOW is it possible? Enormous demand. Economies in manufacture that do not affect the quality. Vast production in a great modern factory. And the skill acquired in 75 years of making high grade briar pipes.
*NEW Range of Beautiful Shapes & Finishes!*

BUY GIFTS DIRECT-SAVE MONEY
This beautiful thin model Cigarette Case, made of solid Jeweller's Bronze not a "plated" product, (looks like Satin Gold) would retail easily for $2.00. If you want to see what wonderful values we offer, order one or more today. Price is only $1.00 each, packed in Gift Box. Sent C.O.D. or mail us check or money order. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not entirely satisfied.
ASK FOR OUR FREE BEAUTIFUL GIFT CATALOG.
L. F. GRAMMES & SONS, INC., - ALLENTOWN, PA.

YOU may earn extra money in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Write to:
The Crowell Publishing Company, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

My old machine
Was none too spry
But GULFOIL made
Its stitches fly!
10¢ & 15¢
Gulfoil HOUSEHOLD LUBRICANT GULF
GULFOIL
THE BETTER HOUSEHOLD LUBRICANT

TRADE MOVIE MARK

Be considerate! Don't cough in the movies. Take along a box of Smith Brothers Cough Drops for quick relief. Black or Menthol—5¢.

**Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A**
This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

delighted to have this opportunity to tell you what I think of you before I throw you out of here on your ear."

The reporter selected a spot on the corner of his jaw and swung his fist.

SALLY walked down the hall and waited near the elevator. She dropped one shoulder against the wall, let her weight sag, and tried to subdue the desperate racing of her heart.

She had thought at the Hey Nonny No that she had lost Barney irretrievably. It was a bright comment on his faith in her, his deep love for her, that he wanted her after that, that he still believed in her enough to follow her to Zorane's. But he would never trust her now. He would never believe in her again. He would never believe she hadn't gone willingly, slyly, to Stefan Zorane's apartment.

She was thinking these disturbing thoughts when Barney came down the hall. He did not look at her. And she could not have met his eyes if he had.

He rang for the elevator. They went down and out onto the sidewalk. A taxicab was rolling slowly beside the curb, the driver holding up his hand in a sort of frozen salute. Sally did not see a sunburned man in a black felt hat walking slowly toward them.

She glanced up at Barney's face. There was a red spot on one cheekbone, and she saw that two of the knuckles on his right hand were bleeding.

She said weakly, "Barney, will you let me explain?"

"I'm not interested in anything you *have* to say."

"I think Zorane was going to talk, darling."

Barney's face was haggard and white and as obstinate as flint.

"He phoned me and told me to come over on a matter of urgent importance. He was drunk. You've got to listen to me, Barney."

He took out a cigarette and struck a match. His hands were shaking. He tossed the match savagely away.

"I know. Any man can call you up at two in the morning and tell you to come and over you come."

"Barney!"

"You're the girl who does Let's Be Smart because you're so smart." He seemed to bite off the words and spit them at her. "You're too smart for me. I'm through."

He took her roughly by the arm and swung her toward the curb so sharply that she stumbled. He jerked open the cab door and pushed her so forcibly that she fell against the other door.

"Barney—" she cried.

He slammed the door. He said thickly to the driver, "Take this lady wherever she wants to go," and gave the man a bill.

Barney walked rapidly south.

The sunburned man in the black hat watched the cab go and glanced around at the tall, grim-faced young man striding away so purposefully. The sunburned man jaywalked across Park and ran to Lexington. He found an all-night drugstore, went into a booth and called Pop Kresco's private number.

When the contractor's soft, whispery voice answered, the man in the black hat said in gulps: "It's Steve, Pop. Listen. The Porter dame went up to Zorane's at two-five sharp. Right away, this reporter Barney Teel drives up and follows her in. Then in five minutes they come out. Teel has a cut under one eye and bloody knuckles. They begin scrappin'. The main thing she says is, 'Zorane was gonna talk.' Then Teel throws her into a cab and—"

"Okay, Steve. Wait for me out front."

POP KRESCO'S limousine stopped at the corner to let him out and he walked the half block to the tall white apartment building in front of which the sunburned man in the black hat was waiting.

They went to the fifth floor, to Apartment 5-B. Pop Kresco pressed the bell button firmly twice. When the door remained closed, he pressed the button several times. He placed his ear against the door panel and listened. He pressed the button again, holding his ear to the panel. He heard the bell ringing, but it was not answered.

"Where's the back door?"

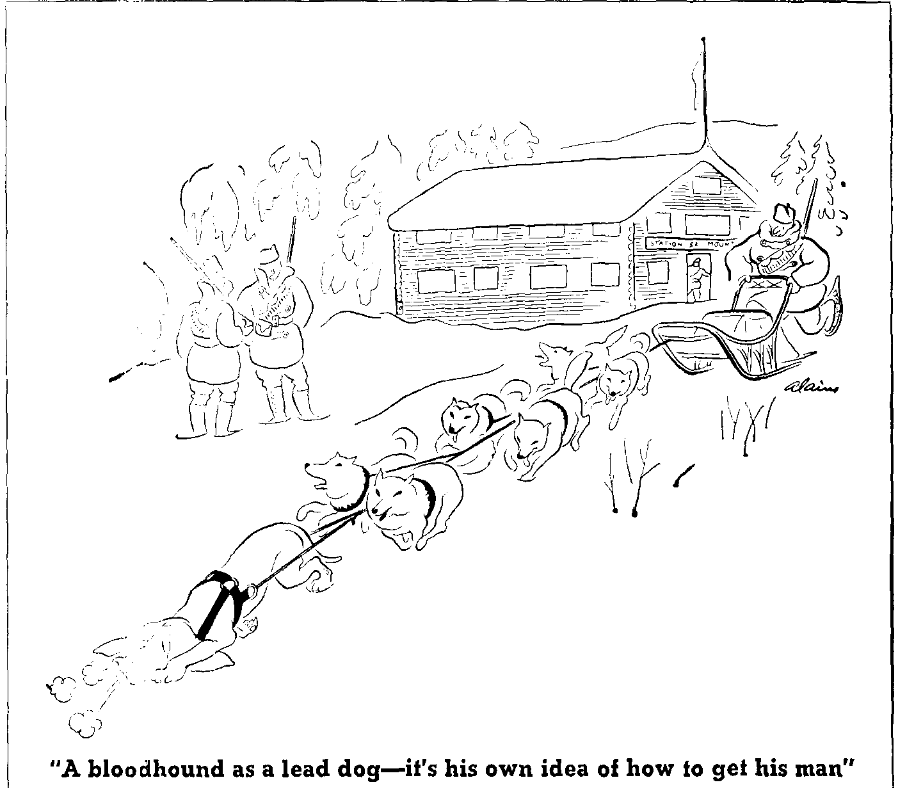
"This way, Pop."

The sunburned man led him to the service stairway, and opened the door that gave upon it. "That's it." It was the kitchen door of the Zorane apartment.

"How are you fixed for keys, Steve?"

Steve took a bunch of keys on a chain out of his pocket. But keys weren't necessary. The contractor pushed against the door with the flat of his hand. It was off the latch. It swung open.

The large white kitchen, with its varnished pale green linoleum floor, was lighted. The swinging door at the end of it was closed. Just over the sill Pop



"A bloodhound as a lead dog—it's his own idea of how to get his man"

ALAIN

"Get Fussy about COCKTAILS"

*urges* EDWIN C. HILL

*who prefers* Heublein's *(ready-mixed)*

CLUB COCKTAILS

*"I'm hard to please when it comes to cocktails," says Edwin C. Hill, celebrated reporter, radio commentator, globe trotter. "Only a few barmen can mix cocktails just right for me. That's why I always have a few bottles of Heublein's superlative, ready-mixed* CLUB COCKTAILS *handy. You'll enjoy them as much as I do when you've tried them, I'm sure."*

Take Mr. Hill's suggestion. . . . Try Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS. Your first taste will tell you why these are America's most popular cocktails. You'll find them delicious, wholly satisfying. They're made of costliest ingredients, blended by Heublein's veteran experts. And, saving you fuss and bother, these super-quality cocktails come always ready-mixed in the bottle, ready quickly to ice and pour. Only a few veteran barmen can match them in flavor. Not one home-mixer in ten thousand can even approximate it. Each bottle, with proper shaker-icing, supplies eighteen to twenty bumper drinks. And what is left in an opened bottle keeps indefinitely. Order a bottle of your favorite variety today.

JUST ICE AND SERVE
HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
MANHATTAN
COCKTAILS
18 to 20
bumper drinks
in every bottle

HEUBLEIN'S

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

**YOUR CHOICE OF EIGHT POPULAR KINDS**

Martini Medium Sweet (60 proof), Dry Martini (71 proof), Extra Dry Martini (70 proof), Bronx (60 proof), Manhattan (65 proof), Side Car (60 proof), Old Fashioned (80 proof) and Daiquiri (70 proof). At all state operated and other liquor stores. Prepared and bottled by G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Connecticut

By HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD

Kresco stopped and listened. His cold blue eyes roamed about the kitchen, noted the empty Bourbon bottle on the drainboard and became heavy with a speculative interest when he saw a long dark scratch, or mark, running from the swinging door to where he stood.

He went to the swinging door, poked it open a few inches with a stiff thumb and looked through the crack. He took a deep breath, said, "I guess we're too late to make him an offer, Steve," and pushed the door back until it stopped.

Stefan Zorane was lying on the living-room floor, all of him to be seen from the kitchen doorway, on his left side, with the left elbow under him, his right arm stretched out straight to curling fingers along the beige carpet.

POP crossed the dining room and looked back at Steve, whose sunburn had turned yellow.

"Don't touch anything," Pop said. "Wet a towel and wipe off that doorknob and all along the edge of that door and where I shoved this one. He must have swung on him with that chair."

Steve said thinly, "Hadn't we better—"

"Get the towel. Be careful, don't touch anything. I want to look around."

The contractor prowled about the living room, wasting no attention on the dead labor agitator. He bent over the desk and inspected the uncapped fountain pen and the pad of blank paper. He went into the bedroom and looked around. He inspected the servants' quarters.

Steve came in with the wet towel. "How about the front door, Pop?"

"Don't touch it."

"Are you gonna tell the cops?"

"Don't be a sap. Have you touched anything?"

"Only with the towel."

They returned to the kitchen. Pop Kresco was curious about the faint black mark that extended from the swinging door to the back door. He bent down and experimented with a moistened finger. The mark wiped away readily.

They went out. Making sure the door was locked, the contractor wiped off the knob with the wet towel. He wadded up the towel and dropped it through the slot between the stair rails.

Steve said, as they went down the hall to the elevator, "Don't this put us on a spot?"

"It puts somebody else on a hotter spot."

"Where was his valet? His valet lives there with him."

He rang for the elevator. When it came, Pop said to the operator, "I guess Mr. Zorane isn't home. We rang and rang that bell. Are you sure he didn't go out?"

"No, sir; he hasn't been out all evening."

"Well, I guess he must have gone to bed. Has anybody else called on him this evening?"

"Yes, sir; a young man and a young lady. They left about half an hour ago."

"It's funny he wouldn't answer his bell. Hasn't he got a butler?"

"Yes, sir; he hasn't gone out, either."

"They must be heavy sleepers," Pop said.

On the sidewalk, Steve said, "What good will that do?"

"It won't do any good, but it won't do any harm, either."

"I wonder," the sunburned man said, "what became of that valet of his."

"So do I," the contractor said. "It's a very funny setup. And it puts me in a very funny position."

Sally undressed for bed, then called Van Arden. She listened to the buzzing of the ringing signal for fully a minute before she hung up. She went into the kitchen and made herself a pot of strong coffee. She took the coffeepot and a cup and saucer into her bedroom, got into bed and tried Van Arden's number again. He did not answer.

She couldn't get the look on Barney's face out of her thoughts, or the strange, bristling sense of his violence. He might as well have struck her. He had manhandled her. He had been furious before, but he had never been rough with her before.

In spite of all the evidence against her, he had no right to behave as he was doing. He knew that she was honest. He might have taken her word for some of it. And his behavior tonight was dismaying. She found herself in the act of opening a door which she had forbidden herself to open. Because she was so deeply in love with him, she had been taking it for granted, as all girls do—as all girls do who haven't the courage to face facts—that once they were married these traits of his that she didn't like would disappear, would melt away under the divine heat of their passion. It took courage to open that door and look beyond. She saw a future in which Barney was just as suspicious, as jealous and unkind as he had been the past two days. She saw that look come into his eyes every time he found her talking to an attractive man.

She heard a clock strike four. She reflected, "This is the hour when everything always looks so hopeless. I've been fooled before. What looks like a catastrophe now won't be an incident when the sun comes up and shines on it."

She tried Van Arden's number again. This time he answered.

She said urgently, "Listen, Van. Zorane sent for me about two hours ago. He said he wanted to see me on a matter of the greatest importance, so I went. He was drunk and excited and he talked about giving me a wonderful break—and he'd been writing reams. Before I found out anything, Barney came—"

"Don't worry," Van Arden checked her. "I'll look into it. Go to sleep. Get yourself a good night's rest."

HIS assurance made her feel a little better, but her thoughts promptly resumed their probing in unpleasant places. She thought of the way Barney had acted in the Pelican when she had asked him to save her from Pop Kresco's petty blackmailing. And she thought of that smug look on his face when the senator had asked him about the rumor of his engagement to Coral Mayberry.

The recollection of his complacency, of the kindly expression in Eric Larsen's eyes as Barney refused to deny the rumor, made her wriggle against the hot sheet as if she were trying to slip away from a distasteful touch.

The first gray glow of dawn was at the windows. Daylight crept into the room. All of her was trying to slip away now. She saw the senator's look of ferocious kindliness. She saw Guy Van Arden's dark-browed look, and she heard the overtones of Stefan Zorane's too-melodious voice. She was, finally, almost asleep when the telephone began to ring. She reached out for the receiver on her bedside table, instantly awake and apprehensive.

It was Barney. His voice sounded breathless and labored.

"Sally, darling. Will you listen to me? I've got something to say. It's terribly important. Are you all right?"

"Yes."

"Darling, I'm sorry I've been such a heel. I had to call you up. I believe you. I believe in you. I'm sorry I haven't been enough of a man to trust you. I'm drunk. It doesn't make any difference. Drunk or sober, I mean it."

Sally said weakly, "Oh, my darling."

"I've been doing a lot of thinking," Barney said. "The main thing is, I do believe you. I trust you. I've been a

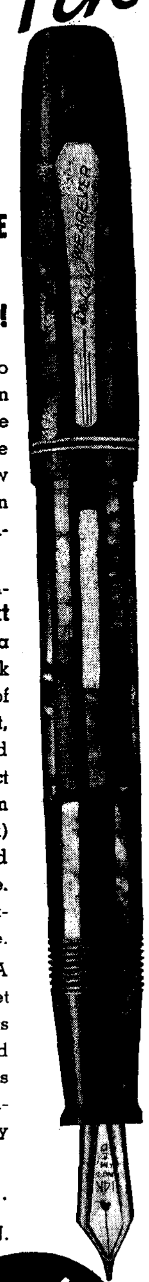
Here's Quality! Here's Economy!

Here's a Pen you'll be

**PROUD TO GIVE**

*—and*

**GLAD TO OWN!**



It is no longer necessary to spend a fortune to obtain quality. Years of experience have taught one of the world's largest makers how to give you real quality in a fountain pen at a reasonable price.

Here it is!—the WEAREVER De Luxe—**14 carat solid gold point** with a **patented reinforcement**, ink capacity equal to any pen of its size, instant flow point, leak proof vacuum sealed cap, gorgeous inlay effect colors—(pearl black, green black and copper black) a pen you'll be proud to own and glad to give. Price, only $1.00 at your stationer's, drug or dept. store.

*For Holiday giving:* A WEAREVER De Luxe Gift Set—the WEAREVER Pen and its companion Pencil, packed in a beautiful gift box, as illustrated. $1.50 the set, pencil separately 50¢. Slightly higher in Canada.

DAVID KAHN, Inc.
(Est. 1896)
Dept. C, North Bergen, N. J.

$1.00

THE DOLLAR PEN
YOU'LL BE PROUD TO OWN

THE PATENTED REINFORCED POINT

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WEAREVER

De Luxe

FOUNTAIN PEN

$2.50 Imported Algerian
BRIAR
SWEET, MELLOW SMOKING PIPE ~

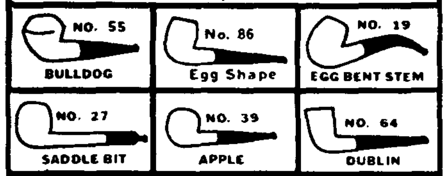
A $3.30 VALUE
all for 50¢ POST PAID

FREE
(1) 50c Oiled Silk Pouch
(2) Smoking Tobacco
(3) Pipe Cleaners

WESTMINSTER DE LUXE

Choice of 6 Popular Shapes

ORDER BY NUMBER, STATE 2ND CHOICE



A TIMELY value-treat for pipe smokers: The rich, distinguished looking "WESTMINSTER 250 De Luxe"—smoking pipes famous for their handsome finish, perfect balance and mellow smoking enjoyment. Heat-proof bowl and Double-Action, DURALUMINUM filter assures cool, refreshing relaxation—Supreme Pipe Contentment! Carved in 6 popular shapes of top quality, imported SPECIMEN GRAIN Algerian Briar—carefully aged! A $2.50 quality sent you for only 50c. These pipes have been put aside by factory inspectors for almost imperceptible imperfections which WE GUARANTEE ON A MONEY BACK BASIS, do not affect their marvelous smoking qualities. With each "WESTMINSTER 250" we include absolutely free a 50c Oiled Silk Tobacco Pouch. A 20c Trial Size of our BRITISH PIPE MIXTURE, Blend No. 17 and 2 packages of Pipe Cleaners—a $3.30 value for only 50c.

OUR GUARANTEE

If the pipe itself does not give you at least $2.60 smoking pleasure, we refund full purchase price. Note: We reserve the right to refund your money if no more of these pipes are available when your order reaches us. Only one Special to a customer.

SEND NO MONEY

Send no money unless you wish. Pay postman 50c upon arrival, plus 18c C. O. D. fee or send 50c (coin, check or money-order) and save C. O. D. fee. (Stamps accepted, please add 2c towards additional handling cost.)

★★★★ DOUBLE VALUE OFFER! ★★★★
IF A DOLLAR BILL IS MORE CONVENIENT to send, you will receive for the extra 50c, a regular $1.00 supply (1/4 lb.) of our BRITISH PIPE MIXTURE, No. 88. Its delicious, full-bodied fragrance and aroma is a luxury treat for pipe-smokers. Scientifically blended of choice tobaccos (including genuine, imported LATAKIA, Turkish Long Cut and Selected Domestic) giving cool, dry, slow-burning, long lingering smoking pleasure. SENT YOU IN ADDITION TO THE "WESTMINSTER 250" AND THE 3 FREE GIFTS ENUMERATED ABOVE.

HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER, LTD.
189-J Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

High School Course at Home
Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for entrance to college. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. *Single subjects if desired.* Free Bulletin on request.
American School, Dpt. H-981, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

WOODSTOCK
TYPEWRITERS

perfect rat. I'm never going to let you down again. I'm never going to disappoint you again. I'm not letting anything come between us again."

"Oh, you nice darling."

"Answer just one question: Have you stopped loving me?"

"Darling, I could never stop loving you."

"That's swell! That's marvelous! If I were only there!"

"Well, why don't you come over?"

He laughed. "I'm in Hoboken. I'm in a German joint here and I'm broke. This was my last pfennig. That's how much I love you."

"Take a cab, idiot, and I'll pay it."

"No," he said. "I'm going to borrow carfare from a guy and go home and get some sleep and then I'm going calling on Pop Kresco. I'm going to tell him what will happen if he tries to push you around any more. I'm going to do a lot of things. I'm going to stop making cracks about Let's Be Smart. It's a swell column and I'm proud to know the girl who's doing it. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to become the most famous playwright in the world. I'm going to make you proud of me."

"I am proud of you."

"I'll call you later. We've got a date. I called up Lucian Honeywell in Westport a while ago. You know, Lucian is one hell of a swell sport."

"Yes, I know."

"We're going out there this afternoon for the week end and do you know what's going to happen to you?"

"You're going to take me to Compo and make love to me in the moonlight!"

"Worse than that. You're going to be married in the Northfield church this afternoon to a worthless reporter named Barney Teel. It's all arranged."

She whispered, "Oh, Barney, not really!"

"It's all arranged," he repeated. "Go back to bed, my sweet, and prepare to look your loveliest, for this is your wedding day!"

HE HUNG up, and Sally put her phone down and stretched her arms. She wasn't afraid of anything. She wasn't even afraid of Van Arden. She wasn't going to be ordered around by him any more, and she wasn't going to be ordered around by Eric Larsen any more. Only one man henceforth, was going to order her around, and that man was Barney Teel.

She sat on the edge of her bed, swinging her feet, looking at the flood of sunlight at the windows, listening to the birds in the back yard. All of last night's doubts and fantasies had dried up and blown away with the sun shining on them. She got up and looked in her dressing-table mirror. She looked radiant. It showed what happiness, release, could do for a girl.

She sang a foolish song in the shower, consisting mostly of, "For this is my wedding day, tra la, tra lay." She dressed and went to Mr. Heinzelman's to have the emerald ring sawed off again.

He said, looking at her over the tops of his glasses, "Hadn't we better make it a size larger this time, Miss Porter?"

"No," Sally said. "Just mend it and send it back to Mr. Larsen."

She paid him and returned to her apartment. She wanted to dance along the street. People looked at her face and smiled. Tra la, tra lay!

The presence in her living room of the Larsens, father and son, when she returned, didn't dampen her spirits in the least. She could take them in her stride this morning. The senator looked very prosperous and important in a fresh white linen suit, and Eric, in a homespun blue blazer with gray flannel trousers and white buck shoes, white shirt and a club-stripe tie, might have been a plate from a fashion magazine. They both looked fresh and healthy and happy.

"We popped in," Eric said, "to tell you all about a perfectly elegant idea we have."

Sally was aware of Della in the background, worrying about breakfast but gazing at Eric with the eyes of a stricken doe.

"We thought it would be a swell idea to run down to Long Island for the week end. It's going to be hotter than the hinges in town. We'll swim and loaf. Tonight, there's a big party at the club with Hy Merkel's orchestra. Tomorrow morning I'll take you sailing and in the afternoon we'll see some polo."

"I'm terribly sorry," Sally said, and didn't look sorry, "but I've a date for the week end I can't possibly break."

The senator looked painfully disappointed. "But we've been counting on you, my dear!"

Eric said. "You can't disappoint him, darling. And he has the Victorian idea that devotion should begin before marriage."

"IT ISN'T merely a week-end party," the senator argued, and his face was red. "I understand Coral Mayberry will be out. And there's something I want you to do for me."

Sally looked hopelessly at Eric. "I simply can't break that date."

He said, "Dad, you haven't much time, anyway. Supposing you run along and we'll all meet here at three-thirty."

"Talk turkey to her, Eric."

"I will, Senator."

When the senator was gone, Eric said gently, "Barney?"

"Yes. Barney and I are going to be married this afternoon."

Eric's brown eyes were soft and kindly. "I'm sorry, but there's been a very unpleasant development and we need you. This morning Coral Mayberry phoned Dad and mentioned having seen him at a Harlem night club with Lolita Monterey on his last trip to town. She told him she thought it was very dangerous, because if anything came out about his having an affair with a girl like Lolita Monterey, he'd be ruined politically."

Sally sighed. "You know there's nothing I can do."

"Coral said that he might as well come clean with her, and he told her she was crazy. When he said he was telling the truth, she said, 'All right, old dear, if that's the way you want to act.' You see, it's the groundwork for a frame-up. Van Arden is too smart to try anything usual or obvious. It's going to be clever. I've got to get him away from that hotel with this frame-up shaping up. I couldn't tell him that. It would be his idea of a cowardly retreat. Instead, I sold him on the idea of pursuing his investigation of Coral Mayberry by following her to Long Island. And he wants you to help him as you promised you would last night. You must see her and do some clever sleuthing."

He was watching Sally's face. It gave him little encouragement. She was smiling recklessly and derisively.

"I'm sorry about it, but I can't go to Long Island. You've done so much to try to break things up for Barney and me. I'm not going to let you spoil our wedding."

Eric shrugged. "Look, Sally. You're the kingpin. I've been shielding you. The senator's undercover men know you're the girl he wants to get his hands on. I've told them I'm handling you personally, and not to report you to him. But there's something else now. Pop Kresco called on the senator yesterday afternoon and implied that he knew the identity of Van Arden's girl."

"He does know it," Sally said.

"He didn't tell Dad who she is. Do you know why?"

"Yes. He's blackmailing me, too. He's forcing me to devote a whole column to

Rollfast
BICYCLES

THE FIRST WORD
IN QUALITY
THE LAST WORD
IN DESIGN

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE

D. P. Harris Hdw. & Mfg. Co., Inc.
99 Chambers St., New York, N. Y.

DANDRUFF!
Patchy Baldness, Itching Scalp

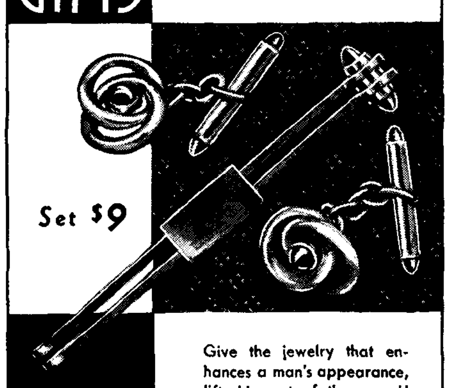
Remember this about Glover's Mange Medicine: it is a medicinal preparation—not only a hair dressing. Used with massage, it is an effective aid in the treatment of Dandruff, Patchy Baldness; Itching Scalp and other common scalp and hair conditions. Try it. Start today and *persist with it.* Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap—specially compounded for home use as a cleansing agent to blend with the Medicine and remove its pine tar odor. At all Druggists. Tell your Barber or Hairdresser to give you Glover's. For FREE literature, write Glover's, 462 Fourth Ave., New York.

GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 16,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1240-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,400 C. P. A.'s

XMAS GIFTS *marked by distinction*



Give the jewelry that enhances a man's appearance, lifts him out of the crowd! KREMENTZ Men's Jewelry has been building pride of ownership in its wearers for 71 years . . . At jewelers and better men's shops.

MATCHED SETS of CUFF LINKS and TIE HOLDERS from $5

KREMENTZ
MEN'S FINE JEWELRY

raving about a horrible restaurant he owns. He gave me until Thursday."

"Are you going to do it?"

"What else can I do? He knows I delivered that interne suit."

"Don't worry about it," Eric said. "I'll attend to it Monday morning."

She said derisively, "Doesn't that make you rather noble?"

"It seems to make me a damned fool, but it makes you owe me something, too."

"Really?" she laughed.

"Sally, stop being an ostrich. I hate to mention it, but I know something about Barney Teel's father," and he hoped that that shot at the moon would score.

It did. Sally stopped smiling. She sat down on the bed as if he had pushed her. She stared at him.

She said huskily, "What are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about. Now, call Barney."

SHE seemed to sag. "I think you're utterly loathsome! There's nothing you wouldn't stoop to!"

"Get it over with."

Her eyes were dark with anguish. "I won't!"

"I'll get him for you." He reached for the telephone, but she pushed his hand aside. She dialed Barney's number. She heard the repeated buzzing as his number was rung. She said, "He isn't home." But just then Barney answered.

He said hello in a voice thick with sleep.

"Barney, listen. I've got to break our date for this afternoon. This time I'm not going to lie to you. Eric Larsen has blackmailed me again. I can't explain. I can't ever explain. He insists that I go out to their Long Island place over the week end."

"Very well," Barney said. He didn't sound angry. He sounded indifferent. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'll go back to sleep."

She slowly put the phone down. She looked up at Eric. She said: "I hope that makes you feel better, Mr. Larsen. I hope it makes you feel just marvelous. I love him, you see. You've tried awfully hard, and you've finally smashed everything."

The lanky young man said, "You didn't give me any choice. You were going off the deep end and I couldn't let you." He looked at her a moment longer, curiously, and his face was red. "You little sap, do you suppose I want to turn you over to this gang and have you smeared all over the front pages?"

"Get out of here," Sally said. "Go away."

"We'll call for you at three-thirty. There's one thing more. Have you a blue evening gown? The senator loves girls in blue."

She said in a reedy voice, "I'll pack a blue gown."

When he was gone, she telephoned Van Arden. She said rapidly: "The Larsens were just here. They forced me to break a date with Barney. They're taking me to Long Island for the week end. They're suspicious of Coral Mayberry. They think you're going to frame the senator somehow with Lolita Monterey. That's your idea, isn't it?"

"I don't want you to worry about anything, Sally."

"What about Zorane?"

"Don't worry about Zorane. That's attended to. However, I'll undoubtedly see you out there."

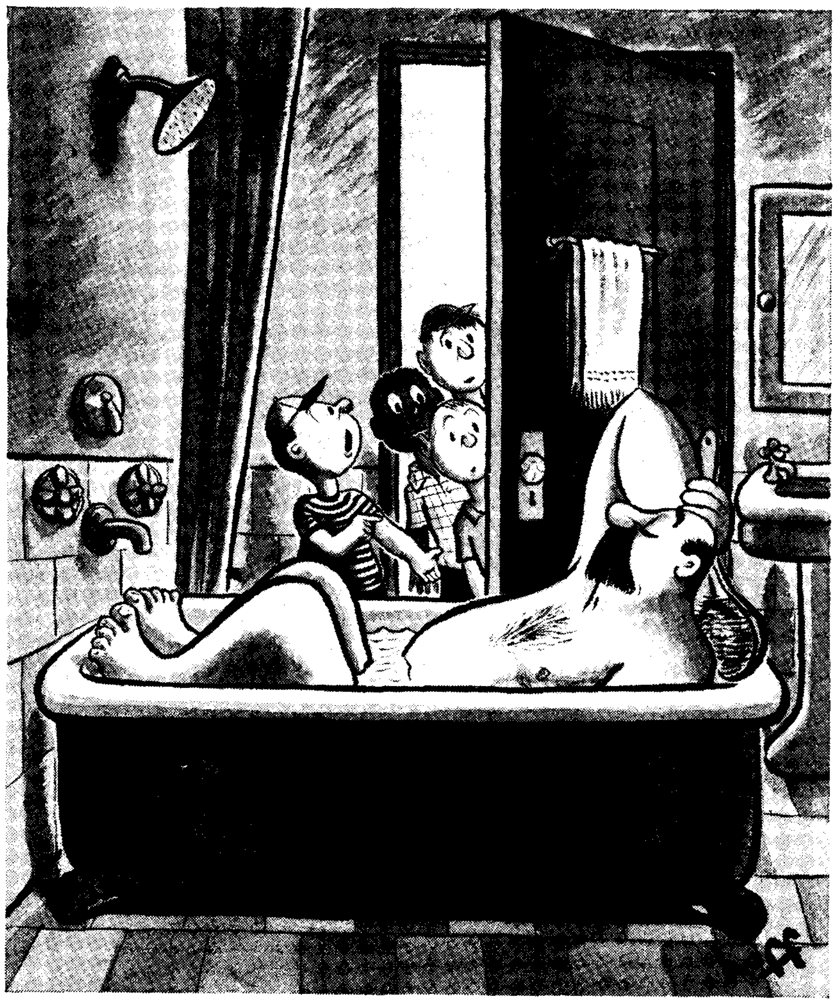
"At the Larsens'?"

"I'll let you know. I've something of the greatest importance to tell you." It seemed to Sally there was an ominous inflection in his voice. "But perhaps you're already aware of it."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You will, my dear. And if the senator should take the alligator briefcase to Long Island, find some way to let me know. That, my dear, is an order."

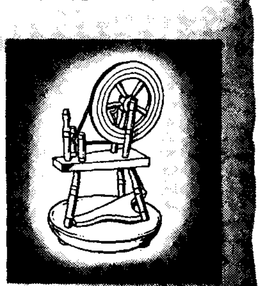
*(To be continued next week)*



"There! Now do you believe my father takes baths?" SYDNEY HOFF

Odd Facts of Old Boston

FREE 1000 MINIATURE REPRODUCTIONS 10" HIGH OF OLD SPINNING WHEEL THAT ACTUALLY WORKS FOR 1000 BEST LETTERS ON "WHY OLD MR. BOSTON FINE LIQUORS REFLECT THE QUALITY TRADITIONS OF OLD BOSTON."
OLD MR. BOSTON, DEPT. C12A, BOSTON, MASS.
This offer good until Dec 26TH but not in states where such offers are prohibited.



Punishment Fitted to the Price

Edward Palmer, carpenter, on being adjudged as charging too high a price for a pair of stocks, was sentenced to be locked for one hour in the newly completed stocks of his own construction.

Surrender of the Hat

Long before the War of 1812, Capt. Hull of the *Constitution*, meeting Capt. Dacres of the *Guerriere*, bet a hat that his ship would whip the other's if they ever met in battle. Years later, when the *Guerriere* surrendered to the *Constitution*, Capt. Dacres offered his sword and Capt. Hull, refusing it, said, "But I'll trouble you for the hat you bet me."

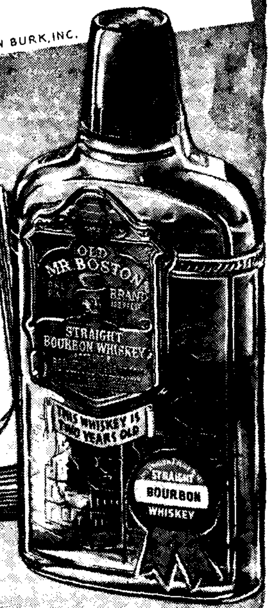
Just 100 Years Ago

Because of a 100-year-old law, a beautiful building, housing an exclusive club, had to be constructed so that a narrow passageway directly through its center could always be kept open for the passage of cattle and carriages.

COPR. 1937 BEN BURK, INC.

307 YEARS HAVE CHANGED MANY THINGS IN OLD BOSTON BUT NOT THE OLD-TIME VIRTUES OF HONEST CRAFTSMANSHIP. NO CABINETMAKER OR SILVERSMITH OF OLD BOSTON WAS EVER MORE PROUD OF HIS CRAFT THAN THE EXPERTS WHO GUARD THE QUALITY OF OLD MR. BOSTON STRAIGHT WHISKEY . . . BUY A BOTTLE TONIGHT.

Old MR. BOSTON BRAND
100 PROOF STRAIGHT WHISKEY
RYE OR BOURBON
TWO YEARS OLD



Ben Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

FOR EVERY MALE
ON YOUR XMAS LIST

The new SPARKLET SYPHON is a grand gift for any hospitable man—yourself included. The first glance will disclose its superior swank and smartness. And it's a gift that keeps on giving all year round. SPARKLETS make their own sparkling club soda at about 8¢ a quart. At any drug, department or houseware store and most good specialty and gift shops.

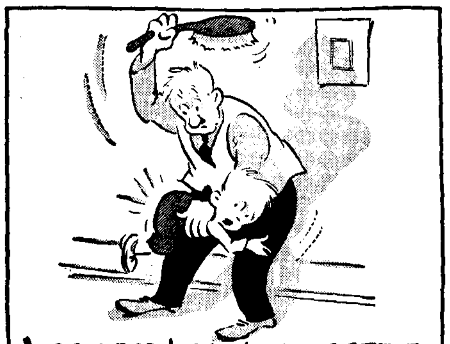
*New Streamline Syphon* with 5 refills: Enamel finish $5.95; Chromium or Copper finish $6.95. Refill bulbs for charging the syphon: Box of 5 for 45¢, 10 for 85¢, 25 for $1.95.

*The*
SPARKLET SYPHON
*"Highlight of gifts for 1937!"*

RADIOEAR
HEARING AID with
New ZEPHYR Microphone
*The World's smallest, lightest and most easily concealed*

Men wear it underneath their coat lapel as illustrated. Women clip it to sheerest undergarments . . . it's so small, thin, light! Discover for yourself what Radioear, **the only laboratory made-to-order hearing aid,** will do for you. Write for free copy of "Hearing Ears Again."

E. A. MYERS & SONS
213 Radioear Bldg.
Beverly Road, Pittsburgh, Pa.
*Offices Coast to Coast*


"LOOK DAD! CAN'T WE SETTLE THIS BY ARBITRATION?"

HERE'S AN EASY WAY TO SETTLE A COUGH—USE PERTUSSIN

**Large Trial Bottle for 10¢**

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AB-26,
440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send me a large Trial Bottle of Pertussin. I enclose 10¢.

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

PERTUSSIN

# Riding Alaska's Storms

Continued from page 13

hang things on it." But it was the poor best of these wretched primitives; and they bade welcome to the strange young birdmen.

Next day the planes shook free of the drifts again, and headed north. Joe was concerned about Gillem. The boy had just learned to fly before he threw himself stoutly into this mercy quest: Polar skies call for more than bravery, or good spirit, however; you need the animal cunning, born of long fencing with specialized perils. And now the weather exploded hell-bent again, in the sudden Arctic way. Joe and Harold got their wing tips as close as they dared; flew high, flew low, trying to break through and at the same time hang to each other.

Then, abruptly, they were blotted apart in a gale of snow that wrapped them up in liquid bed sheets. By compass, by rule of thumb, Joe groped his way back. He raised his goggles, the better to see where he might bring the ship down on her skis.

## A Million-Dollar Search

When the natives took Joe indoors, he saw three rainbows around the oil lamp, and he had a terrific headache. In the morning he saw but one rainbow, and then he realized his eyes had been frosted when he lifted his goggles, but were thawing okay. But Gillem was unreported, and that was not okay. Neither the weather nor his eyes were fit, and he stayed hovel-bound. This was Joe's Christmas.

When he hopped again, he was looking for both Eielson and Gillem. He reached the ice-fast Nanuk, and there was good news. Gillem, the novice, had got through.

The Nanuk, smothered in hunching ice floes, had become an international base. There pilots of Russia, Canada, and Alaska had come to answer the call of their hazardous fraternity.

From the Nanuk, the search tightened. Natives, and wandering Russian trappers, had reported Eielson all up the coast. One man fixed a point about ninety miles from the Nanuk, where in dense fog he had listened to the plane's invisible passage and heard its motor stop. Noon after noon, whenever there was a letup in the weather, the pilots fine-combed the indicated area. Late in January the sun returned; and Joe, with Gillem, flew south.

Joe saw a black line against the snow. He thought at first it was a dog team; until he observed it was not moving. Puzzled, he dove for a close look. It was the wing of Eielson's Hamilton plane, tilted out of the snow. Joe landed, and Gillem swooped over to join him.

Together they dug away the snow, and found the cabin top broken from the wreck; but there was no sign of Eielson or Borland. Indeed, there was a hard month still ahead. Joe and Harold flew to North Cape with the news; as quickly as possible, planes and dog teams converged on the wreck with tools and Russian and native laborers. Preliminary digging was futile; there had been perhaps ten feet of snowfall since the accident. A trench one hundred feet wide in the line of flight was systematically laid out. Blinding storms and temperatures almost consistently 70 below hampered the work and frequently obliterated all that had been done. It was the 13th of February before Earl Borland was uncovered; and on the 19th the diggers came to Ben Eielson.

It was May before all the American planes were back, with their base equipment. If the search for Eielson was a monument to the skill and courage of the pilots, it was a millstone to the new aviation company which had to bear the expense. In Alaska today flying men will estimate for you that it must have cost a million dollars—with every bit of equipment and personnel out of regular service, marooned in Teller and Siberia for months, and a long and dangerous line of communications maintained from Fairbanks to keep the expeditions in food and fuel. The aviation company, which had come to Alaska with bright plans for ambitious expansion, was overwhelmed without a fair trial; and now it buttoned its pockets and retreated to the States.

Alaska's commercial aviation problems were thrown back again to men of limited means—if unlimited vision and daring. Although the experience of the first big operator from the United States was a dear revelation of the drawbacks and pitfalls of northland flying, to the people of the Territory, conversely, it was a demonstration of possibilities and virtues. The Eielson tragedy drove out absentee capital, but it fetched in home moral support; impressed the old-fashioned, the local die-hards whose roots were in sourdough. Alaskans saw, for one thing, that if you lost a plane you could go look for it, no matter how far; there was a chance. When a dog team failed to show up, got off the trail in the dirty winter, normally you just didn't bother.

More important, Alaskans had begun to understand their helplessness, their isolation, as residents of a huge and sprawling territory which opposed insurmountable obstacles to road and rail builders.

Alaska, virtually without notice outside until the last year or two, has built a unique place in the air. It has provided an interesting and important proving ground for the plane in society and commerce; just as Spain has been the laboratory for military aircraft.

## An Asset to Alaska

"The airplane is now Alaska's chief public utility," a business leader in Fairbanks told me. "It is showing the Territory the way to a great commercial awakening. It will knock down the insulation of distance, and enable us to join the general business world.

"You'll hear plenty about the airplane's mercy use as you fly around and gab with the pilots. The really big thing is that interior Alaska is a mining civilization, and here is where our planes shine. In the old days you had to get your men out on the last boat, before the ice locked. In the spring, you could not get them up until the first boat—and that was uncertain on account of ice breakup. When you were ready to go, the water had already been running a long time. The airplane came along and extended the mining season all over Alaska from five to twelve additional weeks. You can fly in your men and equipment before the thaw, and you're ready to shoot when it comes. In the fall, you work until the cold makes it physically impossible to go on. That's usefulness on a cash basis; reckon it in millions."

When you look at the record down the years, before and since Ben Eielson, you see behind the achievements a thin, eager line of men—young men, pioneers. And when you remember Eielson, you must think of Jim Rodebaugh, too. For it is to Rodebaugh more than to any other man that Alaska owes its brave impetus in modern skies. Eielson and

START ENJOYING—
STOP DOUBTING—
*YOU ALSO WILL RECOMMEND*

FILTER-COOLED
*Frank*
MEDICO

SOMETHING WONDERFUL GOES ON INSIDE:
It has the only Pat'd filter *combining* moisture-proof Cellophane exterior and 66 Baffle absorbent mesh screen interior; resulting in greatest scientific pipe smoking invention ever known.

Prevents tongue bite, raw mouth, wet heel, bad odor, frequent expectoration. No breaking in. Improves the taste and aroma of any tobacco.

SEE NEW SHAPES & FINISHES

*Don't be Misled by low price*

$1 FINEST BRIAR MONEY CAN BUY
UNHEARD OF VALUE
*Write for Pamphlet C*
S.M. FRANK & CO., Inc.
133 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. C.

ABSORBENT FILTERS for Frank MEDICO
PAT'D "CELLOPHA
MESH

GENUINE FILTERS FOR MEDICO PIPES ARE PACKED IN THIS RED AND BLACK BOX

FALSE TEETH

If your false teeth are uncomfortable and unsatisfactory try Klutch. Klutch has brought comfort and satisfaction to thousands of people who have false teeth. Klutch should bring the same comfort and satisfaction to you. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists. If your druggist hasn't it, send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

HART & CO., Box 2607-L, ELMIRA, N. Y.

"Morning-After" EYES

CLEARED IN SECONDS!

● At last! Eyes that are red and veined . . . from over-indulgence, late hours, fatigue, etc. . . . now made clear and white *in seconds*. Your money back if one application of new, scientific EYE-GENE fails! Clears dullness, makes eyes sparkle. Just as superior also for refreshing tired, overworked eyes. Acts almost *instantly*. EYE-GENE is stainless, decidedly new and different. At all drug and department stores.

EYE-GENE

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

Crosson and Wein and their mates pledged their necks; Jim Rodebaugh pledged his savings bankbook.

If you go to what is known as "tourist Alaska"—that is the scant ten per cent of that great northern empire which is seen by vacationers—you might ride on the Alaskan Railroad. You will see mountains and glaciers and splendid broad waters—and, on the division between Anchorage and Fairbanks, you may have your ticket punched by a stocky man with a wind-tanned face and the embers of a dream smoldering in his blue eyes. That is Jim Rodebaugh: and if you want to make a long trip short, talk to him about flying. That railroad conductor is the pioneer of Alaskan commercial aviation; its first angel.

### While the Undertaker Waited

Rodebaugh dismisses himself as "just a natural born transportation man"; the difference, others will tell you, is that he saw beyond the tracks. He has been with the railroad since its beginnings, and his flight business is a finished chapter which has left him no poorer, and some wiser. He is philosophical enough to know it is the not-uncommon lot of pioneers to see their plantings harvested by later toilers. But you can bet if Jim had to do it over again, and knew what he knows now, things would be different. First he would learn to fly, and then he would be tougher with prima donnas.

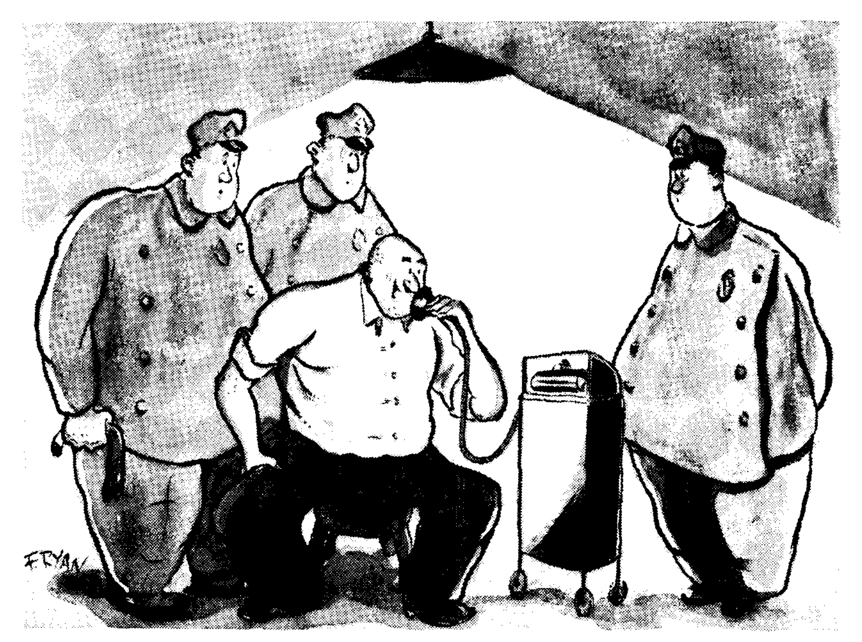
When he saw his invested savings dwindling while his imported aviators sat around the firehouse in Fairbanks and strutted for the girls, and made elaborate technical excuses for not being able to undertake the missions Jim had arranged for them, he packed off to San Diego and took flight instruction. He had no illusions about himself; he just wanted the knowledge. He did not solo in California, but got up early one Sunday morning in Fairbanks and tiptoed out to the airport. He counted on the hour and the surprise to give him the solitude his modesty demanded. He spun the prop, jumped in, and taxied to the edge of the field. Just when he got mentally and spiritually composed to start a take-off, he took a last glance around; and saw a vehicle draw up near by, while the driver stuck out his head to watch. It was the town undertaker.

Jim prayed a while longer, then. He made a trial run down the field, but could not goad himself to pull back on the stick. He fiddled around, hoping the undertaker would drive away. Instead, the fellow got out and sat on his running board and lighted his pipe. Jim closed his teeth, and took off. He had intended to get up and get down quickly, and have it over with before the noise of his motor aroused the town. In those days, the moment the citizenry heard a plane, all rushed forth, hoping to see blood let. But the determination which goaded Jim into the air failed him entirely in the more difficult maneuver of landing, for whenever he swung near the field he saw the undertaker. So he flew on, while people came running, until it seemed the whole town of Fairbanks —including Jim's pilots—stood aghast. Eventually the exhaustion of his gasoline forced Jim's hand; and he made a landing which cheated the undertaker, and brought fulsome praise from his pilots—who knew their days of kidding the boss were at an end. Jim flew a little more; but one day he folded a plane around his ears, and decided he did not have the consistent touch.

The first airplane to shuttle through Alaskan skies was brought there, so far as anyone remembers, a couple of years before the Great War. C. O. Prest was the pilot; and only profound ignorance of the perilous Territory could have fetched him. With an OX-Standard, three extra spark plugs, a map torn from an old school geography, and the pure flame which burns in young adventurers, he flew from St. Paul to Seattle, and took boat for Alaska. He landed in Juneau, and, barnstorming for living expenses as he went, he flew to Skagway, White Horse, Dawson—the first shadow of man in the air fell upon the Chilkoot Pass and the Trail of '98. He made innumerable landings to clean spark plugs, wire together weakening parts. He begged and borrowed fuel wherever he could—from roadhouse keepers, motorboat owners. Somewhere beyond Eagle, in the Yukon land, he flopped in a swamp, and walked miles for help. While he rested, a party of Indians mushed in to retrieve his plane. They found the strange contraption a bit unwieldy; so they chopped off the wings to make it easier to carry.

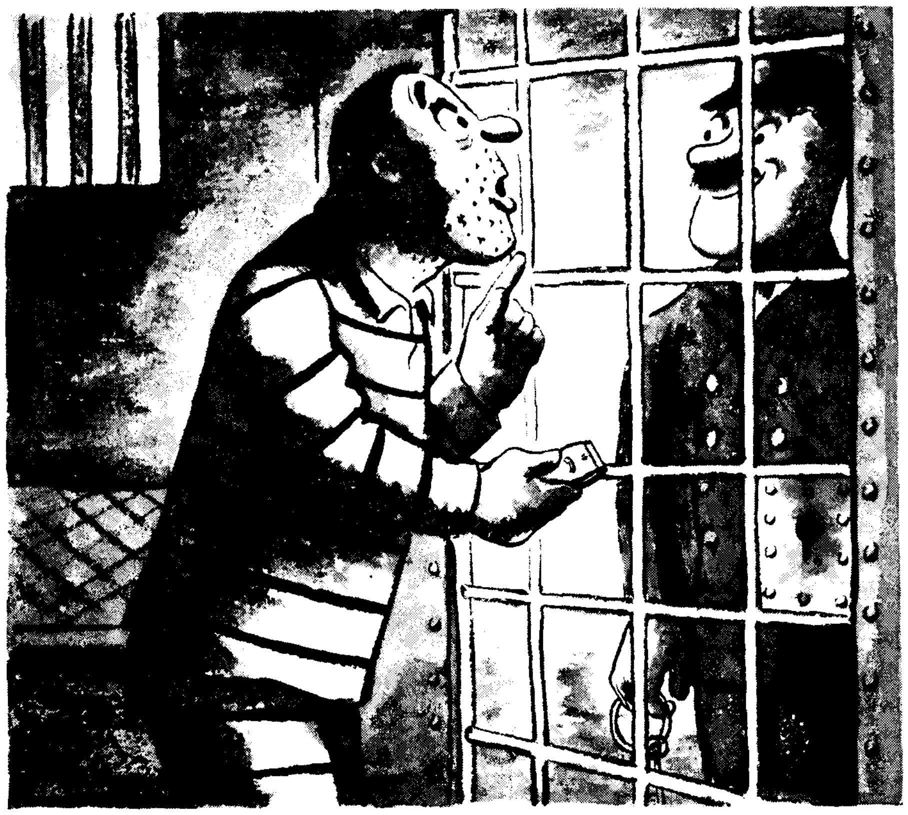
Soon afterward, a Major Martin brought a crated plane to Fairbanks: a local restaurant man had put up five thousand dollars, and hired the local ball park, to get him there. The people came from miles around—with dog teams, on foot; Indians, old sourdoughs who had not come out of their cabins for years. Trouble was, not a soul would pay for admission to the ball park; instead, they climbed trees and roofs. There were three profitless flights, then the major packed up and went home.

By 1922 Ben Eielson, war flyer, student of the universities of North Da-

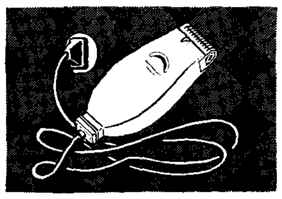


"Den I slugs him onna knob widda gas pipe, semicolon"

FRANK RYAN



"Tell the warden I'm set for life with my REMINGTON RAND Electric Shaver!"

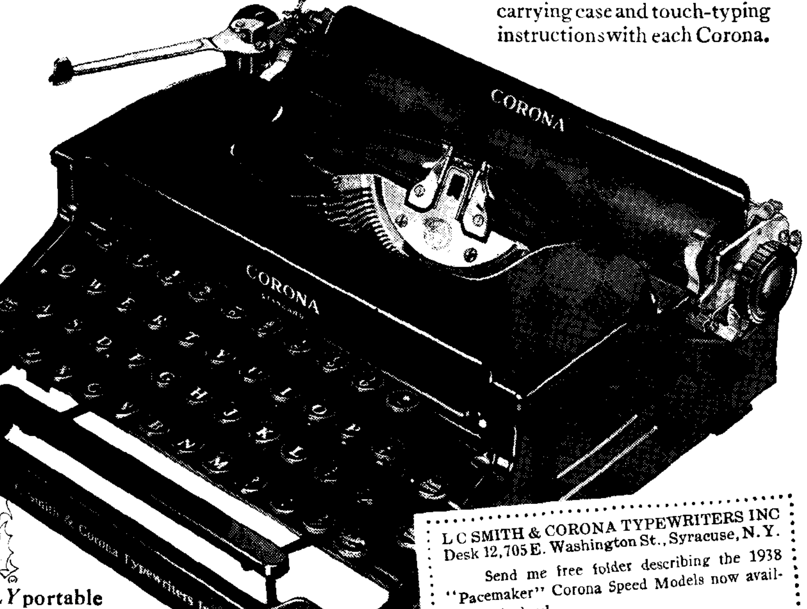


When you get a **Remington Rand** Electric Close-Shaver, you get it "for life"! It is precision-manufactured—built to give you years of close, comfortable shaves. Its new-type shearing head will "get under your chin"! A tip to the ladies: It is an ideal Christmas gift for "him"! $16, complete with carrying case, at your dealer's.

**General Shaver Corporation, Bridgeport, Conn., a division of Remington Rand Inc.**

MAKE SOMEONE MIGHTY HAPPY THIS CHRISTMAS FOR AS LITTLE AS $1^00 A WEEK ★

For details, see any Corona dealer, or mail coupon. Free carrying case and touch-typing instructions with each Corona.



The *ONLY* portable with "*Floating Shift*"

CORONA

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC
Desk 12, 705 E. Washington St., Syracuse, N.Y.

Send me free folder describing the 1938 "Pacemaker" Corona Speed Models now available at dealers'.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*____________ *State*________

GET THAT MOUTH-FRESH FEELING . . . IT'S FUN TO

CHEW WITH A PURPOSE

1. ORALGENE is a firmer, "chewier" gum. It gives your mouth, teeth and gums needed exercise.

2. ORALGENE contains milk of magnesia (dehydrated.) It helps to mouth freshness.

3. ORALGENE helps keep teeth clean—and fresh-looking throughout the day. Chew it after every meal.

Beech-Nut
ORALGENE
Chewing Gum
FOR THE TEETH
ORALGENE FOR ORAL HYGIENE 5¢

Each piece individually wrapped

ORALGENE

pronounced oral gene (mouth health)

A DELICIOUS BEECH-NUT PRODUCT
SOLD WHERE BEECH-NUT GUM IS DISPLAYED

TRY our profitable plan for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. For free money-making supplies, write to:
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.

LUCKY TIGER
DANDRUFF
FALLING HAIR
LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO.
KANSAS CITY, MO. U.S.A.

NOW EASY TO REMOVE

DANDRUFF

YOU don't need to tolerate dandruff—you don't need to tolerate dry and unkempt hair—Dandruff robs your hair of its life and good looks—and it is a miserable

MENACE

Lucky Tiger helps you avoid the menace of excessive hair loss caused by dandruff, which smothers and chokes new hair growth. It brings you blessed relief from that miserable itching.

*Cultivate Your Hair Now*

Beautify it—a little care works wonders. Avoid the menace of creeping baldness caused by dandruff. Get a bottle of Lucky Tiger—the choice of millions today.

Lucky Tiger HAIR TONIC

Good Housekeeping Bureau

Lucky Tiger, made under our standardized formula for 25 years, will help you solve these problems; stops that annoying itching—checks excessive hair loss and lends to dull brittle hair the sheen of youth. Equally good for children or adults. Costs little at druggists or barbers.

MILLIONS USE IT!

kota, Wisconsin and Georgetown, was finding time between classes at the Fairbanks High School to organize the Farthest North Flying Club.

In 1924 Eielson talked the government into making a contract with him for ten air-mail flights between Fairbanks and McGrath, 300 miles away. On the return leg of his first trip he was caught by the early dusk and got lost. Fiddling around in the Arctic darkness, he reached the home field at last with perhaps a soup ladle of gas left.

Noel Wein, Bennett, Sampson, and Joe Crosson quickly came into the skies over interior Alaska; others were getting started along the coasts—Jones at Ketchikan, Crawford up at Kotzebue, for example. Those who came to Fairbanks were imported by Jim Rodebaugh, who, his imagination on fire, took his life's savings and a leave of absence from the railroad, and went "outside" to buy a couple of planes and hire pilots. Rodebaugh founded the "Alaska Air Transport" in 1924; this was the Territory's first commercial air venture.

### A Pilot Needed Strong Legs

"You fly around now," Rodebaugh told me, "in swell planes, with nice chairs and radio and maps and things, so you just can't imagine the conditions we operated under. We simply had nothing except the idea. The best equipment you could buy in those days was crude and unreliable. Some of the pilots were crackpots. But the greatest difficulty we had to overcome was the *hostility* of the people, who did not want us in the first place, and wouldn't take the trouble to understand our problems in the second. Folks would offer us a job in a pinch, and if we didn't go right off they would say, well, if these airplanes are as useful and good *as you say, what are you waiting for?*

Rodebaugh was ahead of his time. The barnstorming flame had licked north, individualists rode the cockpits, and flying gaily resisted orthodox business. There was, for example, the day two prominent citizens of one Alaskan town who, on a hunting trip deep in the brush, had their eyes blown out in an explosion. Appeals filtered through for a plane; and a current big shot took off. He knew that he had left a town beside itself with excitement and alarm; because *details of the accident were meager*, and the victims were distinguished. The flyer picked them up; and, on the way back he landed at an obscure point, from which it was not possible to send word. For five days he stalled, making excuses for not being able to go on; knowing full well that meanwhile a terrific emotional build-up was in progress back home. Then he flew in, with a tale of heroic effort; and the unstrung populace worshiped him for days.

Such men, in Alaska as in the States, passed out of flying along with haywire. The sounder lads stuck, and got the true idea—this was a business they were in, not a "game"—and developed embonpoint, conservatism, and memories which they recite for their young copilots today, who don't believe them, of course.

"The chief requisite of a good pilot in those days was strong legs," Joe Crosson says. "We hiked over as much of Alaska as we flew over. There was a spell in the autumn of 1926 when all four planes of interior Alaska were down, and pilots walking home. The possibility was on your mind every minute."

Often it would take the boys a full month to walk back a distance which had slid under their wings in two hours. Alaska is one fifth the size of the United States. If you can picture an area as large as the New England and Middle Atlantic States combined with a couple of Missouris thrown in, swept clean of all signs of progress, turned into a wilderness of frozen swamps and snow-girt mountains, and then take the population of, say, Torrington, Connecticut, and scatter it around—you would understand that walking home in Alaska might be lonesome. Especially since the few people you did meet did not exactly have their arms open. The roadhouse men and the dog-team drivers had read their death notices in the coming of the airplane.

The roadhouses were a development of Alaska's unique conditions. They were spaced along the main trails, a day's run apart; and gave you bed and famously good board. Walking pilots were never welcome guests; prices were jacked up on them, sometimes they were actually turned away. In the autumn when Alaska's entire commercial air corps was down and legging it, one, a practical joker named Young, who knew other pilots were behind him, erected signs near all the roadhouses: "Pilots, Keep Out!" "Pilots, $200 a Night!"

The dog team served Alaska well; it served the airplane equally well, for it pointed up the advantages of the air. Nome to Fairbanks by dog team required thirty days of discomfort, even actual hardship, and cost $500, with accommodations for two or three passengers at most on each trip. Now, luxurious modern air liners of America's great international system, Pan American Airways, take you in three and a half hours for eight dollars. Similar examples of savings in time and money are so numerous you can *readily understand*—once you've faced the tundra and the bald mountains where dying glaciers hang like old antimacassars—why hostility to the airplane quickly dissolved, and the dog-team men looked for jobs with the air companies. You can find them in *many hangars and ticket offices today.*

The air-line pilot in Alaska, schedule or charter, bears to the folks along his run something of the combined natures of an old country doctor, a father confessor and a book canvasser. Friends give him chores to do; housewives charge him with errands; he knows shoe and corset sizes, and shops in Juneau or Anchorage for people who have not seen more than two houses at a time for thirty years. He waves daily from his high passage to people who have *never seen a railroad train or an automobile, though to them his plane is a commonplace* and he is a friend.

### Fly North, Young Pilot

Most important, perhaps, to Alaska's commercial air destiny—now plainly visible in the polar skies—is the relationship between her aviators and her youngsters. One day a teacher in the school at McGrath saw a lad with a fountain pen marked "Joe Crosson." He thought the pen may have been stolen, and conducted an investigation—which revealed that every boy in his classroom had another name than his own; the name, that is, of his favorite pilot. Instead of hearing the multiplication tables of Willie Fitzbrown and Johnny O'Smith, that teacher was instructing "Joe Crosson," "Ben Eielson," "Herb Muntner," and so on down the notable roster. Moreover, he learned this is a practice of the schoolboys of the whole territory. Let a plane be heard, and the entire kid population—white, Indians, Eskimos—race to help. In out-of-the-way spots, they are skilled in servicing; and of real aid to itinerant flyers.

Alaska's business debt to aviation is large; but there is a sentimental interest of which Alaskans usually talk first. It deals with the mercy functions of the plane. One of the most ordinary charter jobs is to fly ailing people from remote back country to the facilities of the town hospitals; sufferers for whom in the old days there was no help. The plane has had many exciting brushes with the stork. One pilot caught the devil from his manager because he had been too efficient. The baby was born fifteen minutes after he landed. "Why didn't you throttle back a little, dumbbell? Then we could have charged two fares!"

If the pattern of Alaska's modern life is vividly woven by her airplanes, there are certain needs which have to be met if she is to consolidate the future leadership her strategic position on top of the world's air routes gives her.

Alaska needs young men, as the Old West needed them. Fly north, young pilot, might well be today's Greeleyism. First, however, be sure of a job or of capital. Chiefly, be sure of yourself. Hugh Brewster, Air Commerce Bureau inspector on duty in Alaska, says it takes two years for a pilot or mechanic to learn enough about the unusual nature of Alaskan flying to make him useful.

### The Shortest Way to the Orient

A pilot must be able to do everything for himself: service, repair, house his plane, care for his passengers in case of forced landings, sometimes under subzero conditions. In summer you must carry as regular equipment, even on the scheduled lines, emergency rations, ax, gun, fishing tackle, headnets for every passenger on account of the incredibly numerous and ferocious mosquitoes. In winter, in addition, you must carry sleeping bags and snowshoes for every person aboard, night covers for the wings, for each motor, firepots for heating the motors, cans to store the oil in while you're on the ground.

Then, Alaska needs air-mail contracts. Although some of its planes bear the United States mails, it has no air mail in the sense you know it; indeed, it is the only American territory with such a lack. The airplanes carry "Star Route mail," on contracts won in *bidding against the dog teams!* The involvements have been ludicrous; actually, under Star Route requirements, the planes would have to land at every R.F.D. box. In fact, the first Nome-to-Fairbanks schedule necessitated 30 landings en route. The airmen hired dog teams to carry feeders; and sometimes paid folks to drive to the airfields for their own mail. There is no surcharge for mail sent in airplanes; therefore, all classes have been carried—up to contractual limits. Planes have gone out loaded down with mail-order catalogues for Eskimos. Regular air-mail service would end all this; and sentiment in the territory is not averse to a surcharge.

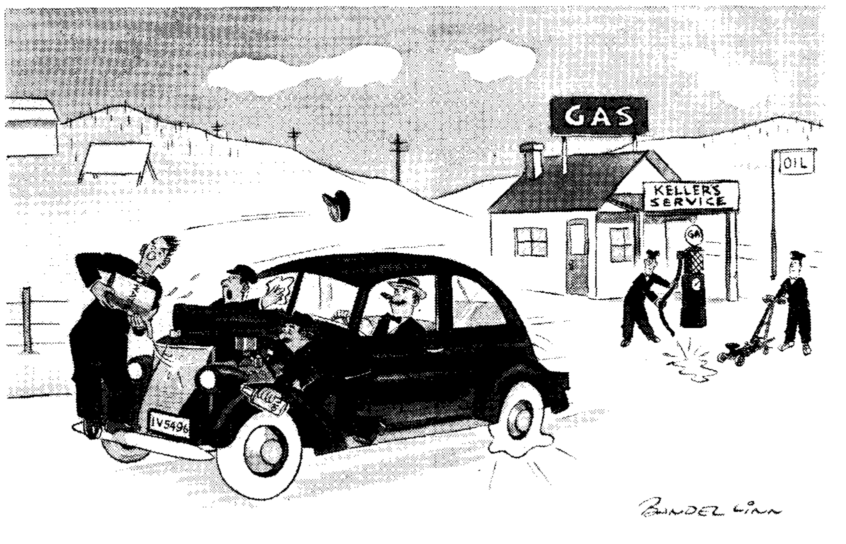
Improved communications are a third great need. The only comprehensive system of weather-reporting and safety intelligence in Alaska is the one set up by Pacific Alaska Airways, the Pan American subsidiary. The Signal Corps of the Army is the only available general system; it has been reducing the number of its stations on the plea they have not been profitable. Alaskans confess surprise to learn profit has been thought of in connection with the Signal Corps; they feel that in a pioneering community official agencies should be run for service, not for profit.

Direct appropriations for airways improvements are essential; and warranted in the opinions of Alaskan and military and commercial aviation experts by Alaska's value in the air-defense strategy of the United States as well as by civil air-line prospects. The development of a great Air Corps base is contemplated; and everything indicates it will be undertaken in due course. Navy planes furrow Alaskan skies, and you feel the admirals have a policy. The commercial picture is not so clear; one reason, Alaskans say, is the territory's lack of voting power with which to influence Washington.

Alaska, which cost us seven million dollars on the international junk counter, has exported nearly a billion dollars' worth of minerals alone in the years since. Its fisheries and mines and other industries produce nearly a hundred million dollars each year. Yet, in the opinion of metallurgists and government engineers, it is still a virtually unscratched empire.

The transpolar flights of the Russians this summer demonstrated to the world public what airmen and militarists have long and significantly reflected upon: that the shortest way from the United States to the Orient, and much of Europe, is by way of the Pole; and Alaska is the natural middle station. Official inertia has let some of this advantage slip. An air-mail route from Seattle to Ketchikan would tie the Alaskan network to the home one. It has been talked of for years. Meanwhile, Canada has got under the tape first: a line from Lethbridge and Edmonton to White Horse, connecting at both ends with American operations.

There has never been a forthright or aboveboard grant from the territorial or the federal governments. Some money has been snipped from the Territorial Roads Appropriations each year for airport work. There are 80 fields in Alaska, so-called; of these, not half a dozen are really adequate, none is lighted, not one would receive a high Air Commerce Bureau rating. Yet it is within reason to believe that Fairbanks or Nome may become one of the greatest international airports of the next decade.



"He must be in a hurry!"

BANDEL LINN

LONG DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT TO YOUR *Holiday Greetings*

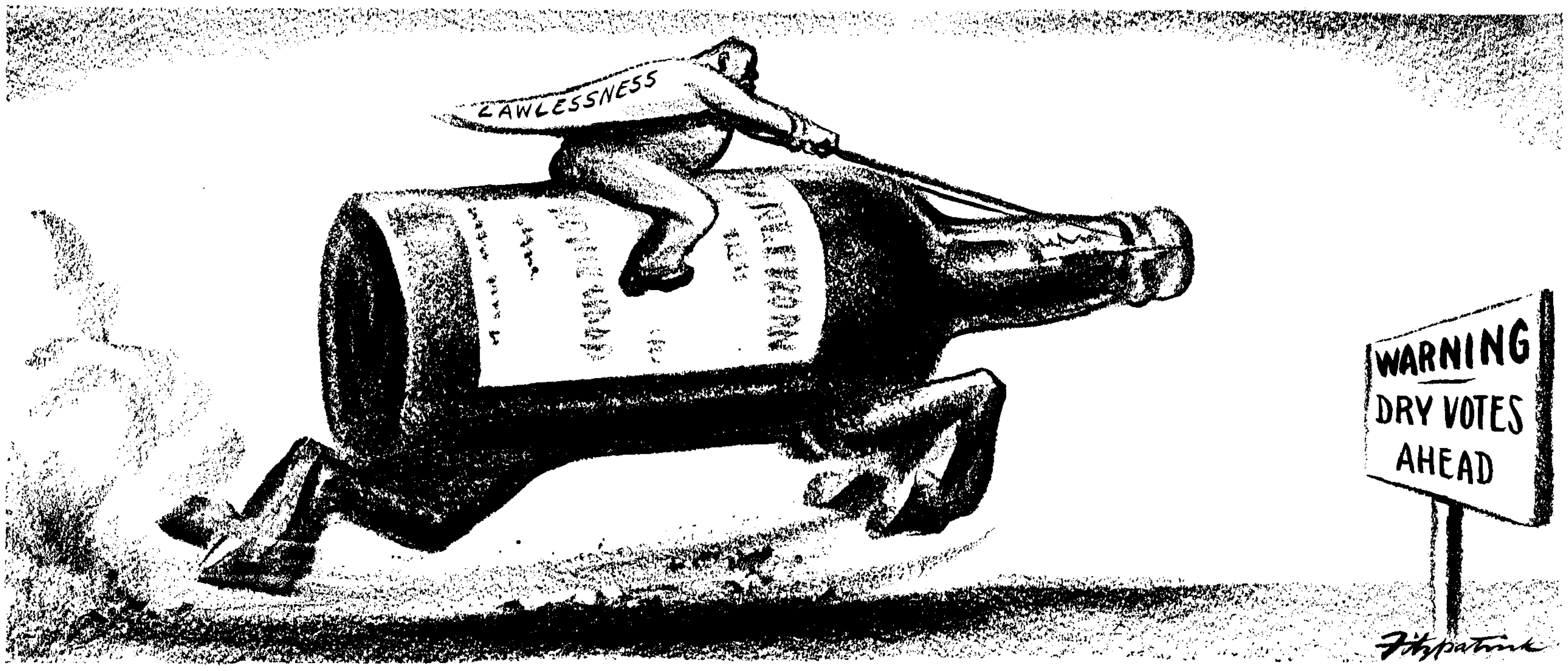
**This is the time of year to renew your friendships . . . and to bring the family together again. Make your holiday plans by telephone.**

**But if you cannot all be together, telephone your greetings to the absent ones—the sound of your voice will bring added joy to them.**

***Long Distance rates to most points are lowest after 7 P. M. and all day Sunday. Then three-minute station-to-station calls cost only 35c for about 90 miles; 50c for about 150 miles; $1 for about 425 miles.***

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

***Long Distance costs little and means so much. Use it often.***



# Loose Liquor

A REVIVED Woman's Christian Temperance Union is teaching Iowa children to chant these rhyming words:

"Down with booze, down with booze,
We want groceries, we want shoes."

Shrewd observers in the Middle West report a growing prejudice against some of the practices of the beer operators as well as of the liquor distributors. Iowa already is talking of a new prohibition movement.

Conditions are even more disturbed in Pennsylvania. Alcohol provides now the single political issue most agitating to that state.

Already 479 communities have voted themselves dry under the Pennsylvania local option law. Next year, at the state-wide elections, a large number of cities, boroughs and townships will vote on the question of permitting the sale of liquor within their boundaries.

The trend of recent local elections in Pennsylvania encourages those who would restore prohibition. Two out of three of the communities which have had local option elections have voted dry. The dry majorities have been large, running up to four and five to one.

The same people who voted so exuberantly against prohibition four years ago are now expressing impatience with the products of repeal.

The Pennsylvania disturbance ought to serve as a warning. The sales of liquor and spirits are conducted by the Pennsylvania state monopoly. Four hundred state-owned stores distribute liquor to the bottle trade. That the state stores are well run is generally conceded.

Criticism is directed at the establishments which sell liquor by the drink. Hotels, restaurants and clubs are licensed to dispense spirits for consumption on the premises.

Many of these so-called hotels are merely dens of sin. Some of the restaurants don't bother about food. Barbecue stands scattered along the highways are also sources of scandal. Some conduct obscene shows and provide gambling devices. They attract boys and girls of high school ages. Naturally, parents object.

Some clubs are clubs in name only. Ex-bootleggers and speak-easy proprietors own them. In Pittsburgh there are musical clubs without music or musicians. There are yacht clubs without even rowboats. Their business is merely the sale of liquor.

The abuses of such concerns generate the public irritation which is the force behind the present dry movement. The old anti-saloon leagues and prohibition associations are still without much political power.

In contrast with the Pennsylvania situation is the condition of a number of Southern states which have not authorized the sale of liquor. In Texas, liquor cannot be legally bought by the drink and yet liquor by the drink can be actually bought in every large Texas city and in most of the small towns, according to Texans who profess to know.

Apparently neither the states which authorize the sale of liquor for consumption on the premises nor those which seek to cling to prohibition have found a satisfactory solution of the old problem of how to regulate the distribution of alcoholic beverages. Yet it is a fact that the neighboring province of Quebec has long been able to manage its liquor problem with satisfaction to the vast majority of the people. If Canadians have the gumption and the character to handle their liquor without provocation or scandal, the problem cannot be insoluble.

The evils in the wet states and in the dry states alike come out of unregulated saloons. Call them clubs, hotels, restaurants, or speakeasies, eventually they are saloons and saloons freed by wretched politicians from any decent control. The stores which dispense liquor for consumption elsewhere have given no more trouble in Pennsylvania or Virginia than similar establishments in Canada. The vast number of uncontrolled outlets which sell liquor to young people, habitual drunkards and in general to whoever has the price of a drink are giving rise to the new prohibition agitation.

The reasonable procedure is to limit the number of drinking places and to provide a sufficient inspection force to observe the conduct of those establishments which are licensed. Pennsylvania has licensed 15,000 places to sell liquor but Pennsylvania has only 150 inspectors. The Liquor Control Board says its inspectors are too few to police so many establishments effectively.

Quebec appears to have succeeded in depriving local politicians of any influence over the granting of liquor licenses. In many states we have been less successful. Every disinterested person knows that local politicians are incapable of avoiding favoritism in the handling of liquor licenses. A state authority free from political interference is the only practical agency for this exceedingly difficult responsibility.

Greedy politicians determined to get their hands on the money to be extracted from the liquor trade were responsible for the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. Greedy politicians are responsible for the present evils which have caused people in widely scattered areas again to turn toward prohibition.

A decent liquor traffic is impossible if politicians are able to obtain licenses for their henchmen and to protect their favorites who refuse to conduct their establishments properly. We can't have liquor and political control. A tough saloon or speak-easy exists only because of political protection. Deprive the politician of the power to interfere and any moderately intelligent and honest policeman will have no trouble in bringing offenders to book.

When prohibition was finally repealed the "wets" were so impressed with the size of the anti-prohibition vote that they threw caution to the winds. The moderate plans which seemed desirable while the Eighteenth Amendment was still a part of the Constitution were quickly forgotten. Time has proved the shortsightedness of this policy.

Wise men in the liquor trade will do well to lend their influence promptly to every reasonable effort to stamp out the widespread abuses which are creating hostile public opinion in so many states. It is still possible to establish an honest and rational regulation of the liquor traffic. We can drift, however, into another prohibition fight.

"Give and take," say I

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

One thing which makes Old Santa so popular is that he gives so much and asks so little. Ditto for ice-cold Coca-Cola. It gives you America's Favorite Moment . . . *the pause that refreshes* . . . for only 5¢.

You're invited to *"The Song Shop"* . . . at your radio. Listen! You'll be glad you did. Columbia network—10 P. M., E. S. T., Fridays.

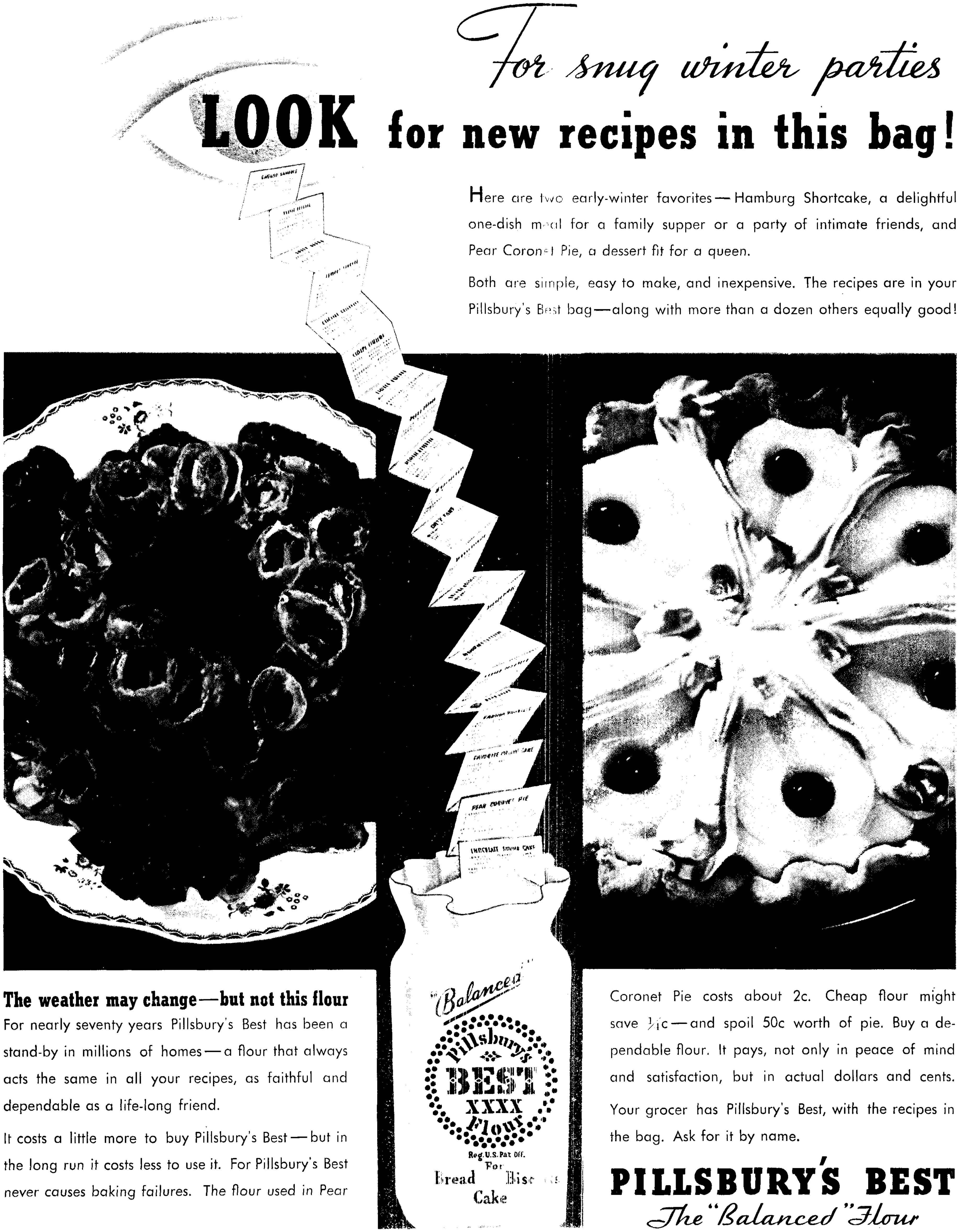
SO . . . ENJOY A FROSTY BOTTLE OF ICE-COLD COCA-COLA FROM YOUR OWN REFRIGERATOR.

*For snug winter parties*

# LOOK for new recipes in this bag!

Here are two early-winter favorites—Hamburg Shortcake, a delightful one-dish meal for a family supper or a party of intimate friends, and Pear Coronet Pie, a dessert fit for a queen.

Both are simple, easy to make, and inexpensive. The recipes are in your Pillsbury's Best bag—along with more than a dozen others equally good!



## The weather may change—but not this flour

For nearly seventy years Pillsbury's Best has been a stand-by in millions of homes—a flour that always acts the same in all your recipes, as faithful and dependable as a life-long friend.

It costs a little more to buy Pillsbury's Best—but in the long run it costs less to use it. For Pillsbury's Best never causes baking failures. The flour used in Pear Coronet Pie costs about 2c. Cheap flour might save ½c—and spoil 50c worth of pie. Buy a dependable flour. It pays, not only in peace of mind and satisfaction, but in actual dollars and cents.

Your grocer has Pillsbury's Best, with the recipes in the bag. Ask for it by name.

**PILLSBURY'S BEST**

*The "Balanced" Flour*